ESSENTIAL CLASSICS OF LIBERAL STUDIES

JOHANN PETER

ECKERMANN

Translated by JOHN OXENFORD

CONVERSATIONS WITH GOETHE

CCTP 中央编译出版社
Central Compilation & Translation Press

JOHANN PETER ECKERMANN (1792-1854), German poet and author, is best known for his work *Conversations with Goethe*, the fruit of his association with Johann Wolfgang von Goethe during the last years of Goethe's life.

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Da Capo Press, 1930

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

歌德谈话录：英文/(德)爱克曼著. —北京：
中央编译出版社，2014.06

ISBN 978-7-5117-1885-3

Ⅰ.①歌… Ⅱ.①爱… Ⅲ.①歌德，
J.W.V.(1749～1832)－语录－英文 Ⅳ.①I516.64

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字(2013)第272794号

歌德谈话录 (英文版)

出 版 人：刘明清
出版统筹：董 巍
责任编辑：韩慧强
责任印制：尹 珺
出版发行：中央编译出版社
地 址：北京西城区车公庄大街乙5号鸿儒大厦B座(100044)
电 话：(010) 52612345 (总编室) (010) 52612363 (编辑室)
(010) 66130345 (发行部) (010) 52612332 (网络销售部)
(010) 66161011 (团购部) (010) 66509618 (读者服务部)
传 真：(010) 66515838
经 销：全国新华书店
印 刷：北京瑞哲印刷厂
开 本：880毫米×1230毫米 1/32
字 数：670千字
印 张：14
版 次：2014年6月第1版第1次印刷
定 价：49.00元

网 址：www.cctphome.com 邮 箱：cctp@cctphome.com
新浪微博：@中央编译出版社 微 信：中央编译出版社(ID：cctphome)

本社常年法律顾问：北京市吴栾赵阎律师事务所律师 闫军 梁勤
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INTRODUCTION

THE AUTHOR gives an account of Himself and his Parents, and of the origin of his connection with Goethe at Winsen on the Luhe, a little town between Lüneburg and Hamburg, on the border of the marsh and heathlands, I was born, at the beginning of the nineties, in nothing better than a hut, as we may well call a small house which had only one room capable of being heated, and no stairs, and in which they mounted at once to the hayloft by a ladder, which reached to the house-door.

As the youngest born of a second marriage, I, properly speaking, did not know my parents till they had reached an advanced age; and, to a certain extent, I grew up with them alone. Two sons of my father's first marriage were still alive. One of them, after several voyages as a sailor, had been taken prisoner in foreign parts, and had not since been heard of; while the other, after being several times engaged in the whale and seal fisheries in Greenland, had returned to Hamburg, and there lived in moderate circumstances. Two sisters of my father's second marriage had grown up before me. When I had attained my twelfth year they had already left the parental hut, and were in service in our town and in Hamburg.

The principal means of supporting our little family was a cow, which not only supplied us with milk for our daily wants, but gave us every year a calf for fattening, and sometimes milk enough to sell for a few groschen. We had besides a piece of land, which supplied us with vegetables for the wants of the year. Corn for bread, and flour for the kitchen, we were, however, obliged to buy.

My mother was particularly expert at spinning wool; she also gave much satisfaction by the caps she made for the women of the village, and in both ways earned some money.

My father's business consisted of a small traffic, which varied according to the seasons, and obliged him to be often absent from home, and to travel on foot about the country. In summer he was seen with a light wooden box on his back, going in the heath-country from village to village, hawking ribbons, thread, and silk. At the same time he purchased here woollen stockings and Beyderwand[1] (a cloth woven out of the wool of the sheep on the heaths, and linen yarn), which he again disposed of in the Vierlande on the other side the Elbe, where he likewise went hawking. In the winter he carried on a trade in rough quills and

1 Anglice, Linsey-woolsey. —Trans.

unbleached linen, which he bought up in the villages of the hut and marsh country, and took to Hamburg when a ship offered. But in all cases his gains must have been very small, as we always lived in some degree of poverty.

If now I am to speak of my employments in childhood, these varied according to the season. When spring commenced, and the waters of the Elbe had receded after their customary overflow, I went daily to collect the sedges which had been thrown upon the dykes and other places, and to heap them up as litter for our cow. But when the first green was springing over the broad meadows, I, with other boys, passed long days in watching the cows. In summer I was actively employed on our field, and brought dry wood from the thickets scarce a mile (German) off, to serve for firing throughout the year. In harvest time I passed weeks in the field as a gleaner, and when the autumn winds shook the trees I gathered acorns, which I sold by the peck to persons of opulence, to feed their geese. When I was old enough, I went with my father on his travels from hamlet to hamlet, and helped to carry his bundle. This time affords some of the fairest remembrances of my youth.

Under such influences, and busied in such employments, during which, at certain periods, I attended a school, and barely learned to read and write, I reached my fourteenth year; and every one will confess, that from this situation to an intimate connection with Goethe there was a great step, and one that seemed scarcely probable. I knew not that there were in the world such things as Poetry or the Fine Arts; and, fortunately, there was not within me even so much as a blind longing and striving after them.

It has been said that animals are instructed by their very organization; and so may it be said of man, that, by something which he does quite accidentally, he is often taught the higher powers which slumber within him. Something of the sort happened to me, which, though insignificant in itself, gave a new turn to my life, and is therefore stamped indelibly on my memory.

I sat one evening with both my parents at table by the light of a lamp. My father had just returned from Hamburg, and was talking about his business there. As he loved smoking, he had brought back with him a packet of tobacco, which lay before him on the table, and had for the crest a horse. This horse seemed to me a very good picture, and, as I had by me pen, ink, and a piece of paper, I was seized with an irresistible inclination to copy it. My father continued talking about Hamburg, and I, being quite unobserved, became wholly engaged in drawing the horse. When finished, it seemed to me a perfect likeness of the original, and I experienced a delight before unknown. I showed my parents what I had done, and they could not avoid praising me and expressing admiration. I passed the night in happy excitement, and almost sleepless; I thought constantly of the horse I had drawn, and longed impatiently for morning, that I might have it again before my eyes, and delight myself with beholding it.

From this time the once-excited propensity for visible imitation was never forgotten. And as I found no other help of any sort in our place, I deemed myself most happy when our neighbour, who was a potter, lent me some outlines, which served him as models for painting his plates and dishes.

These outlines I copied very carefully with pen and ink, and thus arose two books of drawings, which soon passed from hand to hand, and at last came under the eye of the upper Bailiff (Oberamtmann), Meyer, the first man of the place. He sent for me, made me a present, and praised me in the kindest manner. He asked me if I should like to become a painter, for if so, he would, when I was confirmed, send me to a proper master at Hamburg. I said that I should like it very much, and would talk of it with my parents. They, however, who belonged to the peasant class, and lived in a place where scarce any occupations were followed except tilling and grazing, thought of a painter only as one who paints doors and houses. They, therefore, advised me earnestly against it, saying it was not only a very dirty, but a very dangerous trade, at which one might break one's legs or neck, as was indeed often the case, especially in Hamburg, where the houses are seven stories high. As my own ideas of a painter were not more elevated, I abandoned my fancy for this trade, and put quite out of my head the offer of the good Bailiff.

However, the attention of higher persons having been once bestowed on me, I was kept in sight, and efforts were made to aid me in various ways. I was permitted to take private lessons with the few children of that rank; I learned French, and a little Latin and music: I was also provided with better clothing, and the worthy superintendent, Parisius, did not disdain to give me a seat at his own table.

Henceforth, I loved school very much. I sought to make this pleasant state of things last as long as possible, and my parents readily consented that I should not be confirmed before my sixteenth year.

But now arose the question, what was to be done with me? Could I have followed my wishes, I should have been sent to pursue learned studies at a gymnasium; but this was out of the question, as I was not only destitute of means, but felt myself imperiously called upon by my circumstances to get into some situation as soon as possible, where I could not only take care of myself, but in some measure help my poor old parents.

Such a situation presented itself immediately after my confirmation, for a judicial functionary (Justizbeamter) of the place offered to take me to do copying and other little services for him, and I joyfully consented. I had, during the last year and a half of my schooling, acquired not only a good hand, but practised a great deal in composition, so that I might consider myself very well qualified for such a post. I also carried on some of the minor parts of an advocate's business, frequently drawing up both judgment and petition, according to prescribed forms: this lasted two years, viz. till 1810, when the Hanoverian office, at Winsen on the Luhe, was broken up, and the place being taken into the department of

Lower Elbe, was incorporated with the French empire.

I then received an appointment in the office of direct taxes at Lüneburg, and when this was also broken up in the following year, I entered the office of the under prefect in Uelzen. Here I worked till near the end of the year 1812, when the prefect, Herr von Düring, patronized me, and made me secretary of the mayoralty at Bevensen. This post I held till the spring of 1813, when the approach of the Cossacks gave us hopes of being freed from the French yoke.

I now took my leave and returned home, with no other intention than that of joining the ranks of those patriotic warriors who began secretly to form themselves in various places.

This plan I carried out. Towards the end of the summer I joined as a volunteer, with rifle and holster, the Kielmannsegge Jäger corps, and in Captain Knop's company made the campaign of the winter of 1813-14, through Mecklenburg, Holstein, and before Hamburg, against Marshal Davoust. Afterwards we crossed the Rhine against General Maison, and in the summer marched about a great deal in the fertile provinces of Flanders and Brabant.

Here, at the sight of the great pictures of the Netherlands, a new world opened to me; I passed whole days in churches and museums. These were, in fact, the first pictures I ever saw in my life. I understood now what was meant by being a painter. I saw the honoured happy progress of the scholars, and I could have wept that I was not permitted to pursue a similar path. However, I took my resolution at once. I made the acquaintance of a young artist at Tournay; I obtained black crayons and a sheet of drawing-paper of the largest size, and sat down at once before a picture to copy it. My enthusiasm somewhat supplied my deficiencies in practice and instruction, and thus I succeeded in the outlines of the figures. I had also begun to shade the whole from the left side, when marching orders broke up my happy employment. I hastened to indicate the gradations of light and shade in the still unfinished parts with single letters, hoping that thus I might yet complete my work in some tranquil hour. I then rolled up my picture, and put it in a case, which I carried at my back with my gun, all the long march from Tournay to Hameln.

Here, in the autumn of 1814, the Jäger corps was disbanded. I went home; my father was dead; my mother was still alive, and resided with my elder sister, who had married, and had taken possession of the paternal house. I began now to continue my drawing. I completed first the picture I had brought from Brabant; and then, as I had no proper models, I stuck to some little engravings of Ramberg's, of which I made enlarged copies in black chalk. But here I felt the want of proper knowledge and preparation. I had no idea of the anatomy either of men or animals; I knew as little how to treat properly the various kinds of trees and grounds; and it cost me unspeakable toil to make anything look decently well by my own mode of proceeding.

Thus I soon saw that, if I wished to become an artist, I must set to work in a way somewhat different, and that more of this groping about

in my own way would only be lost labour. Now my plan was to find a suitable master, and begin from the very beginning.

The master whom I had in my eye was no other than Ramberg, of Hanover, and it seemed to me the more possible to stop in that city, as a beloved friend of my earlier days lived there in easy circumstances. On his friendship I could rely for my support, and he was constantly inviting me.

Without further delay, therefore, I tied up my bundle, and took, in the midst of the winter of 1815, a walk of almost forty leagues, quite alone, over the heath and through the deep snow. I arrived at Hanover in a few days, without accident.

I went immediately to Ramberg, and told him my wishes. After looking at what I laid before him, he seemed not to doubt my talent, yet he remarked that I must have bread first; that the mastery of the technical part of art demanded much time, and that the prospect of earning a subsistence by art lay at a great distance. Meanwhile, he showed himself willing to help me as much as he could; he looked up immediately, from the mass of his drawings, some suitable sheets with parts of the human body, and gave them to me to copy.

So I lived with my friend, and drew after Ramberg. I made good progress, for the drawings which he gave me were more and more advanced. I drew the whole anatomy of the human frame, and was never weary of repeating difficult hands and feet. So passed some happy months. When we came to May, however, my health began to give way; and on the approach of June my hands trembled so much that I could no longer hold a pencil.

We consulted a skilful physician, and he found my situation dangerous. He said that in consequence of the campaign, perspiration was checked, that my internals were attacked by a consuming heat, and that, if I continued a fortnight in this condition, I should inevitably be a corpse. He prescribed warm baths, and similar remedies to restore the action of the skin; cheering signs of improvement very soon appeared, but the continuation of my artistic studies was not to be thought of.

My friend had hitherto paid me the kindest care and attention; there was not the least thought or hint that I was, or could afterwards become, a burden to him. I, however, thought of it, and as the uneasiness which I had long harboured on this head had probably hastened the breaking out of my dormant illness, so did it now come forward in all its force, as I saw heavy expenses before me on account of my recovery.

At such a time of external and internal embarrassment, the prospect opened to me of an appointment, with a commission, which had for its object the clothing of the Hanoverian army, and hence it was not surprising that, renouncing the artistical path, I yielded to the pressure of circumstances, solicited the appointment, and was delighted to obtain it.

My recovery was soon complete, and a state of health and cheerfulness returned which I had not enjoyed for a long time. I found myself able, in some measure, to requite the kindness my friend had generously shown

me. The novelty of the services into which I was now to be initiated gave occupation to my mind. My superiors seemed to me men of the noblest views, and with my colleagues, some of whom had made the campaign in the same corps with me, I was soon on a footing of cordial intimacy.

Being now fairly settled, I began with some freedom to look about the city, which contained much that was worth observation, and, in leisure hours, I was never weary of rambling, over and over again, about its beautiful environs. With a pupil of Ramberg's, a promising young artist, I formed a close intimacy, and he was my constant companion in my rambles. And since I was forced to give up the practice of Art on account of my health and other circumstances, it was a great solace that I could, at least, daily converse about it with him. I took interest in his compositions, which he showed me in sketches, and about which we conversed. He introduced me to many instructive works; I read Winckelmann and Mengs; but, never having had before me the objects which they discuss, I could only imbibe generalities from their works, and received, indeed, but little benefit.

My friend, who had been born and brought up in the city, was in advance of me in every kind of mental culture, and had, what I entirely wanted, considerable acquaintance with the belles lettres. At that time Theodore Körner was the venerated hero of the day. My friend brought me the "Lyre and Sword," which did not fail to make a deep impression on me, as well as others, and to excite my admiration.

Much has been said of the artistical effect of poems, and many have ranked it very high; but it seems to me that the subject-matter is, after all, the chief point. Unconsciously, I made this experience in reading the "Lyre and Sword." For that I, like Körner, had fostered in my bosom an abhorrence of those who had been our oppressors for so many years; that I, like him, had fought for our freedom, and, like him, had been familiar with all those circumstances of tedious marches, nightly bivouacs, outpost service, and skirmishes, and amid them all had been filled with thoughts and feelings similar to his: this it was which gave to these poems so deep and powerful an echo in my heart.

Since nothing of import could have an effect upon me without moving me deeply and rendering me productive, so it was with these poems of Theodore Körner. I bethought me that I too had, in childhood and the years immediately following, written little poems from time to time, without caring any more about them, because at the time I attached no great value to things so easily produced, and because a certain mental ripeness is required for appreciation of poetical talent. This talent now in Körner appeared to me as something enviable and noble, and I felt a great desire to try if I could succeed, by following him in some degree.

The return of our patriotic warriors from France afforded me a good opportunity, and, as I had fresh in my memory all the unspeakable hardships which the soldier must undergo in the field, while often no inconvenience is endured by the citizen in his comfortable home, I thought it would be good to set forth this contrast in a poem, and,

by working on the feelings, to prepare for the returning troops a more cordial reception.

I had several hundred copies of this poem printed at my own expense, and distributed through the town. The effect produced was favourable beyond my expectations. It procured me a throng of very pleasant acquaintances; people sympathized with the views and feelings I had uttered, encouraged me to make similar attempts, and were generally of opinion that I had given proof of a talent which deserved further cultivation. The poem was copied into periodicals, printed, and sold separately in various places; I even had the pleasure of seeing it set to music by a very favourite composer, though, in fact, it was ill adapted for singing, on account of its length and rhetorical style.

Not a week passed now in which I was not happy enough to produce some new poem. I was now in my four-and-twentieth year: within me, a world of feelings, impulses, and good-will, was in full action; but I was entirely deficient in information and mental culture. The study of our great poets was recommended to me, especially of Schiller and Klopstock. I procured their works—I read, I admired them, without receiving much assistance from them; the path of these geniuses, though I was not aware of it at the time, being too far from the natural tendency of my own mind.

At this time, I first heard the name of Goethe, and obtained a volume of his poems. I read his songs again and again, and enjoyed a happiness which no words can express. I seemed as if I had not till now begun to wake, and attain real consciousness; it appeared to me that my own inmost soul, till then unknown even to myself, was reflected in these songs. Nowhere did I meet any learned or foreign matter beyond the reach of my own uncultivated thoughts and feelings; nowhere any names of outlandish and obsolete divinities, which to me said nothing; but, on the contrary, I found the human heart, with its desires, joys, and sorrows—I found a German nature, clear as the bright actual day—pure reality in the light of a mild glorification.

I lived whole weeks and months absorbed in these songs. Then I succeeded in obtaining "Wilhelm Meister," then "Goethe's Life," then his dramas. "Faust," from whose abysses of human nature and perdition I at first, shuddering, drew back, but whose profound enigmatical character ever attracted me again. I read always in holidays. My admiration and love increased daily; for a long time I completely lived in these works, and thought and talked of nothing but Goethe.

The advantage which we derive from studying the works of a great author may be of different kinds; but the chief benefit probably consists in this, that we become more clearly conscious, not only of our own internal nature, but also of the varied world without us. Such an effect was produced on me by the works of Goethe. I was also impelled by them to a better observation and apprehension of sensible objects and characters; I came gradually to understand the unity or internal harmony of an individual with itself, and thus the enigma of the great variety in

phenomena, both of nature and art, was solved to me more and more.

After I had in some measure grounded myself in Goethe's writings, and had also made many practical attempts in poetry, I turned to some of the best writers of other countries and earlier times, and read in the best translations, not only the principal pieces of Shakspeare, but also Sophocles and Homer.

Here, however, I soon perceived that in these sublime works I could only appreciate the generally Human (das Allgemeinmenschliche), and that the understanding of the details, both of language and history, presupposed an amount of knowledge and an education that is commonly acquired only in schools and universities.

Moreover, it was shown to me, from many sides, that I was toiling in vain by thus following my own way, and that, without what is called a classical education, a poet can never succeed either in writing his own language with elegance and expression, or, indeed, performing anything excellent even as to its import. When, too, I read many biographies of distinguished men to see what educational path they had adopted to attain to anything good, and perceived how they all went through the routine of schools and colleges, I resolved, in spite of my advanced age and the many obstacles which surrounded me, to do the same.

I forthwith applied to an eminent philologian, who had been appointed teacher in the gymnasium at Hanover, and took private instruction, not only in Latin, but also in Greek, on which studies I spent all the time which the hours (at least six a day) claimed from me by my office would afford me.

Thus I passed a year. I made good progress, but with my excessive ardour it seemed to me that I went on too slowly, and must devise some other plan. I thought that if I could pass four or five hours daily in the gymnasium, and thus live altogether in a learned atmosphere, I should progress in quite another fashion, and attain my end infinitely sooner.

In this opinion I was confirmed by the advice of competent persons; I therefore resolved to carry out my scheme, and easily obtained the consent of my superiors; for the hours of the gymnasium chiefly fell in a part of the day when I was disengaged.

I therefore applied for admission; and, accompanied by my teacher, went on a Sunday forenoon to the worthy director to go through the requisite probation. He examined me with all possible kindness; but as I was not prepared for the traditional school questions, and with all my industry lacked the proper routine, I did not stand so well as I really ought to have done. However, on the assurance of my teacher that I knew more than appeared from my examination, and, in consideration of my uncommon ardour, the director placed me in the second class.

I need hardly say that a man of nearly twenty-five, and one already employed in the king's service, made but an odd figure among scholars who were, for the most part, mere boys, and that my situation was at first rather strange and unpleasant; but my great thirst for knowledge enabled me to overlook and endure everything. And, on the whole, I

had no cause for complaint. The tutors esteemed me; the elder and better scholars of the class treated me in the most friendly manner, and even the most mischievous had forbearance enough not to play their tricks on me.

I was thus, on the whole, very happy in the attainment of my object, and proceeded with great zeal in this new path. I woke at five in the morning, and soon set about preparing my lessons. About eight I went to the school, and stayed till ten. Thence I hastened to my office, where my attendance was required till one. I then flew home, swallowed a little dinner, and was again at school soon after one. The hours then lasted till four, after which I was occupied in my office till seven, and devoted the remainder of the evening to preparation and private instruction.

Thus I lived some months; but my strength was unequal to such exertion, and the ancient saying, "No man can serve two masters," was confirmed. Want of free air and exercise, and of time and quiet for eating, drinking, and sleep, gradually reduced me to an unhealthy state; I found myself paralyzed both in body and mind, and saw that I must, as a matter of necessity, give up either the school or my office. As my subsistence depended on the latter, I had only the former alternative, and again left the school in the beginning of the spring of 1817. As I saw it was my destiny to make many trials, I did not repent that I had also made trial of a learned school.

Indeed, I had advanced a good step; and as I still had the University in view, there was no course left me but to go on with my private instruction, which I did with the greatest ardour.

After getting rid of the burden of the winter, I the more cheerfully enjoyed the spring and summer. I was much in the open country, which this year spoke with peculiar sympathy to my heart, and many poems were produced; Goethe's juvenile songs were floating as a high example before my eyes.

On the commencement of winter, I began seriously to think how it would be possible to enter the University, at least within a year. I was so far advanced in Latin as to write metrical translations of such parts as especially struck me in Horace's *Odes*, Virgil's *Eclogues*, and Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and could read with some facility Cicero's *Orations* and Cæsar's commentaries. With this I could by no means look upon myself as suitably prepared for academical studies, but I thought that I might advance considerably within a year, and then make good all deficiencies in the University myself.

Among the higher persons in the city, I had gained many patrons; they promised me their aid, on condition, however, I would choose what is called a Bread study.[1] But as this did not belong to the tendency of my nature, and as I lived in the firm conviction that man must only cultivate

1 That is a course of study for the express purpose of gaining a subsistence, as distinguished from that study which seeks learning for its own sake.—Trans.

that to which he is directed by a constant internal impulse, I adhered to my own plans, and my friends refused their assistance, granting nothing beyond a free board.

I had now only to carry out my scheme with my own resources, and to set about a literary production of some importance.

Müllner's "Schuld" (*Crime*) and Grillparzer's "Ahnfrau" (the *Ancestress*)[1] were then the order of the day, and attracted much attention. To my natural feeling these artificial works were repugnant, and still less could I reconcile myself to the ideas of destiny which they contained, and which I thought would have a demoralizing effect on the public; I therefore resolved to appear against them, and to show that destiny depends on character. However, I intended to fight not by words, but in act. A piece was to be produced which should utter the truth, that man in the present sows seeds for the future, which bring forth good or evil fruit according to his sowing. Being unacquainted with the history of the world, I had to invent the character and the course of the action. I carried it in my head for a full year, and imagined the single scenes and acts down to the minutest details, till at last I wrote it, in the winter of 1820, in the morning hours of a few weeks. I was supremely happy in doing this, for the whole flowed forth easily and naturally. But, in opposition to the above-named poets, I had my eye too steadily fixed on real life, and never thought of the theatre. Thus it was more a quiet delineation of situations than a rapidly progressive action, and only poetical and rhythmical where characters and situations required it. Subordinate persons had too much room, and the whole piece too much breadth.

I showed it to my most intimate friends and acquaintance, but it was not received as I wished: they objected that some scenes belonged to comedy, and, further, that I had read too little. As I had expected a better reception, I was at first quietly offended, but I gradually came to the conviction that my friends were not so very wrong, and that my piece, even if the characters were correctly drawn, and the whole was well designed, and produced with some degree of care and facility, was of far too small merit to be fit for public representation, with respect to the views of life which it developed.

When I consider my origin, and the little I had studied, this was not to be wondered at. I determined to remodel the piece, and arrange it for the theatre; but first to progress in my studies, that I might be capable to give everything a higher character. My anxiety to go to the University, where I hoped to attain all I wanted, and through which I expected to improve my position in life, became a positive passion. I resolved to publish my poems, as a chance of obtaining my wishes. As I had not that established reputation which would lead me to expect a handsome sum from a publisher, I chose the way of subscription as more suitable to my position.

1 Two plays.—Trans.

This was conducted by my friends, and had the happiest result. I again went before my superiors with my views as to Göttingen, and asked for my dismissal. As they were convinced that I was really in earnest, and would not give way, they favoured my designs. On the representation of my chief, Colonel von Berger, the war-office (Kriegs-Canzlei) granted me my dismissal, and also a hundred and fifty dollars yearly for two years, to aid me in the prosecution of my studies.

I was now happy in the realization of the schemes I had cherished for years. I had the poems printed and sent off as quickly as possible, and derived from them, after deducting all expenses, a clear profit of one hundred and fifty dollars.

In May, 1821, I went to Göttingen, leaving one behind me I dearly loved.

My first attempt to reach the University had failed, because I obstinately refused any "Bread study," as it is called. Now, however, grown wiser by experience, and only too well aware of the unspeakable struggles which then awaited me, both on the side of my nearest acquaintance and on that of higher persons of influence, I was prudent enough to submit to the views of a too-potent world, and to declare that I would choose a "Bread study," and devote myself to jurisprudence.

My powerful patrons, and all who set their heart on my worldly advancement, while they had no notion of the urgency of my wants, found my plan very rational. All opposition was now at an end. I found everywhere kind advances, and a ready furtherance of my views. To confirm me in such good intentions, they did not fail to allege that the juridical studies were by no means of such a kind as to preclude higher mental advantages. They said that I should thus gain an insight into civil and social relations, such as I could attain in no other way; that this study was by no means so extensive as to hinder my pursuing many so-called higher studies; and they told me of various celebrated persons, who had studied all the departments of law, and also attained the highest proficiency in other ways.

However, both my friends and myself overlooked the fact that such men not only came to the University well stored with school-learning, but had, besides, a much longer time to expend on their studies than the imperious necessity of my circumstances would permit to me.

Suffice it to say, that, as I deceived others, I gradually deceived myself also, and really fancied that I might seriously study law, and, at the same time, attain my own peculiar ends.

Under this delusion, of seeking that which I had no wish to possess and apply, I began with jurisprudence as soon as I reached the University. I found the science by no means of a repulsive kind, but rather such that, if my head had not been already too full of other plans and wishes, I could willingly have given myself up to it. But I was like a maiden, who finds abundant reasons for objecting to a proposed marriage, merely because she unfortunately has a secret love in her heart.

At the lectures on the Institutes and Pandects, I was often absorbed in inventing dramatic scenes and acts. I zealously tried to fix my mind on the matter delivered by the lecturer, but it always wandered. I really thought of nothing but poetry and heart, and the higher human culture to attain which I had for years passionately endeavoured to reach the University.

Heeren was the person who most assisted me in my immediate objects during this first year at the University. His ethnography and history laid the best foundation for further studies of the same kind, while the clearness and closeness of his style was of important advantage to me in other respects. I attended every lecture with delight, and never left one without being penetrated with the highest veneration and affection for that eminent man.

I judiciously began my second academic year by setting aside entirely the study of jurisprudence, which was, indeed, much too important to be made subordinate to others, and which was too great a hindrance with regard to my principal object. I devoted myself to philology, and was now as much indebted to Dissen as I had been the first year to Heeren. For not only because his lectures gave my studies the food most needed and desired, did I find myself daily enlightened and advanced, and receive safe directions for my future works, but I had also the happiness of becoming personally acquainted with this excellent man, and of receiving from him guidance and encouragement in my studies.

My daily intercourse with the best minds among the students, and the conversations on the noblest subjects during our walks and often till late at night, were to me invaluable, and exercised a most favourable influence on the development of my faculties.

In the mean while, the end of my pecuniary means drew near. On the other hand, during the past year and a half, I had accumulated daily new treasures of knowledge; and to heap more together, without any practical application, would not have suited my natural disposition and my course of life. Hence, my passionate desire now was, by some literary undertaking, to make myself once more free, and sharpen my appetite for further study.

I intended to complete my dramatic work, which still interested me, as far as the subject was concerned, but which was to be elevated both in form and import, and also to bring forward some ideas relating to the principles of poetry, which had developed themselves in opposition to the views then prevalent. These two labours were to be undertaken in succession.

I, therefore, left the University in the autumn of 1822, and took lodgings in the country near Hanover. I first wrote my theoretical essays,

which I hoped might aid youthful talents, not only in production, but in criticising poetical works, and gave them the title of "Beyträge zur Poesie."[1]

In May, 1823, I had completed this work. As I needed not only a good publisher, but also a handsome remuneration, I took the resolution at once to send my work to Goethe, and ask him to say some words of recommendation to Herr von Cotta.

Goethe was still, as formerly, the poet to whom I daily looked up to as my infallible polar star; whose utterance harmonized with my thought, and led me constantly to a higher and higher point of view; whose high art in treating the most varied subjects I was ever striving to fathom and imitate; and towards whom my love and veneration had almost the nature of a passion.

Soon after my arrival in Göttingen, I had sent him a copy of my poems, accompanied by a light sketch of the progress of my life and culture, and had the great joy, not only to receive some lines written by his own hand, but to hear from travellers that he had a good opinion of me, and proposed to make mention of me in the numbers of "Kunst und Alterthum."[2]

In my situation, at that time, the knowledge of this fact was of great importance, and gave me courage to show him the manuscript I had just completed.

I had no other desire at present than to see him personally for some moments, to attain which object I set off, about the end of May, and went on foot over Göttingen and the Werrathal, to Weimar.

During this journey, which the heat of the weather often made fatiguing, I frequently felt within me the consolatory belief that I was under the especial guidance of kindly powers, and that this journey would be of great importance to my success in life.

1 *Contributions to Poetry.*
2 Art and Antiquity.

(Sup.[1]) Sat., Sept. 21

THIS evening at Goethe's, with Counsellor (Hofrath) Meyer. The conversation turned principally upon mineralogy, chemistry, and natural science (physik). The phenomena of the polarization of light appeared to interest him particularly. He showed me various preparations, chiefly after his own designs, and expressed a wish to make some experiments with me.

In the course of our conversation, Goethe became more and more free and communicative. I remained more than an hour, and at my departure he said many kind things to me.

His figure is still to be called handsome; his forehead and eyes are extremely majestic. He is tall and well built, and so vigorous in appearance that one can scarcely comprehend how he has been able for some years to declare himself too old to enter into society, and to go to court.

The evening spent at Goethe's, with Meyer, Goethe's son, Frau von Goethe, and his physician, Counsellor (Hofrath) Rehbein. Today, Goethe was particularly lively. He showed me some splendid lithographs from Stuttgard, the most perfect things of the kind I had ever seen. After that we conversed on scientific subjects, especially on the advancement of chemistry. Iodine and chlorine occupied him particularly; he spoke about these substances as if the new discoveries in chemistry had quite taken him by surprise. He had some iodine brought in, and volatilized it, before our eyes, in the flame of a taper; by which means he did not fail to make us admire the violetvapour as a pleasing confirmation of a law in his theory of colours.

(Sup.[2]) Thurs., Oct. 1.

To an evening party at Goethe's. I found amongst the assembled guests, Chancellor von Müller, President Peucer, Dr. Stephan Schütze, and Counsellor (Regierungsrath) Schmidt, which last played some sonatas of Beethoven's with rare perfection. I also derived great

1 (Sup.*) Tues., Sept. 24.
2 (Sup.*) Thurs., Oct. 10.

enjoyment from the conversations of Goethe and his daughter-in-law, who had all the cheerfulness of youth, and in whom an amiable disposition was united with infinite intelligence.

To an evening party at Goethe's, with the renowned Blumenbach from Göttingen. Blumenbach is old, but with an animated and cheerful expression. He has contrived to preserve the whole activity of youth. His deportment is such, that no one would know that a learned man stood before him. His cordiality is frank and jovial; he is quite unceremonious, and one is soon upon an easy footing with him. His acquaintance was to me as interesting as agreeable.

(Sup.[1]) Tues., Nov. 5.

An evening party at Goethe's. Amongst the assembled guests was the artist Kolbe. We were shown a beautifully executed painting by him—a copy of *Titian's Venus*, from the Dresden Gallery.

This evening, I also found with Goethe, Herr von Eschwege, and the celebrated Hummel. Hummel improvised for nearly an hour upon the piano, with a force and a talent of which it is impossible to form a conception unless one has heard him. I found his conversation simple and natural, and himself, for a virtuoso of such celebrity, surprisingly modest.

At an evening party at Goethe's. Herren Riemer, Coudray, and Meyer, Goethe's son, and Frau von Goethe, were amongst those assembled.

The students at Jena are in an uproar, and a company of artillery has been sent to quiet them. Riemer read a collection of songs, which were prohibited, and which had thus given occasion or pretext to the revolt. All these songs, being read aloud, received decisive applause, on account of the great talent they displayed. Goethe himself thought well of them, and promised me a private inspection of them.

After we had spent some time in examining copper-plates and valuable books, Goethe, to our great delight, read to us the poem of "Charon." I could not but admire the clear, distinct, and energetic manner in which Goethe read the poem. I have never heard so beautiful a declamation. What fire! what a glance! and what a voice! Alternately like thunder, and then soft and mild. Perhaps, in some parts, he displayed too much force for the small room in which we were assembled; but yet there was nothing in his delivery which we could wish otherwise. Goethe afterwards conversed upon literature, and upon his works, also upon Madame de Stael, and kindred subjects. He is at present occupied with the translation and arrangement of the fragments of the "Phaëton"

1 (Sup.*) Tues., Dec. 3.

of Euripides. He began this work about a year ago, and has lately resumed it.

(Sup.[1]) Thurs., Dec. 5.

This evening, at Goethe's, I heard the rehearsal of the first act of an opera which will shortly be produced, "The Count of Gleichen," by Eberwein. Since Goethe resigned the direction of the theatre, this is the first time, I have been told, that he had had at his house so great an operatic company. Herr Eberwein directed the singing. Some ladies of Goethe's acquaintance joined in the choruses, whilst the solo parts were sung by members of the operatic company. Some pieces appeared to me very remarkable, especially a canon for four voices.

In the evening at Goethe's. He was very cheerful, and treated with much spirit the theme that the follies of fathers are lost for their children.

The investigations which are now being made touching the discovery of salt springs evidently interested him. He inveighed against the stupidity of certain projectors, who totally disregard the outward signs, and the position and order of the strata under which rock-salt lies, and through which the auger must pass, and who, without knowing or seeking to discover the right spot, obstinately continue to work at random at the same shaft and in the same place.

1 (Sup.*) Tues., Dec. 17.

(Sup.[1]) Mon., Feb. 9.

THIS evening at Goethe's, whom I found alone, in conversation with Meyer. I perused an album belonging to bygone times, containing the handwriting of several renowned men, such as Luther, Erasmus, Mosheim, and others. The lastmentioned has written, in Latin, the following remarkable words: "Renown is a source of toil and sorrow; obscurity is a source of happiness."

Goethe has been for some days dangerously ill; yesterday he lay in a hopeless condition. Today, however, a crisis has arrived, by which he appears to be saved. Still, this morning he said that he considered himself lost; later, at noon, he seemed to hope that he might recover; and again, in the evening, he said that, if he escaped, it must be allowed that, for an old man, he had played too high a game.

(Sup.[2]) Tues., Feb. 24.

This day has been an anxious one on account of Goethe, because there was not at noon the same improvement in him which was observable yesterday. In a paroxysm of weakness he said to his daughter-in-law, "I feel that the moment is come in which the struggle between life and death begins within me." Still, in the evening the invalid retained his full intellectual consciousness, and even displayed a playful levity. "You are too timid with your remedies," said he to Rehbein; "you spare me too much: when one has a patient like me to deal with, one must set to work a little in the Napoleon fashion." Thereupon he drank off a cup of decoction of arnica, which, employed by Huschke at the most dangerous moment yesterday, had brought on the favourable crisis. Goethe gave a beautiful description of this plant, and extolled its powerful effect to the skies. He was told that the physicians would not allow the grand-duke to see him: "Were I the grand-duke," exclaimed Goethe, "I would have asked a great deal, and troubled myself a great deal about

1 (Sup.*) Mon., Feb. 23.
2 (Sup.*) Wed., Feb. 25.

you." At a moment when he felt better, and when his chest appeared less oppressed, he spoke with facility and clear intelligence whereupon Rehbein whispered in the ear of a bystander, "A better respiration generally brings with it a better inspiration." Goethe, who heard this, immediately exclaimed, very pleasantly, "I knew that long ago; but this truth does not apply to you, you rogue."

Goethe sat upright in his bed, facing the open door of his workroom, where his nearest friends were assembled without his knowledge. His features appeared to me little altered; his voice was clear and distinct, still there was a solemnity in its tone like that of a dying man. "You seem to believe," said he to his children, "that I am better, but you deceive yourselves." We endeavoured playfully to reason him out of his apprehensions, and he appeared to take it in good part. More persons were constantly entering the chamber, which appeared to me by no means desirable, for the presence of so many people would needlessly deteriorate the air, and hinder the attendants on the patient. I could not forbear to speak of it, and went down into the lower room, whence I issued my bulletins to her imperial highness.

Goethe has caused an account to be given of the treatment which has been employed towards him up to the present time; he has also read a list of the persons who have made inquiries concerning the state of his health, of whom the number daily was very great. He afterwards received the grand-duke, and did not appear fatigued by his visit. I found fewer persons in his work-room today; whereupon I observed, to my joy, that my remark yesterday had been productive of some good. Now that the disease is removed, people seem to dread the consequences. His left hand is swollen, and there appear threatening precursors of the dropsy. We shall not know for some days what will be the final result of the illness. Today, for the first time, Goethe has inquired after one of his friends; namely, his oldest friend Meyer. He wished to show him a scarce medal which he has received from Bohemia, and with which he is enraptured.

I came at twelve o'clock; and when Goethe heard that I had arrived, he had me called to his side. He gave me his hand, saying, "You see in me one risen from the dead." He then commissioned me to thank her imperial highness for the sympathy which she had shown him during his illness. "My recovery will be very slow," he added; "but to the physicians, notwithstanding, belongs the honour of having worked a little miracle upon me."

After a few minutes I withdrew. His colour is good; only he has much fallen away, and still breathes with some pain. It appeared to me that

he spoke with greater difficulty than yesterday. The swelling of the left arm is very conspicuous. He keeps his eyes closed, and only opens them when he speaks.

(Sup.[1]) Mon., Mar. 2.

This evening at Goethe's, whom I had not seen for several days. He sat in his arm-chair, and had with him his daughter and Riemer. He was strikingly better. His voice had recovered its natural tone; his breathing was free; his hand was no longer swollen; his appearance again was what it had been in a state of health; and his conversation was easy. He rose and walked, without effort, into his sleeping-room and back. We took tea with him; and as this was the first time, I playfully reproached Frau von Goethe with having forgotten to place a nosegay on the tea-tray. Frau von Goethe directly took a coloured ribbon from her hat, and bound it on the tea-urn. This joke appeared to give Goethe much pleasure.

We afterwards examined a collection of imitated jewels, which the grand-duke had received from Paris.

Today, in celebration of Goethe's recovery, his Tasso was represented at the theatre with a prologue by Riemer, spoken by Frau von Heigendorf. His bust was adorned with a crown of laurel, amidst the loud exclamations of the excited spectators. After the performance was over, Frau von Heigendorf went to Goethe's. She was still in the costume of Leonora, and presented to Goethe the crown of Tasso; which he took, to adorn with it the bust of the Grand-Duchess Alexandra.

(Sup.[2]) Wed., Apr. 1.

I brought Goethe, from her imperial highness, a number of the French "Journal des Modes," in which a translation of his works was discussed. On this occasion we conversed on "Rameau's Neffe" (*Rameau's Nephew*), the original of which has long been lost. Many Germans believe that the original never existed, and that it is all Goethe's own invention. Goethe, however, affirms that it would have been impossible for him to imitate Diderot's spirited style and manner, and that the German Rameau is nothing but a very faithful translation.

A portion of this evening was passed at Goethe's, in company with Herr Coudray, the government architect. We talked about the theatre, and the improvements which have taken place in it lately. "I have remarked it without going there," said Goethe, laughing. "Two months

1 (Sup.*) Sat., Mar. 22.
2 (Sup.*) Fri., Apr. 3.

ago my children always came home in an ill-humour; they were never satisfied with the entertainment which had been provided. But now they have turned over a new leaf; they come with joyful countenances, because for once and away they can have a good cry. Yesterday, they owed this 'pleasure in weeping'[1] to a drama by Kotzebue."

(Sup.[2]) Wed., Apr. 13.

This evening alone with Goethe. We talked about literature, Lord Byron, his Sardanapalus and Werner. We then came to Faust, a subject on which Goethe frequently and willingly speaks. He wished that it might be translated into French, in the style of Marot's period. He considers it as the source whence Byron derived the tone of his "Manfred." Goethe thinks that Byron has made decided progress in his two last tragedies; because in these he appears less gloomy and misanthropical. We afterwards spoke about the text of "Zauberflöte," to which Goethe has written a sequel; but he has not yet found a composer to treat the subject properly. He admits that the well-known first part is full of improbabilities and jests which every one cannot understand and appreciate; still we must at all events allow that the author understood, to a high degree, the art of producing great theatrical effects by means of contrasts.

This evening at Goethe's, with the Countess Caroline Egloffstein. Goethe joked about the German almanacs, and some other periodical publications; all pervaded by a ridiculous sentimentality, which appears to be the order of the day. The Countess remarked that German novelists had made the beginning, by spoiling the taste of numerous readers; and that now the readers spoil the novelists, because, in order to find a publisher for their manuscripts, they must suit the prevailing bad taste of the public.

(Sup.[3]) Sun., Apr. 26.

I found Coudray and Meyer at Goethe's. We conversed on various subjects. "The library of the grand-duke," said Goethe, among other things, "contains a globe, which was made by a Spaniard in the reign of Charles V. There are some remarkable inscriptions upon it, as, for example, 'the Chinese are a people bearing a strong resemblance to the Germans.'"

"In former times," continued Goethe, "the African deserts were depicted on the maps, with representations of the wild beasts. In the present day, this custom is abandoned; the geographers prefer to leave us carte blanche."

1 These words "Wonne der Thränen" are put in inverted commas, probably with reference to "Wonne der Wehmuth," the title of a little poem by Goethe.—Trans.

2 (Sup.*) Wed., Apr. 15.

3 (Sup.*) Wed., May 6.

This evening at Goethe's. He endeavoured to give me an idea of his theory of colours. "Light," said he, "is by no means a compound of different colours; neither can light alone produce any colour; for that requires a certain modification and blending of light and shade."

(Sup.[1]) Tues., May 13.

I found Goethe occupied with collecting his little poems and short addresses (Blättchen) to persons. "In earlier times," said he, "when I was more careless with my things, and neglected to make copies, I lost hundreds of such verses."

The chancellor, Riemer, and Meyer were with Goethe. We discussed Béranger's poems; and Goethe commented upon, and paraphrased some of them, with great originality and good humour.

The conversation then turned on natural science (physik) and meteorology. Goethe is on the point of working out a theory of the weather, in which he will ascribe the rise and fall of the barometer entirely to the action of the earth, and to her attraction and repulsion of the atmosphere.

"The scientific men, and especially the mathematicians," continued Goethe, "will not fail to consider my ideas perfectly ridiculous; or else they will do still better: they will totally ignore them in a most stately manner. But do you know why? Because they say that I am not one of the craft."

"The caste spirit of the learned by profession," I replied, "is very pardonable. When errors have crept into their theories, and have been borne along with them, we must seek for the cause in this: that such errors were handed down to them as dogmas, at a time when they themselves were still seated on their school-benches."

"That is true," exclaimed Goethe; "your learned men act like the bookbinders of Weimar. The masterpiece that is required of them to be admitted into the corporation is not a pretty binding, in the newest style. No; far from that. There must always be supplied a thick folio bible, just in the fashion of two or three hundred years ago, with clumsy covers, and in strong leather. The task is an absurdity. But it would go hard with the poor workman if he were to affirm that his examiners were blockheads."

Weimar, June 10.[2]

I arrived here a few days ago, but did not see Goethe till today. He received me with great cordiality; and the impression he made on me was such, that I consider this day as one of the happiest in my life.

1 (Sup.*) Mon., June 2.

2 This is the first day in Eckermann's first book, and the first time in which he speaks in this book, as distinguished from Soret.—Trans.

Yesterday, when I called to inquire, he fixed today at twelve o'clock as the time when he would be glad to see me. I went at the appointed time, and found a servant waiting for me, preparing to conduct me to him.

The interior of the house made a very pleasant impression upon me; without being showy, everything was extremely simple and noble; even the casts from antique statues, placed upon the stairs, indicated Goethe's especial partiality for plastic art, and for Grecian antiquity. I saw several ladies moving busily about in the lower part of the house, and one of Ottilie's beautiful boys, who came familiarly up to me, and looked fixedly in my face.

After I had cast a glance around, I ascended the stairs, with the very talkative servant, to the first floor. He opened a room, on the threshold of which the motto Salve was stepped over as a good omen of a friendly welcome. He led me through this apartment and opened another, somewhat more spacious, where he requested me to wait, while he went to announce me to his master. The air here was most cool and refreshing; on the floor was spread a carpet: the room was furnished with a crimson sofa and chairs, which gave a cheerful aspect; on one side stood a piano; and the walls were adorned with many pictures and drawings, of various sorts and sizes.

Through an open door opposite, one looked into a farther room, also hung with pictures, through which the servant had gone to announce me.

It was not long before Goethe came in, dressed in a blue frock-coat, and with shoes. What a sublime form! The impression upon me was surprising. But he soon dispelled all uneasiness by the kindest words. We sat down on the sofa. I felt in a happy perplexity, through his look and his presence, and could say little or nothing.

He began by speaking of my manuscript. "I have just come from you," said he; "I have been reading your writing all the morning; it needs no recommendation—it recommends itself." He praised the clearness of the style, the flow of the thought, and the peculiarity, that all rested on a solid basis, and had been thoroughly considered. "I will soon forward it," said he; "today I shall write to Cotta by post, and send him the parcel tomorrow." I thanked him with words and looks.

We then talked of my proposed excursion. I told him that my design was to go into the Rhineland, where I intended to stay at a suitable place, and write something new. First, however, I would go to Jena, and there await Herr von Cotta's answer.

Goethe asked whether I had acquaintance in Jena. I replied that I hoped to come in contact with Herr von Knebel; on which he promised me a letter which would insure me a more favourable reception. "And, indeed," said he, "while you are in Jena, we shall be near neighbours, and can see or write to one another as often as we please."

We sat a long while together, in a tranquil, affectionate mood, I was close to him; I forgot to speak for looking at him—I could not look long enough. His face is so powerful and brown! full of wrinkles, and each

wrinkle full of expression! And everywhere there is such nobleness and firmness, such repose and greatness! He spoke in a slow composed manner, such as you would expect from an aged monarch. You perceive by his air that he reposes upon himself, and is elevated far above both praise and blame. I was extremely happy near him; I felt becalmed like one who, after many toils and tedious expectations, finally sees his dearest wishes gratified.

He then spoke of my letter, and remarked that I was perfectly right, and that, if one can treat one matter with clearness, one is fitted for many things besides.

"No one can tell what turn this may take," said he; "I have many good friends in Berlin, and have lately thought of you in that quarter." Here he smiled pleasantly to himself. He then pointed out to me what I ought now to see in Weimar, and said he would desire secretary Kräuter to be my cicerone. Above all, I must not fail to visit the theatre. He asked me where I lodged, saying that he should like to see me once more, and would send for me at a suitable time.

We bade each other an affectionate farewell; I was supremely happy; for every word of his spoke kindness, and I felt that he was thoroughly well-intentioned towards me.

Wed., June 11.

This morning I received a card from Goethe, written by his own hand, desiring me to come to him. I went and staid an hour. He seemed quite a different man from that of yesterday, and had the impetuous and decided manner of a youth.

He entered, bringing two thick books. "It is not well," said he, "that you should go from us so soon; let us become better acquainted. I wish more ample opportunity to see and talk with you. But, as the field of generalities is so wide, I have thought of something in particular, which may serve as a ground-work for intercourse. These two volumes contain the 'Frankfurter Gelehrte Anzeigen' (Frankfort Literary Notices) of the years 1772 and 1773, among which are almost all my little critiques written at that time. These are not marked; but, as you are familiar with my style and tone of thought, you will easily distinguish them from the others. I would have you examine somewhat more closely these youthful productions, and tell me what you think of them. I wish to know whether they deserve a place in a future edition of my works. From my present self these things stand so far, that I have no judgment about them. But you younger people can tell whether they are to you of any value, and how far they suit our present literary point of view. I have already had copies taken of them, which you can have by-and-by to compare with the originals. Afterwards, by a careful survey, we might ascertain whether here and there some trifle might not be left out, or touched up with advantage, and without injuring the general character of the whole."

I replied that I would gladly make the attempt, and that nothing could gratify me more than to proceed according to his intention.

"You will find yourself perfectly competent," said he, "when you have once entered on the employment; it will come quite naturally to you."

He then told me that he intended to set off for Marienbad in a week, and that he should be glad if I could remain at Weimar till then; that we might see one another in the mean time, and become better acquainted.

"I wish, too," said he, "that you would not merely pass a few days or weeks in Jena, but would live there all the summer, till I return from Marienbad towards that autumn. Already I have written about a lodging for you, and other things of the kind necessary to make your stay convenient and pleasant.

"You will find there the most various resources and means for further studies, and a very cultivated social circle; besides, the country presents so many aspects, that you may take fifty walks, each different from the others, each pleasant, and almost all suited for undisturbed meditation. You will find there plenty of leisure and opportunity to write many new things for yourself, and also to accomplish my designs."

I could make no objection to such good proposals, and consented joyfully to them all. When I departed he was especially amiable, and he fixed another hour the day after tomorrow for further converse.

Mon., June 16.

I have lately been frequently with Goethe. Today, we talked principally of business. I declared my opinion also of his Frankfort criticisms, calling them echoes of his academic years, an expression which seemed to please him, as marking the point of view from which these youthful productions should be regarded.

He then gave me the first eleven numbers of "Kunst und Alterthum,"[1] that I might take them with me to Jena, together with the Frankfort critiques as a second task.

"It is my wish," said he, "that you should study carefully these numbers, and not only make a general index of contents, but also set down what subjects are not to be looked upon as concluded, that I may thus see at once what threads I have to take up again and spin longer. This will be a great assistance to me, and so far an advantage to you, that, in this practical way, you will more keenly observe and apprehend the import of each particular treatise, than by common perusal, regulated solely by inclination."

I found these remarks judicious, and said that I would willingly undertake this labour also.

Thurs., June 19.

I was to have gone to Jena today; but Goethe yesterday requested

1 Art and Antiquity.

earnestly that I would stay till Sunday, and then go by the post. He gave me yesterday the letters of recommendation, and also one for the family of Frommann. "You will enjoy their circle," said he; "I have passed many delightful evenings there. Jean Paul, Tieck, the Schlegels, and all the other distinguished men of Germany, have visited there, and always with delight; and even now it is the union-point of many learned men, artistes, and other persons of note. In a few weeks, write to me at Marienbad, that I may know how you are going on, and how you are pleased with Jena. I have requested my son to visit you there during my absence."

I felt very grateful to Goethe for so much care, and was very happy to see that he regarded me as one of his own, and wished me to be so considered.

Saturday, the 21st June, I bade farewell to Goethe, and on the following day went to Jena, where I established myself in a rural dwelling, with very good, respectable people. In the families of von Knebel and Frommann, I found, on Goethe's recommendation, a cordial reception and very instructive society. I made the best possible progress with the work I had taken with me, and had, besides, the pleasure of receiving a letter from Herr von Cotta, in which he not only declared himself ready to publish my manuscript which had been sent him, but promised me a handsome remuneration, adding that I myself should superintend the printing at Jena.

Thus my subsistence was secured for at least a year, and I felt the liveliest desire to produce something new at this time, and so to found my future prosperity as an author. I hoped that I had already, in my "Beiträge zur Poesie," come to an end with theory and criticism; I had in them endeavoured to get clear views as to the principal laws of art, and my whole inner nature now urged me to a practical application. I had plans for innumerable poems, both long and short, also for dramas of various sorts; and I had now, as I thought, only to think which way I should turn, to produce one after the other, with some degree of convenience to myself.

I was not long content in Jena; my life there was too quiet and uniform. I longed for a great city, where there was not only a good theatre, but where a popular life was developed on a great scale, that I might seize upon important elements of life, and advance my own mental culture as rapidly as possible. In such a town, too, I hoped to live quite unobserved, and to be free always to isolate myself for completely undisturbed production.

Meanwhile, I had sketched the index which Goethe wished for the first four volumes of "Kunst und Alterthum," and sent it to Marienbad with a letter, in which I openly expressed my plans and wishes. I received in answer the following lines:—

"The index arrived just at the right time, and corresponds precisely with my wishes and intentions. Let me, when I return, find the Frankfort

criticisms arranged in a like manner, and receive my best thanks, which I already silently pay beforehand, by carrying about with me your views, situation, wishes, aims, and plans, so that, on my return, I may be able to discuss more solidly your future welfare. Today I will say no more. My departure from Marienbad gives me much to think of and to do, while my stay, all too brief, with persons of interest, occasions painful feelings.

"May I find you in that state of tranquil activity, from which, after all, views of the world and experiences are evolved in the surest and purest manner. Farewell. Rejoice with me in the anticipation of a prolonged and more intimate acquaintance.—GOETHE.—Marienbad, Aug. 14, 1823."

By these lines of Goethe's, the reception of which made me extremely happy, I felt tranquillized as to the future. They determined me to take no step for myself, but to be wholly resigned to his will and counsel. Meanwhile, I wrote some little poems, finished arranging the Frankfort criticisms, and expressed my opinion of them in a short treatise, intended for Goethe. I looked forward with eagerness to his return from Marienbad; for my "Beiträge zur Poesie" was almost through the press, and I wished, at all events, to refresh myself this autumn, by going for a few weeks to the Rhine.

Jena, Sept. 15.

Goethe is returned safe from Marienbad, but, as his country-house in this place is not so convenient as he requires, he will only stay here a few days. He is well and active, so that he can take walks several miles long, and it is truly delightful to see him.

After an interchange of joyful greetings, Goethe commenced speaking on the subject of my affairs:—

"To speak out plainly," he began, "it is my wish that you should pass this winter with me in Weimar." These were his first words. Approaching closer to me, he continued thus:—"With respect to poetry and criticism, you are in the best possible condition. You have a natural foundation for them. They are your profession, to which you must adhere, and which will soon bring you a good livelihood. But yet there is much, not strictly appertaining to this department, which you ought to know. It is, however, a great point that you should not expend much time upon this, but get over it quickly. This you shall do with us this winter in Weimar, and you will wonder to find what progress you have made by Easter. You shall have the best of everything; because the best means are in my hands. Thus you will have laid a firm foundation for life. You will have attained a feeling of comfort, and will be able to appear anywhere with confidence."

I was much pleased by this proposal, and replied, that I would regulate myself entirely by his views and wishes.

"With a home in my neighbourhood," continued Goethe, "I will provide you; you shall pass no unprofitable moment during the whole winter. Much that is good is brought together in Weimar, and you will

gradually find, in the higher circles, a society equal to the best in any of the great cities. Besides, many eminent men are personally connected with me. With them you will gradually make acquaintance, and you will find their conversation in the highest degree useful and instructive."

Goethe then mentioned many distinguished men, indicating, in a few words, the peculiar merits of each.

"Where else," he continued, "would you find so much good in such a narrow space? We also possess an excellent library, and a theatre which, in the chief requisites, does not yield to the best in other German towns. Therefore,—I repeat it,—stay with us, and not only this winter, but make Weimar your home. From thence proceed highways to all quarters of the globe. In summer you can travel, and see, by degrees, what you wish. I have lived there fifty years; and where have I not been? But I was always glad to return to Weimar."

I was very happy in being again with Goethe, and hearing him talk, and I felt that my whole soul was devoted to him. If I could only have thee, thought I, all else will go well with me. So I repeated to him the assurance that I was ready to do whatever he, after weighing the circumstances of my peculiar situation, should think right.

Jena, Thurs., Sept. 18.

Yesterday morning, before Goethe's return to Weimar, I had the happiness of another interview with him. What he said at that time was quite important; to me it was quite invaluable, and will have a beneficial influence on all my life. All the young poets of Germany should know it, as it may be of great profit to them.

He introduced the conversation by asking me whether I had written any poems this summer. I replied that I had indeed written some, but that on the whole I lacked the feeling of ease requisite for production.

"Beware," said he, "of attempting a large work. It is exactly that which injures our best minds, even those distinguished by the finest talents and the most earnest efforts. I have suffered from this cause, and know how much it injured me. What have I not let fall into the well? If I had written all that I well might, a hundred volumes would not contain it.

"The Present will have its rights; the thoughts and feelings which daily press upon the poet will and should be expressed. But, if you have a great work in your head nothing else thrives near it, all other thoughts are repelled, and the pleasantness of life itself is for the time lost. What exertion and expenditure of mental force are required to arrange and round off a great whole, and then what powers, and what a tranquil, undisturbed situation in life, to express it with the proper fluency. If you have erred as to the whole, all your toil is lost; and further, if, in treating so extensive a subject, you are not perfectly master of your material in the details, the whole will be defective, and censure will be incurred. Thus, for all his toil and sacrifice, the poet gets, instead of reward and pleasure, nothing but discomfort and a paralysis of his powers. But if

he daily seizes the present, and always treats with a freshness of feeling what is offered him, he always makes sure of something good, and if he sometimes does not succeed, has, at least, lost nothing.

"There is August Hagen, in Königsberg, a splendid talent: have you ever read his 'Olfried and Lisena?' There you may find passages which could not be better; the situations on the Baltic, and the other particulars of that locality, are all masterly. But these are only fine passages; as a whole, it pleases nobody. And what labour and power he has lavished upon it; indeed, he has almost exhausted himself. Now, he has been writing a tragedy." Here Goethe smiled, and paused for a moment. I took up the discourse, and said that, if I was not mistaken, he had advised Hagen (in "Kunst und Alterthum") to treat only small subjects. "I did so, indeed," he replied; "but do people conform to the instructions of us old ones? Each thinks he must know best about himself, and thus many are lost entirely, and many for a long time go astray. Now it is no more the time to blunder about—that belonged to us old ones; and what was the use of all our seeking and blundering, if you young people choose to go the very same way over again. In this way we can never get on at all. Our errors were endured because we found no beaten path; but from him who comes later into the world more is required; he must not be seeking and blundering, but should use the instructions of the old ones to proceed at once on the right path. It is not enough to take steps which may some day lead to a goal; each step must be itself a goal and a step likewise.

"Carry these words about with you, and see how you can apply them to yourself. Not that I really feel uneasy about you, but perhaps by my advice I help you quickly over a period which is not suitable to your present situation. If you treat, at present, only small subjects, freshly dashing off what every day offers you, you will generally produce something good, and each day will bring you pleasure. Give what you do the pocket-books and periodicals, but never submit yourself to the requisition of others; always follow your own sense.

"The world is so great and rich, and life so full of variety, that you can never want occasions for poems. But they must all be occasional[1] poems; that is to say, reality must give both impulse and material for their production. A particular case becomes universal and poetic by the very circumstance that it is treated by a poet. All my poems are occasional poems, suggested by real life, and having therein a firm foundation. I attach no value to poems snatched out of the air.

"Let no one say that reality wants poetical interest; for in this the poet

1 The word "Gelegenheitsgedicht" (occasional poem) properly applies to poems written for special occasions, such as birthdays, weddings, &c., but Goethe here extends the meaning, as he himself explains. As the English word "occasional" often implies no more than "occurrence now and then," the phrase "occasional poem" is not very happy, and is only used for want of a better. The reader must conceive the word in the limited sense, produced on some special event.—Trans.

proves his vocation, that he has the art to win from a common subject an interesting side. Reality must give the motive, the points to be expressed, the kernel, as I may say; but to work out of it a beautiful, animated whole, belongs to the poet. You know Fürnstein, called the Poet of Nature; he has written the prettiest poem possible, on the cultivation of hops. I have now proposed to him to make songs for the different crafts of working-men, particularly a weaver's song, and I am sure he will do it well, for he has lived among such people from his youth; he understands the subject thoroughly, and is therefore master of his material. That is exactly the advantage of small works; you need only choose those subjects of which you are master. With a great poem, this cannot be: no part can be evaded; all which belongs to the animation of the whole, and is interwoven into the plan, must be represented with precision. In youth, however, the knowledge of things is only one-sided. A great work requires many-sidedness, and on that rock the young author splits."

I told Goethe that I had contemplated writing a great poem upon the seasons, in which I might interweave the employments and amusements of all classes. "Here is the very case in point," replied Goethe; "you may succeed in many parts, but fail in others which refer to what you have not duly investigated. Perhaps you would do the fisherman well, and the huntsman ill; and if you fail anywhere, the whole is a failure, however good single parts may be, and you have not produced a perfect work. Give separately the single parts to which you are equal, and you make sure of something good.

"I especially warn you against great inventions of your own; for then you would try to give a view of things, and for that purpose youth is seldom ripe. Further, character and views detach themselves as sides from the poet's mind and deprive him of the fulness requisite for future productions. And, finally, how much time is lost in invention, internal arrangement, and combination, for which nobody thanks us, even supposing our work is happily accomplished.

"With a given material, on the other hand, all goes easier and better. Facts and characters being provided, the poet has only the task of animating the whole. He preserves his own fulness, for he needs to part with but little of himself, and there is much less loss of time and power, since he has only the trouble of execution. Indeed, I would advise the choice of subjects which have been worked before. How many Iphigenias have been written! yet they are all different, for each writer considers and arranges the subject differently; namely, after his own fashion.

"But, for the present, you had better lay aside all great undertakings. You have striven long enough; it is time that you should enter into the cheerful period of life, and for the attainment of this, the working out of small subjects is the best expedient."

During this conversation, we had been walking up and down the room. I could do nothing but assent, for I felt the truth of each word through my whole being. At each step I felt lighter and happier, for I must confess that various grand schemes, of which I had not as yet been

able to take clear view, had been no little burden to me. I have now thrown them aside, and shall let them rest till I can take up and sketch off one subject and one part after another in cheerfulness, as by study of the world I gradually become master of the several parts of the material.

I feel, through these words of Goethe's, several years wiser, and perceive, in the very depths of my soul, the good fortune of meeting with a true master. The advantage is incalculable.

What shall I not learn from him this winter! what shall I not gain merely from intercourse with him, even in times when he does not speak what is so very important! His personality, his mere presence, seems to educate me, even when he does not speak a word.

Weimar, Thurs., Oct. 2.

I came here yesterday from Jena, favoured by very agreeable weather. Immediately after my arrival, Goethe, by way of welcoming me to Weimar, sent me a season-ticket for the theatre. I passed yesterday in making my domestic arrangements; and the rather, as they were very busy at Goethe's; for the French Ambassador from Frankfort, Count Reinhard, and the Prussian State Councillor (Staatsrath) Schultz, from Berlin, had come to visit him.

This forenoon I was again at Goethe's. He was rejoiced to see me, and was in every way kind and amiable. As I was about to take my leave, he said he would first make me acquainted with the State Councillor, Schultz. He took me into the next room, where I found that gentleman busy in looking at the works of art, introduced me, and then left us together for further discourse.

"I am very glad," said Schultz, "that you are to stay in Weimar, and assist Goethe in arranging his unpublished works. He has been telling me how much advantage he promises himself from your assistance, and that he now hopes to complete many new plans."

I replied that I had no other aim in life than to aid German literature; and that, in the hope of being useful here, I had willingly laid aside, for the present, my own literary designs. I added, that a practical intercourse with Goethe would have a most favourable effect on my own culture. I hoped, by this means, to gain a certain maturity in some years, and thus, in the end, better to perform those tasks for which I was at present less perfectly prepared.

"Certainly," replied Schultz, "the personal influence of so extraordinary a man and a master as Goethe is quite invaluable. I, too, have come hither to refresh myself once more from his great mind."

He then inquired about the printing of my book, concerning which Goethe had written to him last summer. I said that I hoped, in a few days, to receive the first copies from Jena, and would not fail to present him with one, and to send it to Berlin, if he should not be here.

We separated with a cordial shake of the hand.

This evening, I went for the first time to a large tea-party at Goethe's. I arrived first, and enjoyed the view of the brilliantly lighted apartments, which, through open doors, led one into the other. In one of the furthest, I found Goethe, who came to meet me, with a cheerful air. He was dressed in black, and wore his star, which became him so well. We were for a while alone, and went into the so-called "covered room" (Deckenzimmer), where the picture of the Aldobrandine Marriage, which was hung above a red couch, especially attracted my attention. On the green curtains being drawn aside, the picture was before my eyes in a broad light, and I was delighted to contemplate it quietly.

"Yes," said Goethe, "the ancients had not only great intentions, but they carried them into effect. On the contrary, we moderns have also great intentions, but are seldom able to bring them out with such power and freshness as we have thought them."

Now came Riemer, Meyer, Chancellor von Müller, and many other distinguished gentlemen and ladies of the court. Goethe's son and Frau von Goethe, with whom I was now for the first time made acquainted, also entered. The rooms filled gradually, and there was life and cheerfulness in them all. Some pretty youthful foreigners were present, with whom Goethe spoke French.

The society pleased me, all were so free and unconstrained; each stood or sat, laughed and talked with this person and that, just as he pleased. I had a lively conversation with young Goethe about Houwald's "Bild" (picture),[1] which was given a few days since. We had the same opinion about the piece, and I was greatly pleased to see this young man expound the different points with so much animation and intelligence.

Goethe himself appeared very amiable in society. He went about from one to another, and seemed to prefer listening, and hearing his guests talk, to talking much himself. Frau von Goethe would often come and lean upon him, and kiss him. I had lately said to him that I enjoyed the theatre highly, and that I felt great pleasure in giving myself up to the impression of the piece, without reflecting much upon it. This to him seemed right, and suited to my present state.

He came to me with Frau von Goethe. "This is my daughter-in-law," said he; "do you know each other?"

We told him that we had just become acquainted.

"He is as much a child about a theatre as you, Ottilie!" said he; and we exchanged congratulations upon this taste which we had in common. "My daughter," continued he, "never misses an evening."

"That is all very well," said I, "as long as they give good lively pieces; but when the pieces are bad, they try the patience."

"But," said Goethe, "it is a good thing that you cannot leave, but

1 A drama of some celebrity.—Trans.

are forced to hear and see even what is bad. By this means, you are penetrated with the hatred for the bad, and come to a clearer insight into the good. In reading, it is not so, —you throw aside the book, if it displeases you; but at the theatre you must endure." I gave my assent, and thought how the old gentleman always said something opportune.

We now separated, and joined the rest, who were loudly and merrily amusing themselves about us,—now in this room, now in that. Goethe went to the ladies, and I joined Riemer and Meyer, who told us much about Italy.

Afterwards, Councillor Schmidt seated himself at the piano, and played some of Beethoven's pieces, which seemed to be received with deep sympathy by the company. An intelligent lady then related many interesting particulars respecting Beethoven. Ten o'clock came at last, and thus had passed an extremely pleasant evening.

Sun., Oct. 19.

Today, I dined for the first time with Goethe. No one was present except Frau von Goethe, Fräulein Ulrica, and little Walter, and thus we were all very comfortable. Goethe appeared now solely as father of a family, helping to all the dishes, carving the roast fowls with great dexterity, and not forgetting between whiles to fill the glasses. We had much lively chat about the theatre, young English people, and other topics of the day; Fräulein Ulrica was especially lively and entertaining. Goethe was generally silent, coming out only now and then with some pertinent remark. From time to time he glanced at the newspaper, now and then reading us some passages, especially about the progress of the Greeks.

They then talked about the necessity of my learning English, and Goethe earnestly advised me to do so, particularly on account of Lord Byron; saying, that a character of such eminence had never existed before, and probably would never come again. They discussed the merits of the different teachers here, but found none with a thoroughly good pronunciation; on which account they deemed it better to go to some young Englishman.

After dinner, Goethe showed me some experiments relating to his theory of colours. The subject was, however, new to me; I neither understood the phenomena, nor what he said about them. Nevertheless, I hoped that the future would afford me leisure and opportunity to initiate myself a little into this science.

Tues., Oct. 21.

I went to see Goethe this evening. We talked of his "Pandora." I asked him whether this poem was to be regarded as a whole, or whether there was anything further. He said there was nothing further in existence, and that he had written no more for the very reason that the first part was planned on so large a scale, that he could not afterwards get through

with a second. Besides, what was done might be regarded as a whole, so he felt quite easy about the matter.

I said that I had only penetrated the meaning of this difficult poem by degrees, namely, after I had read it so many times as almost to know it by heart. Goethe smiled, and said, "I can well believe that; for all its parts are, as one may say, wedged one within another."

I added, that I could not be perfectly satisfied with Schubarth's remarks upon this poem, who found there united all which had been said separately in "Werther," "Wilhelm Meister," "Faust," and the "Elective Affinities," thus making the matter very incomprehensible and difficult. "Schubarth," said Goethe, "often goes a little deep, but he is very clever, and all his words are fraught with deep meaning."

We spoke of Uhland, and Goethe said, "When I see great effects, I am apt to suppose great causes; and, with a popularity so extensive as that of Uhland, there must be something superior about him. However, I can scarcely form a judgment as to his poems ('Gedichte.') I took up his book with the best intentions, but fell immediately on so many weak and gloomy poems that I could not proceed. I then tried his ballads, where I really did find distinguished talent, and could plainly see that there was some foundation for his celebrity."

I then asked Goethe his opinion as to the kind of verse proper for German tragedy. "People in Germany," he replied, "will scarcely come to an agreement on that point. Every one does just as he likes, and as he finds somewhat suitable to his subject. The Iambic trimetre would be the most dignified measure, but it is too long for us Germans, who, for want of epithets, generally find five feet quite enough. The English, on account of their many monosyllables, cannot even get on so far as we do."

Goethe then showed me some copperplates, and afterwards talked about old German architecture, adding that, by degrees, he would show me a great deal in this way.

"We see in the works of the old German architecture," he said, "the flower of an extraordinary state of things. Whoever comes immediately close to such a flower, will only stare at it with astonishment; but he who sees into the secret inner life of the plant, into the stirring of its powers, and observes how the flower gradually unfolds itself, sees the matter with quite different eyes—he knows what he sees.

"I will take care that in the course of this winter you attain more insight into this important subject, that when you visit the Rhine next summer, the sight of the Minster of Strasburg and the Cathedral of Cologne may do you some good."

(Sup.*) Fri., Oct. 24.

This evening at Goethe's. Madame Szymanowska, whose acquaintance he made this summer, at Marienbad, played a fantasia on the piano. Goethe, absorbed in listening, seemed at times much affected.

At twilight, I passed half an hour at Goethe's. He sat in a wooden arm-chair before his table. I found him in a singularly gentle mood, as one who is quite filled with celestial peace, or who is recalling a delicious happiness which he has enjoyed, and which again floats before his soul in all its fulness. Stadelman gave me a seat near him.

We talked of the theatre, which was one of the topics which chiefly interested me this winter. The "Erdennacht" (*Night on Earth*) of Raupach was the last piece I had seen. I gave it as my opinion that the piece was not brought before us as it existed in the mind of the poet; that the Idea was more predominant than Life; that it was rather lyric than dramatic; and that what was spun out through five acts would have been far better in two or three. Goethe added that the idea of the whole which turned upon aristocracy and democracy, was by no means of universal interest to humanity.

I then praised those pieces of Kotzebue's which I had seen—namely, his "Verwandschaften" (Affinities), and his "Versöhnung" (Reconciliation). I praised in them the quick eye for real life, the dexterity at seizing its interesting side, and the genuine and forcible representation of it. Goethe agreed with me. "What has kept its place for twenty years, and enjoys the favour of the people," said he, "must have something in it. When Kotzebue contented himself with his own sphere, and did not go beyond his powers, he usually did well. It was the same with him as with Chodowiecky, who always succeeded perfectly with the scenes of common citizens' life, while if he attempted to paint Greek or Roman heroes it proved a failure."

He named several other good pieces of Kotzebue's, especially "die beiden Klinsberge" (the two Klingsbergs). "None can deny," said he, "that Kotzebue has looked about a great deal in life, and ever kept his eyes open.

"Intellect, and some poetry, cannot be denied to our modern tragic poets, but most of them are incapable of an easy, living representation; they strive after something beyond their powers; and for that reason I might call them forced talents."

"I doubt," said I, "whether such poets could write a piece in prose, and am of opinion that this would be the true touchstone of their talent." Goethe agreed with me, adding that versification enhanced, and even called forth poetic feeling.

We then talked about various works. The conversation turned upon his "Journey through Frankfort and Stuttgard to Switzerland," which he has lying by him in three parts, in sheets, and which he will send me, in order that I may read the details, and plan how they may be formed into a whole. "You will see," said he, "that it was all written off on the impulse of the moment; there was no thought of plan or artistical rounding: it was like pouring water from a bucket."

I was pleased with this simile, which seemed very appropriate, to illustrate a thing utterly without plan.

This morning, I was invited to a tea-party and concert, which were to be given at Goethe's house this evening. The servant showed me the list of persons to be invited, from which I saw that the company would be very large and brilliant. He said a young Polish lady had arrived, who would play on the piano. I accepted the invitation gladly.

Afterwards the bill for the theatre was brought, and I saw that the "Schachmaschine" (Chess-machine) was to be played. I knew nothing of this piece; but my landlady was so lavish in its praise, that I was seized with a great desire to see it. Besides, I had not been in my best mood all day, and the feeling grew upon me that I was more fit for a merry comedy than for such good society.

In the evening, an hour before the theatre opened, I went to Goethe. All was already in movement throughout the house. As I passed I heard them tuning the piano, in the great room, as preparation for the musical entertainment.

I found Goethe alone in his chamber; he was already dressed, and I seemed to him to have arrived at the right moment. "You shall stay with me here," he said, "and we will entertain one another till the arrival of the others." I thought, "Now I shall not be able to get away: stop, I must; and, though it is very pleasant to be with Goethe alone, yet, when a quantity of strange gentlemen and ladies come, I shall feel quite out of my element."

I walked up and down the room with Goethe. Soon the theatre became the subject of our discourse, and I had an opportunity of repeating that it was to me a source of new delight, especially as I had seen scarce anything in early years, and now almost every piece made quite a fresh impression upon me. "Indeed," added I, "I feel so much about it, that I have had a severe contest with myself, notwithstanding the great attractions of your evening party."

"Well," said Goethe, stopping short, and looking at me with kindness and dignity, "go then; do not constrain yourself; if the lively play this evening suits you best, is more suitable to your mood, go there. You have music here, and that you will often have again." "Then," said I, "I will go; it will, perhaps, do me good to laugh." "Stay with me, however," said Goethe, "till six o'clock: we shall have time to say a word or two."

Stadelman brought in two wax lights, which he set on the table. Goethe desired me to sit down, and he would give me something to read. And what should this be but his newest, dearest poem, his "Elegy from Marienbad!"

I must here go back a little for a circumstance connected with this poem. Immediately after Goethe's return from Marienbad, the report had been spread that he had there made the acquaintance of a young lady equally charming in mind and person, and had been inspired with a passion for her. When her voice was heard in the Brunnen-Allee, he had always seized his hat, and hastened down to join her. He had missed

no opportunity of being in her society, and had passed happy days: the parting had been very painful, and he had, in this excited state, written a most beautiful poem, which, however, he looked upon as a sort of consecrated thing, and kept hid from every eye.

I believed this story, because it not only perfectly accorded with his bodily vigour, but also with the productive force of his mind, and the healthy freshness of his heart. I had long had a great desire to see the poem itself, but naturally felt unwilling to ask Goethe. I had, therefore, to congratulate myself on the fortunate moment which brought it before me.

He had, with his own hand, written these verses, in Roman characters, on fine vellum paper, and fastened them with a silken cord into a red morocco case; so that, from the outside, it was obvious that he prized this manuscript above all the rest.

I read it with great delight, and found that every line confirmed the common report. The first verse, however, intimated that the acquaintance was not first made, but only renewed, at this time. The poem revolved constantly on its own axis, and seemed always to return to the point whence it began. The close, wonderfully broken off, made quite a deep and singular impression.

When I had finished, Goethe came to me again. "Well," said he, "there I have shown you something good. But you shall tell me what you think a few days hence." I was very glad that Goethe, by these words, excused me from passing a judgment at the moment; for the impression was too new, and too hastily received, to allow me to say anything that was appropriate.

Goethe promised to let me see it again in some tranquil hour. The time for the theatre had now arrived, and we separated with an affectionate pressure of the hand.

The "Chess-machine" was, perhaps, a good piece, well-acted, but I saw it not—my thoughts were with Goethe. When the play was over, I passed by his house; it was all lighted up; I heard music from within, and regretted that I had not stayed there.

The next day, I was told that the young Polish lady, Madame Szymanowska, in whose honour the party had been given, had played on the piano in most excellent style to the enchantment of the whole company. I learned, also, that Goethe became acquainted with her last summer at Marienbad, and that she had now come to visit him.

At noon, Goethe sent me a little manuscript, "Studies by Zauper," in which I found some very apt remarks. I sent him some poems I had written this summer at Jena, and of which I had spoken to him.

Wed., Oct. 29.

This evening I went to Goethe just as they were lighting the candles. I found him in a very animated state of mind: his eyes sparkled with

the reflection of the candlelight; his whole expression was one of cheerfulness, youth and power.

As he walked up and down with me he began immediately to speak of the poems which I sent him yesterday.

"I understand now," said he, "why you talked to me at Jena, of writing a poem on the seasons. I now advise you to do so; begin at once with Winter. You seem to have a special sense and feeling for natural objects.

"Only two words would I say about your poems. You stand now at that point where you must necessarily break through to the really high and difficult part of art—the apprehension of what is individual. You must do some degree of violence to yourself to get out of the Idea. You have talent, and have got so far; now you must do this. You have lately been at Tiefurt; that might now afford a subject for the attempt. You may perhaps go to Tiefurt and look at it three or four times before you win from it the characteristic side, and bring all your means (motive[1]) together; but spare not your toil; study it throughout, and then represent it; the subject is well worth this trouble. I should have used it long ago, but I could not; for I have lived through those important circumstances, and my being is so interwoven with them, that details press upon me with too great fulness. But you come as a stranger; you let the Castellan tell you the past, and you will see only what is present, prominent, and significant."

I promised to try, but could not deny that this subject seemed to me very far out of my way, and very difficult.

"I know well," said he, "that it is difficult; but the apprehension and representation of the individual is the very life of art. Besides, while you content yourself with generalities, every one can imitate you; but, in the particular, no one can—and why? because no others have experienced exactly the same thing.

"And you need not fear lest what is peculiar should not meet with sympathy. Each character, however peculiar it may be, and each object which you can represent, from the stone up to man, has generality; for there is repetition everywhere, and there is nothing to be found only once in the world.

"At this step of representing what is individual," continued Goethe, "begins, at the same time, what we call composition."

This was not at once clear to me, though I refrained from questions. "Perhaps," thought I, "he means the blending of the Ideal with the Real,—the union of that which is external with that which is innate. But perhaps he means something else." Goethe continued:

"And be sure you put to each poem the date at which you wrote it." I looked at him inquiringly, to know why this was so important. "Your poems will thus serve," he said, "as a diary of your progress. I have done

1 The word "motive," which is of frequent occurrence in critical disquisition, is exactly defined in Heyse's "Fremdwörterbuch," a means in art calculated to produce an effect.—Trans.

it for many years, and can see its use."

It was now time for the theatre. "So you are going to Finland?" called he, jestingly, after me; for the piece was "Johann von Finland" (John of Finland), by Frau von Weissenthurn.

The piece did not lack effective situations, but it was so overloaded with pathos, and the design was so obvious in every part, that, on the whole, it did not impress me favourably. The last act, however, pleased me much, and reconciled me to the rest.

This piece suggested to me the following remark: Characters which have been but indifferently drawn by the poet gain on the stage, because the actors, as living men, make them living beings, and impart to them some sort of individuality. But the finely drawn characters of the great poet, which already stand out with a sharply marked individuality, must lose on the stage, because actors are not often perfectly fitted for such parts, and very few can completely lay aside their own individualities. If the actor be not the counterpart of the character, or if he do not possess the power of utterly laying aside his own personality, a mixture ensues, and the character loses its purity. Therefore, the play of a really great poet only appears in single figures, just as it was originally intended.

Mon., Nov. 3.

I went to Goethe at five o'clock. I heard them, as I came upstairs, laughing very loud, and talking in the great room. The servant said that the Polish lady dined there today, and that the company had not yet left the table. I was going away, but he said he had orders to announce me, and that perhaps his master would be glad of my arrival, as it was now late. I let him have his way, and waited a while, after which Goethe came out in a very cheerful mood, and took me to the opposite room. My visit seemed to please him. He had a bottle of wine brought at once, and filled for me and occasionally for himself.

"Before I forget it," said he, looking about the table for something, "let me give you a concert-ticket. Madame Szymanowska gives, tomorrow evening, a public concert at the Stadthaus, and you must not fail to be there." I replied that I certainly should not repeat my late folly. "They say she plays very well," I added. "Admirably," said Goethe. "As well as Hummel?" asked I. "You must remember," said Goethe, "that she is not only a great performer, but a beautiful woman; and this lends a charm to all she does. Her execution is masterly, —astonishing, indeed." "And has she also great power?" said I, "Yes," said he, "great power; and that is what is most remarkable in her, because we do not often find it in ladies." I said that I was delighted with the prospect of hearing her at last.

Secretary Kräuter came in to consult about the library. Goethe, when he left us, praised his talent and integrity in business.

I then turned the conversation to the "Journey through Frankfort and Stuttgard into Switzerland, in 1797," the manuscript of which he had

lately given me, and which I had already diligently studied. I spoke of his and Meyer's reflections on the subjects of plastic art.

"Ay," said Goethe, "what can be more important than the subject, and what is all the science of art without it? All talent is wasted if the subject is unsuitable. It is because modern artists have no worthy subjects, that people are so hampered in all the art of modern times. From this cause we all suffer. I myself have not been able to renounce my modernness.

"Very few artists," he continued, "are clear on this point, or know what will really be satisfactory. For instance, they paint my 'Fisherman' as the subject of a picture, and do not think that it cannot be painted. In this ballad, nothing is expressed but the charm in water which tempts us to bathe in summer; there is nothing else in it: and how can that be painted?"

I mentioned how pleased I was to see how, in that journey, he had taken an interest in everything, and apprehended everything; shape and situation of mountains, with their species of stones; soil, rivers, clouds, air, wind, and weather; then cities, with their origin and growth, architecture, painting, theatres, municipal regulations and police, trade, economy, laying out of streets, varieties of human race, manner of living, peculiarities; then again, politics, martial affairs, and a hundred things beside.

He answered, "But you find no word upon music, because that was not within my sphere. Each traveller should know what he has to see, and what properly belongs to him, on a journey."

The Chancellor came in. He talked a little with Goethe, and then spoke to me very kindly, and with much acuteness, about a little paper which he had lately read. He soon returned to the ladies, among whom I heard the sound of a piano.

When he had left us, Goethe spoke highly of him, and said, "All these excellent men, with whom you are now placed in so pleasant a relation, make what I call a home, to which one is always willing to return."

I said that I already began to perceive the beneficial effect of my present situation, and that I found myself gradually leaving my ideal and theoretic tendencies, and more and more able to appreciate the value of the present moment.

"It would be a pity," said Goethe, "if it were not so. Only persist in this, and hold fast by the present. Every situation—nay, every moment—is of infinite worth; for it is the representative of a whole eternity."

After a short pause, I turned the conversation to Tiefurt, and the mode of treating it. "The subject," said I, "is complex, and it will be difficult to give it proper form. It would be most convenient to me to treat it in prose."

"For that," said Goethe, "the subject is not sufficiently significant. The so-called didactic, descriptive form would, on the whole, be eligible; but even that is not perfectly appropriate. The best method will be to treat the subject in ten or twelve separate little poems, in rhyme, but in various measures and forms, such as the various sides and views

demand, by which means light will be given to the whole." This advice I at once adopted as judicious. "Why, indeed," continued he, "should you not for once use dramatic means, and write a conversation or so with the gardener? By this fragmentary method you make your task easy, and can better bring out the various characteristic sides of the subject. A great, comprehensive whole, on the other hand, is always difficult; and he who attempts it seldom produces anything complete."

Wed., Nov. 10.

Goethe has not been very well for the last few days; it seems he cannot get rid of a very bad cold. He coughs a great deal, very loud, and with much force; but, nevertheless, the cough seems to be painful, for he generally has his hand on his left side.

I passed half an hour with him this evening before the theatre. He sat in an arm-chair, with his back sunk in a cushion, and seemed to speak with difficulty. After we had talked a little, he wished me to read a poem with which he intended to open a new number of "Kunst und Alterthum." He remained sitting, and showed me where it was kept. I took the light, and sat down at his writing-table to read it, at a little distance from him.

This poem was singular in its character, and, though I did not fully understand it on the first reading, it affected me in a peculiar manner. The glorification of the Paria was its subject, and it was treated as a Trilogy. The prevailing tone seemed to me that of another world, and the mode of representation such, that I found it very difficult to form a lively notion of the subject. The personal presence of Goethe was also unfavourable to thorough abstraction: now I heard him cough; now I heard him sigh; and thus I was, as it were, divided in two—one half read, and the other felt his presence. I was forced to read the poem again and again, only to approximate to it. However, the more I penetrated into it, the more significant in character, and the higher in art, did it seem to be.

At last I spoke to Goethe, both as to the subject and treatment, and he gave me much new light by some of his remarks.

"Indeed," said he, "the treatment is very terse, and one must go deep into it to seize upon its meaning. It seems, even to me, like a Damascene blade hammered out of steel wire. I have borne this subject about with me for forty years; so that it has had time to get clear of everything extraneous."

"It will produce an effect," said I, "when it comes before the public."

"Ah, the public!" sighed Goethe.

"Would it not be well," said I, "to aid the comprehension, and to add an explanation as we do to pictures, when we endeavour to give life to what is actually present, by describing the preceding circumstances?"

"I think not," said he; "with pictures it is another matter; but, as a poem is already expressed in words, one word only cancels another."

I thought Goethe was here very happy in pointing out the rock on

which those who interpret poems are commonly wrecked. Still it may be questioned whether it be not possible to avoid this rock, and affix some explanatory words to a poem without at all injuring the delicacy of its inner life.

When I went away, he asked me to take the sheets of "Kunst und Alterthum" home with me, that I might read the poem again, and also the "Roses from the East" (Oestliche Rosen) of Rückert, a poet whom he seems highly to value, and to regard with great expectation.

(Sup.*) Tues., Nov. 11.

No evening company at Goethe's, who has again been suffering for some time. His feet were wrapped in a woollen coverlet, which he had taken with him everywhere since the campaign in Champagne. Apropos of this coverlet, he related an anecdote of the year 1806, when the French had occupied Jena, and the chaplain of a French regiment required some hangings to adorn his altar. "He was supplied with a splendid piece of crimson stuff," said Goethe; "but this was not good enough for him. He complained of this to me. 'Send me the stuff,' said I; 'I will see if I can procure something better.' In the mean time, we were just bringing out a new piece at the theatre, and I made use of the magnificent red stuff to decorate my actors. As for my chaplain, he received nothing else; he was forgotten; and he must have seen what good he got."

Wed., Nov. 12.

Towards evening, I went to see Goethe; but heard, before I went upstairs, that the Prussian minister, von Humboldt, was with him, at which I was pleased, being convinced that this visit of an old friend would cheer him up and do him good.

I then went to the theatre, where "Die Schwestern von Prag" (the *Sisters of Prague*), got up to perfection, was done admirably, so that it was impossible to leave off laughing throughout the whole piece.

Thurs., Nov. 13.

Some days ago, as I was walking one fine afternoon towards Erfurt, I was joined by an elderly man, whom I supposed, from his appearance, to be an opulent citizen. We had not talked together long, before the conversation turned upon Goethe. I asked him whether he knew Goethe. "Know him?" said he, with some delight; "I was his valet almost twenty years!" He then launched into the praises of his former master. I begged to hear something of Goethe's youth, and he gladly consented to gratify me.

"When I first lived with him," said he, "he might have been about twenty-seven years old; he was thin, nimble, and elegant in his person. I could easily have carried him in my arms."

I asked whether Goethe, in that early part of his life here, had not been very gay. "Certainly," replied he; "he was always gay with the gay, but

never when they passed a certain limit; in that case he usually became grave. Always working and seeking; his mind always bent on art and science; that was generally the way with my master. The duke often visited him in the evening, and then they often talked on learned topics till late at night, so that I got extremely tired, and wondered when the duke would go. Even then he was interested in natural science.

"One time he rang in the middle of the night, and when I entered his room I found he had rolled his iron bed to the window, and was lying there, looking out upon the heavens. 'Have you seen nothing in the sky?' asked he, and when I answered in the negative, he bade me run to the guard-house, and ask the man on duty if he had seen nothing. I went there; the guard said he had seen nothing, and I returned with this answer to my master, who was still in the same position, lying in his bed, and gazing upon the sky. 'Listen,' said he to me; 'this is an important moment; there is now an earthquake, or one is just going to take place;' then he made me sit down on the bed, and showed me by what signs he knew this."

I asked the good old man "what sort of weather it was."

"It was very cloudy," he replied; "no air stirring; very still and sultry."

I asked if he at once believed there was an earthquake on Goethe's word.

"Yes," said he, "I believed it, for things always happened as he said they would. Next day he related his observations at court, when a lady whispered to her neighbour, 'Only listen, Goethe is dreaming.' But the duke, and all the men present, believed Goethe, and the correctness of his observations was soon confirmed; for, in a few weeks, the news came that a part of Messina, on that night, had been destroyed by an earthquake."

Fri., Nov. 14.

Towards evening Goethe sent me an invitation to call upon him. Humboldt, he said, was at court, and therefore I should be all the more welcome. I found him, as I did some days ago, sitting in his arm-chair; he gave me a friendly shake of the hand, and spoke to me with heavenly mildness. The chancellor soon joined us. We sat near Goethe, and carried on a light conversation, that he might only have to listen. The physician, Counsellor (Hofrath) Rehbein, soon came also. To use his own expression, he found Goethe's pulse quite lively and easy. At this we were highly pleased, and joked with Goethe on the subject. "If I could only get rid of the pain in my left side!" he said. Rehbein prescribed a plaster there; we talked on the good effect of such a remedy, and Goethe consented to it. Rehbein turned the conversation to Marienbad, and this appeared to awaken pleasant reminiscences in Goethe. Arrangements were made to go there again, it was said that the great duke would join the party, and these prospects put Goethe in the most cheerful mood. They also talked about Madame Szymanowska, and mentioned the time

when she was here, and all the men were solicitous for her favour.

When Rehbein was gone, the chancellor read the Indian poems, and Goethe, in the mean while, talked to me about the *Marienbad Elegy*.

At eight o'clock, the chancellor went, and I was going too, but Goethe bade me stop a little, and I sat down. The conversation turned on the stage, and the fact that "Wallenstein" was to be done tomorrow. This gave occasion to talk about Schiller.

"I have," said I, "a peculiar feeling towards Schiller. Some scenes of his great dramas I read with genuine love and admiration; but presently I meet with something which violates the truth of nature, and I can go no further. I feel this even in reading 'Wallenstein.' I cannot but think that Schiller's turn for philosophy injured his poetry, because this led him to consider the idea far higher than all nature; indeed, thus to annihilate nature. What he could conceive must happen, whether it were in conformity with nature or not."

"It was sad," said Goethe, "to see how so highly gifted a man tormented himself with philosophical disquisitions which could in no way profit him. Humboldt has shown me letters which Schiller wrote to him in those unblest days of speculation. There we see how he plagued himself with the design of perfectly separating sentimental from naïve poetry. For the former he could find no proper soil, and this brought him into unspeakable perplexity. As if," continued he, smiling, "sentimental poetry could exist at all without the naïve ground in which, as it were, it has its root.

"It was not Schiller's plan," continued Goethe, "to go to work with a certain unconsciousness, and as it were instinctively; he was forced, on the contrary, to reflect on all he did. Hence it was that he never could leave off talking about his poetical projects, and thus he discussed with me all his late pieces, scene after scene.

"On the other hand, it was contrary to my nature to talk over my poetic plans with anybody—even with Schiller. I carried everything about with me in silence, and usually nothing was known to any one till the whole was completed. When I showed Schiller my 'Herman and Dorothea' finished, he was astonished, for I had said not a syllable to him of any such plan.

"But I am curious to hear what you will say of 'Wallenstein' tomorrow. You will see noble forms, and the piece will make an impression on you such as you probably do not dream of."

Sat., Nov. 15.

In the evening I was in the theatre, where I for the first time saw "Wallenstein." Goethe had not said too much; the impression was great, and stirred my inmost soul. The actors, who had almost all belonged to the time when they were under the personal influence of Schiller and Goethe, gave an ensemble of significant personages, such as on a mere reading were not presented to my imagination with all their

individuality. On this account the piece had an extraordinary effect upon me, and I could not get it out of my head the whole night.

Sun., Nov. 16.

In the evening at Goethe's; he was still sitting in his elbow-chair, and seemed rather weak. His first question was about "Wallenstein." I gave him an account of the impression the piece had made upon me as represented on the stage, and he heard me with visible satisfaction.

M. Soret came in, led in by Frau von Goethe, and remained about an hour. He brought from the duke some gold medals, and by showing and talking about these seemed to entertain Goethe very pleasantly.

Frau von Goethe and M. Soret went to court, and I was left alone with Goethe.

Remembering his promise to show me again his Marienbad Elegy at a fitting opportunity, Goethe arose, put a light on the table, and gave me the poem. I was delighted to have it once more before me. He quietly seated himself again, and left me to an undisturbed perusal of the piece.

After I had been reading a while, I turned to say something to him, but he seemed to be asleep. I therefore used the favourable moment, and read the poem again and again with rare a delight. The most youthful glow of love, tempered by the moral elevation of the mind, seemed to me its pervading characteristic. Then I thought that the feelings were more strongly expressed than we are accustomed to find in Goethe's other poems, and imputed this to the influence of Byron—which Goethe did not deny.

"You see the product of a highly impassioned mood," said he. "While I was in it I would not for the world have been without it, and now I would not for any consideration fall into it again.

"I wrote that poem immediately after leaving Marienbad, while the feeling of all I had experienced there was fresh. At eight in the morning, when we stopped at the first stage, I wrote down the first strophe; and thus I went on composing in the carriage, and writing down at every stage what I had just composed in my head, so that by the evening the whole was on paper. Thence it has a certain directness, and is, as I may say, poured out at once, which may be an advantage to it as a whole."

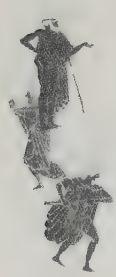
"It is," said I, "quite peculiar in its kind, and recalls no other poem of yours."

"That," said he, "may be, because I staked upon the present moment as a man stakes a considerable sum upon a card, and sought to enhance its value as much as I could without exaggeration."

These words struck me as very important, inasmuch as they threw a light on Goethe's method so as to explain that many-sidedness which has excited so much admiration.

It was now near nine o'clock; Goethe bade me call Stadelmann, which I did.

He then let Stadelmann put the prescribed plaster on his left side. I turned to the window, but heard him lamenting to Stadelmann that his



illness was not lessening, but assumed a character of permanence. When the process was over, I sat down by him again for a little while. He now complained to me also that he had not slept for some nights, and had no appetite. "The winter," said he, "thus passes away; I can put nothing together; my mind has no force." I tried to soothe him, requesting him not to think so much of his labours at present, and representing that there was reason to hope he would soon be better. "Ah," said he, "I am not impatient; I have lived through too many such situations not to have learned to suffer and to endure." He was in his white flannel gown, and a woollen coverlet was laid on his knees and feet. "I shall not go to bed," he said, "but will pass the night thus in my chair, for I cannot properly sleep."

In the mean while the time for my departure was come, he extended his dear hand to me, and I left.

When I went down into the servants' room, to fetch my cloak, I found Stadelmann much agitated. He said he was alarmed about his master, for if he complained, it was a bad sign indeed! His feet, too, which had lately been a little swollen, had suddenly become thin. He was going to the physician early in the morning, to tell him these bad signs. I endeavoured to pacify him, but he would not be talked out of his fears.

(Sup.[1]) Sun., Nov. 16.

Goethe is not any better. The grand-duchess sent him, this evening, by me, some very beautiful medals, the examination of which might perhaps divert and cheer him. Goethe was manifestly pleased at this delicate attention on the part of the duchess. He complained to me that he felt the same pain in the left side, which had preceded his severe illness last winter. "I cannot work," said he, "I cannot read, and even thinking only succeeds with me in my happy moments of alleviation."

Humboldt is here. I have spent a few moments with Goethe today; when it appeared to me that Humboldt's presence and conversation had a favourable effect upon him. His disease does not appear to be merely of a physical kind. It seems more likely that the violent affection which he formed for a young lady, at Marienbad, in the summer, and which he is now trying to overcome, may be considered as the principal cause of his present illness.

Mon., Nov. 17.

When I entered the theatre this evening, many persons pressed towards me, asking very anxiously how Goethe was. His illness must have spread rapidly over the town, and perhaps has been exaggerated. Some said he had water on the chest. I felt depressed all the evening.

1 (Sup.*) Mon., Nov. 17.

Wed., Nov. 19.

Yesterday, I walked about in a state of great anxiety. No one besides his family was admitted to see him.

In the evening I went to his house, and he received me.

I found him still in his arm-chair; his outward appearance was quite the same as when I left him on Sunday, but he was in good spirits.

We talked of Zauper, and the widely differing results which proceed from the study of ancient literature.

Fri., Nov. 21.

Goethe sent for me. To my great joy I found him walking up and down in his chamber. He gave me a little book, the "Ghazels" of Count Platen. "I had intended," said he, "to say something of this in 'Kunst und Alterthum,' for the poems deserve it; but my present condition will not allow me to do anything. Just see if you can fathom the poems and get anything out of them."

I promised to make the attempt.

"'Ghazels,'" continued he, "have this peculiarity, that they demand great fulness of meaning. The constantly recurring similar rhymes must find ready for them a store of similar thoughts. Therefore it is not every one that succeeds in them; but these will please you." The physician came in, and I departed.

Mon., Nov. 24.

Saturday and Sunday I studied the poems: this morning I wrote down my view of them, and sent it to Goethe; for I had heard that no one had been admitted to him for some days, the physician having forbidden him to talk.

However, he sent for me this evening. When I entered, I found a chair already placed for me near him; he gave me his hand, and was extremely affectionate and kind. He began immediately to speak of my little critique. "I was much pleased with it," said he; "you have a fine talent. I wish now to tell you something," he continued; "if literary proposals should be made to you from other quarters, refuse them, or at least consult me before deciding upon them; for since you are now linked with me, I should not like to see you connected with others also."

I replied that I wished to belong to him alone, and had at present no reason to think of new connections.

This pleased him, and he said that we should this winter get through much pleasant work together.

We then talked of the "Ghazels." Goethe expressed his delight at the completeness of these poems, and that our present literature produced so much that was good.

"I wish," said he, "to recommend the newest talent to your especial study and observation. I wish you to become acquainted with whatever

our literature brings forth worthy of note, and to place before me whatever is meritorious, that we may discuss it in the numbers of 'Kunst und Alterthum,' and mention what is good, sound, and elevated, with due acknowledgment. For, with the best intentions, I cannot, at my advanced age, and with my manifold duties, do this without aid from others."

I said I would do this, and was very glad to find that our latest writers and poets were more interesting to Goethe than I had supposed.

He sent me the latest literary periodicals to assist in the proposed task. I did not go to him for several days, nor was I invited. I heard his friend Zelter had come to visit him.

(Sup.*) Fri., Nov. 28.

The first part of Meyer's "History of Art," which has just appeared, seems to occupy Goethe very agreeably. He spoke of it today in terms of the highest praise.

Mon., Dec. 1.

Today, I was invited to dine with Goethe. I found Zelter sitting with him when I arrived. Both advanced to meet me, and gave me their hands. "Here," said Goethe, "we have my friend Zelter. In him you make a valuable acquaintance. I shall send you soon to Berlin; he will take excellent care of you." "Is Berlin a good place?" said I. "Yes," replied Zelter, laughing; "a great deal may be learned and unlearned there."

We sat down and talked on various subjects. I asked after Schubarth. "He visits me at least every week," said Zelter. "He is married now, but has no appointment, because he has offended the philologists in Berlin."

Zelter asked me then if I knew Immermann. I said I had often heard his name, but as yet knew nothing of his writings. "I made his acquaintance at Münster," said Zelter; "he is a very hopeful young man, and it is a pity that his appointment leaves him no more time for his art." Goethe also praised his talent. "But we must see," said he, "how he comes out; whether he will submit to purify his taste, and, with respect to form, adopt the acknowledged best models as his standard. His original striving has its merit, but leads astray too easily."

Little Walter now came jumping in, asking many questions, both of Zelter and his grandfather. "When thou comest, uneasy spirit," said Goethe, "all conversation is spoiled." However, he loves the boy, and was unwearied in satisfying his wishes.

Frau von Goethe and Fräulein Ulrica now came in, and with them, young Goethe, in his uniform and sword, ready for court. We sat down to table. Fräulein Ulrica and Zelter were very gay, and rallied each other in the pleasantest way during the whole of dinner. The person and presence of Zelter had an agreeable effect on me. As a healthy, happy man, he could give himself up wholly to the influence of the moment,

and always had the word fit for the occasion. Then he was very lively and kindly, and so perfectly unconstrained, that he could speak out whatever was in his mind, sometimes giving a hard hit. He imparted to others his own freedom of spirit, so that all narrowing views were soon dispelled by his presence. I silently thought how much I should like to live with him a while, and I am sure it would do me good.

Zelter went away soon after dinner. He was invited to visit the grand-duchess that evening.

Thurs., Dec. 4.

This morning, Secretary Kräuter brought me an invitation to dine with Goethe; at the same time, by Goethe's desire, giving me a hint to present Zelter with a copy of my "Beiträge zur Poesie." I took the copy to him at his hotel. Zelter, in return, put Immermann's poems into my hands. "I would willingly make you a present of this copy," said he, "but, you see, the author has dedicated it to me, and I must therefore keep it as a valuable memorial."

Before dinner, I walked with Zelter through the park towards Upper Weimar. Many spots recalled to him former days, and he told me much of Schiller, Wieland, and Herder, with whom he had been on terms of great intimacy, which he considered had been one of the great benefits of his life.

He then talked much of musical composition, and recited many of Goethe's songs. "If I am to compose music for a poem," said he, "I first try to penetrate into the meaning of the words, and to bring before me a living picture of the situation. I then read it aloud till I know it by heart, and thus, when I again recite it, the melody comes of its own accord."

Wind and rain obliged us to return sooner than we wished. I accompanied him to Goethe's house, where he went up to Frau von Goethe to sing with her before dinner.

About two, I returned there to dinner, and found Goethe and Zelter already engaged in looking at engravings of Italian scenery. Frau von Goethe came in, and we sat down to dinner. Fräulein Ulrica was absent today; and so was young Goethe, who just came in to say Good-day, and then returned to court.

The conversation at table was especially varied. Many very original anecdotes were told both by Zelter and Goethe, all illustrating the peculiarities of their common friend, Friedrich August Wolf, of Berlin. There was a great deal of talk about the "Nibelungen," and then about Lord Byron and his hoped-for visit to Weimar, in which Frau von Goethe took especial interest. The Rochus festival at Bingen was also a very cheerful subject; and Zelter particularly remembered two beautiful girls, whose amiability had made a deep impression upon him, and the memory of whom seemed still to exhilarate him. Goethe's social song, "Kriegsglück" (*Fortune of War*), was then gaily talked over. Zelter was inexhaustible in his anecdotes of wounded soldiers and

beautiful women, and they all tended to show the truthfulness of the poem. Goethe himself said that he had had no need to go so far for such realities; he had seen them all at Weimar. Frau von Goethe maintained a lively opposition, saying that she would not admit women were so bad as that "nasty" poem represented them.

Thus the time at table passed pleasantly enough.

When, afterwards, I was alone with Goethe, he asked me about Zelter. "Well," said he, "how do you like him?" I described the good effect produced on me by his presence. "On a first acquaintance," said Goethe, "he may appear somewhat blunt, even rough; but that is only external. I scarcely know any man who is really so tender as Zelter. Besides, we must not forget that he has passed more than half a century in Berlin, where, as I remark generally, there is such an audacious set of men, that one cannot get on well with delicacy, but must have one's eyes wide open, and be a little rough now and then, only to keep one's head above water."

(Sup.[1]) Fri., Dec. 5.

I brought Goethe some minerals; amongst them was a piece of clayey ochre, found by Deschamps in Cormayan, which Herr Massot praises very highly. How astonished was Goethe, when he recognised in this colour, the very same which Angelica Kauffmann used to employ for the fleshy parts of her pictures. "She valued the little that she possessed," said he, "at its weight in gold. However, the place whence it came, and where it is to be found, was unknown to her." Goethe said to his daughter-in-law that I treated him like a sultan, to whom new presents are brought every day. "He treats you much more like a child," said Frau von Goethe; at which he could not help smiling.

I asked Goethe how he felt today. "Not quite so bad as Napoleon on his island," was the answer he returned, with a sigh.

The long protraction of his indisposition seems gradually to produce an effect upon him.

(Sup.[2]) Sun., Dec. 21.

Goethe's good humour was again brilliant today. We have reached the shortest day; and the hope that, with each succeeding week, we shall see a considerable increase in the days, appears to have exerted a favourable effect on his spirits. "Today we celebrate the regeneration of the sun!" exclaimed he, joyfully, as I entered his room this morning. I hear that it is his custom, every year, to pass the weeks before the shortest day in a most melancholy frame of mind—to sigh them away, in fact.

Frau von Goethe entered, to inform her papa-in-law that she was on the point of travelling to Berlin, in order to meet her mother, who was

1 (Sup.*) Sun., Dec. 7.
2 (Sup.*) Tues., Dec. 30.

just returning.

When Frau von Goethe was gone, Goethe joked with me on the lively imagination which characterizes youth. "I am too old," said he, "to contradict her, and to make her comprehend that the joy of seeing her mother again, for the first time, would be the same whether here or there. This winter journey is much trouble about nothing, but such a nothing is often of infinite importance in the minds of youth: and in the long run what difference does it make! One must often undertake some folly only to be able to live on again a little. In my youth I did no better and still I have escaped with a tolerably whole skin."

This evening was spent alone with Goethe in diversified conversation. He told me that he had some intention of including in his works his journey into Switzerland in the year 1797. The conversation then turned upon "Werther," which he had only read once, about ten years after its publication. The same had been the case with his other works. We then talked upon translation, when he told me that he found it very difficult to render English poetry in German verse. "When we try to express a strong English monosyllable by German polysyllables or compounds, all force and effect are lost at once." He said that he had made the translation of his "Rameau" in four weeks, dictating every word.

We then talked about the natural sciences, especially about the narrow-mindedness with which learned men contend amongst themselves for priority. "There is nothing," said Goethe, "through which I have learned to know mankind better, than through my philosophical exertions. It has cost me a great deal, and has been attended with great annoyance, but I nevertheless rejoice that I have gained the experience."

I remarked, that in the sciences, the egotism of men appears to be excited in a peculiar manner; and when this is once called into action, all infirmities of character very soon appear.

"Scientific questions," answered Goethe, "are very often questions of existence. A single discovery may make a man renowned, and lay the foundation of his worldly prosperity. It is for this reason that, in the sciences, there prevails this great severity, this pertinacity, and this jealousy concerning the discovery of another. In the sphere of æsthetics, everything is deemed more venial; the thoughts are, more or less, an innate property of all mankind, with respect to which the only point is the treatment and execution—and, naturally enough, little envy is excited. A single idea may give foundation for a hundred epigrams; and the question is, merely, which poet has been able to embody this idea in the most effective and most beautiful manner.

"But in science the treatment is nothing, and all the effect lies in the discovery. There is here little that is universal and subjective, for the isolated manifestations of the laws of nature lie without us—all sphinx-like, motionless, firm, and dumb. Every new phenomenon that is observed is a discovery—every discovery a property. Now only let a single person meddle with property, and man will soon be at hand with all his

passions."

"However," continued Goethe, "in the sciences, that also is looked upon as property which has been handed down or taught at the universities. And if any one advances anything new which contradicts, perhaps threatens to overturn, the creed which we have for years repeated, and have handed down to others, all passions are raised against him, and every effort is made to crush him. People resist with all their might; they act as if they neither heard nor could comprehend; they speak of the new view with contempt, as if it were not worth the trouble of even so much as an investigation or a regard, and thus a new truth may wait a long time before it can make its way. A Frenchman said to a friend of mine, concerning my theory of colours, 'We have worked for fifty years to establish and strengthen the kingdom of Newton, and it will require fifty years more to overthrow it.' The body of mathematicians has endeavoured to make my name so suspected in science that people are afraid of even mentioning it. Some time ago, a pamphlet fell into my hands, in which subjects connected with the theory of colours were treated: the author appeared quite imbued with my theory, and had deduced everything from the same fundamental principles. I read the publication with great delight, but, to my no small surprise, found that the author did not once mention my name. The enigma was afterwards solved. A mutual friend called on me, and confessed to me that the clever young author had wished to establish his reputation by the pamphlet, and had justly feared to compromise himself with the learned world, if he ventured to support by my name the views he was expounding. The little pamphlet was successful, and the ingenious young author has since introduced himself to me personally, and made his excuses."

"This circumstance appears to me the more remarkable," said I, "because in everything else people have reason to be proud of you as an authority, and every one esteems himself fortunate who has the powerful protection of your public countenance. With respect to your theory of colours, the misfortune appears to be, that you have to deal not only with the renowned and universally acknowledged Newton, but also with his disciples, who are spread all over the world, who adhere to their master, and whose name is legion. Even supposing that you carry your point at last, you will certainly for a long space of time stand alone with your new theory."

"I am accustomed to it, and prepared for it." returned Goethe. "But say yourself," continued he, "have I not had sufficient reason to feel proud, when for twenty years I have been forced to own to myself that the great Newton and all mathematicians and august calculators with him, have fallen into a decided error respecting the theory of colours; and that I, amongst millions, am the only one who knows the truth on this important subject? With this feeling of superiority, it was possible

for me to bear with the stupid pretensions of my opponents. People endeavoured to attack me and my theory in every way, and to render my ideas ridiculous; but, nevertheless, I rejoiced exceedingly over my completed work. All the attacks of my adversaries only serve to expose to me the weakness of mankind."

While Goethe spoke thus, with such a force and a fluency of expression as I have not the power to reproduce with perfect truth, his eyes sparkled with unusual fire; an expression of triumph was observable in them; whilst an ironical smile played upon his lips. The features of his fine countenance were more imposing than ever.

(Sup.) Wed., Dec. 31.

Dined at Goethe's; conversing on various subjects. He showed me a portfolio containing sketches; amongst which the first attempts of Henry Füssli[1] were especially remarkable.

We then spoke upon religious subjects, and the abuse of the divine name. "People treat it," said Goethe, "as if that incomprehensible and most high Being, who is even beyond the reach of thought, were only their equal. Otherwise, they would not say the Lord God, the dear God,[2] the good God. This expression becomes to them, especially to the clergy, who have it daily in their mouths, a mere phrase, a barren name, to which no thought is attached whatever. If they were impressed by His greatness they would be dumb, and through veneration unwilling to name Him."

1 That is, Fuseli, as we call him. —Trans.

2 "The dear God" (der liebe Gott) is one of the commonest German expressions.—Trans.

(Sup.) Fri., Jan. 2.

DINED at Goethe's, and enjoyed some cheerful conversation. Mention was made of a young beauty belonging to the Weimar society, when one of the guests remarked that he was on the point of falling in love with her, although her understanding could not exactly be called brilliant.

"Pshaw," said Goethe, laughing, "as if love had anything to do with the understanding. The things that we love in a young lady are something very different from the understanding. We love in her beauty, youthfulness, playfulness, trustingness, her character, her faults, her caprices, and God knows what 'je ne sais quoi' besides; but we do not love her understanding. We respect her understanding when it is brilliant, and by it the worth of a girl can be infinitely enhanced in our eyes. Understanding may also serve to fix our affections when we already love; but the understanding is not that which is capable of firing our hearts, and awakening a passion."

We found much that was true and convincing in Goethe's words, and were very willing to consider the subject in that light. After dinner, and when the rest of the party had departed, I remained sitting with Goethe, and conversed with him on various interesting topics.

We discoursed upon English literature, on the greatness of Shakspeare; and on the unfavourable position held by all English dramatic authors who had appeared after that poetical giant.

"A dramatic talent of any importance," said Goethe, "could not forbear to notice Shakspeare's works, nay, could not forbear to study them. Having studied them, he must be aware that Shakspeare has already exhausted the whole of human nature in all its tendencies, in all its heights and depths, and that, in fact, there remains for him, the aftercomer, nothing more to do. And how could one get courage only to put pen to paper, if one were conscious in an earnest appreciating spirit, that such unfathomable and unattainable excellences were already in existence!

"It fared better with me fifty years ago in my own dear Germany. I could soon come to an end with all that then existed; it could not long awe me, or occupy my attention. I soon left behind me German literature, and the study of it, and turned my thoughts to life and to production. So on and on I went in my own natural development, and

on and on I fashioned the productions of epoch after epoch. And at every step of life and development, my standard of excellence was not much higher than what at such step I was able to attain. But had I been born an Englishman, and had all those numerous masterpieces been brought before me in all their power, at my first dawn of youthful consciousness, they would have overpowered me, and I should not have known what to do. I could not have gone on with such fresh light-heartedness, but should have had to bethink myself, and look about for a long time, to find some new outlet."

I turned the conversation back to Shakspeare. "When one, to some degree, disengages him from English literature," said I, "and considers him transformed into a German, one cannot fail to look upon his gigantic greatness as a miracle. But if one seeks him in his home, transplants oneself to the soil of his country, and to the atmosphere of the century in which he lived; further, if one studies his contemporaries, and his immediate successors, and inhales the force wafted to us from Ben Jonson, Massinger, Marlow, and Beaumont and Fletcher, Shakspeare still, indeed, appears a being of the most exalted magnitude; but still, one arrives at the conviction that many of the wonders of his genius are, in some measure, accessible, and that much is due to the powerfully productive atmosphere of his age and time."

"You are perfectly right," returned Goethe. "It is with Shakspeare as with the mountains of Switzerland. Transplant Mont Blanc at once into the large plain of Lüneburg Heath, and we should find no words to express our wonder at its magnitude. Seek it, however, in its gigantic home, go to it over its immense neighbours, the Jungfrau, the Finsteraarhorn, the Eiger, the Wetterhorn, St. Gothard, and Monte Rosa; Mont Blanc will, indeed, still remain a giant, but it will no longer produce in us such amazement.

"Besides, let him who will not believe," continued Goethe, "that much of Shakspear's greatness appertains to his great vigorous time, only ask himself the question, whether a phenomenon so astounding would be possible in the present England of 1824, in these evil days of criticising and hair-splitting journals?

"That undisturbed, innocent, somnambulatory production, by which alone anything great can thrive, is no longer possible. Our talents at present lie before the public. The daily criticisms which appear in fifty different places, and the gossip that is caused by them amongst the public, prevent the appearance of any sound production. In the present day, he who does not keep aloof from all this, and isolate himself by main force, is lost. Through the bad, chiefly negative, æsthetical and critical tone of the journals, a sort of half culture finds its way into the masses; but to productive talent it is a noxious mist, a dropping poison, which destroys the tree of creative power, from the ornamental green leaves, to the deepest pith and the most hidden fibres.

"And then how tame and weak has life itself become during the last two shabby centuries. Where do we now meet an original nature? and

where is the man who has the strength to be true, and to show himself as he is? this, however, affects the poet, who must find all within himself, while he is left in the lurch by all without."

The conversation now turned on "Werther." "That," said Goethe, "is a creation which I, like the pelican, fed with the blood of my own heart. It contains so much from the innermost recesses of my breast—so much feeling and thought, that it might easily be spread into a novel of ten such volumes. Besides, as I have often said, I have only read the book once since its appearance, and have taken good care not to read it again. It is a mass of congreve-rockets. I am uncomfortable when I look at it; and I dread lest I should once more experience the peculiar mental state from which it was produced."

I reminded him of his conversation with Napoleon, of which I knew by the sketch amongst his unpublished papers, which I had repeatedly urged him to give more in detail. "Napoleon," said I, "pointed out to you a passage in 'Werther,' which, it appeared to him, would not stand a strict examination; and this you allowed. I should much like to know what passage he meant."

"Guess!" said Goethe, with a mysterious smile.

"Now," said I, "I almost think it is where Charlotte sends the pistols to Werther, without saying a word to Albert, and without imparting to him her misgivings and apprehensions. You have given yourself great trouble to find a motive for this silence, but it does not appear to hold good against the urgent necessity where the life of the friend was at stake."

"Your remark," returned Goethe, "is really not bad; but I do not think it right to reveal whether Napoleon meant this passage or another. However, be that as it may, your observation is quite as correct as his."

I asked the question, whether the great effect produced by the appearance of "Werther" was really to be attributed to the period. "I cannot," said I, "reconcile to myself this view, though it is so extensively spread. 'Werther' made an epoch because it appeared—not because it appeared at a certain time. There is in every period so much unexpressed sorrow—so much secret discontent and disgust for life, and, in single individuals, there are so many disagreements with the world—so many conflicts between their natures and civil regulations, that 'Werther' would make an epoch even if it appeared today for the first time."

"You are quite right," said Goethe; "it is on that account that the book to this day influences youth of a certain age, as it did formerly. It was scarcely necessary for me to deduce my own youthful dejection from the general influence of my time, and from the reading of a few English authors. Rather was it owing to individual and immediate circumstances which touched me to the quick, and gave me a great deal of trouble, and indeed brought me into that frame of mind which produced 'Werther.' I had lived, loved, and suffered much—that was it.

"On considering more closely the much-talked-of 'Werther' period, we discover that it does not belong to the course of universal culture, but to the career of life in every individual, who, with an innate free natural

instinct, must accommodate himself to the narrow limits of an antiquated world. Obstructed fortune, restrained activity, unfulfilled wishes, are not the calamities of any particular time, but those of every individual man; and it would be bad, indeed, if every one had not, once in his life, known a time when 'Werther' seemed as if it had been written for him alone."

(Sup.) Sun., Jan. 4.

Today, after dinner, Goethe went through a portfolio, containing some works of Raphael, with me. He often busies himself with Raphael, in order to keep up a constant intercourse with that which is best, and to accustom himself to muse upon the thoughts of a great man. At the same time, it gives him pleasure to introduce me to such things.

We afterwards spoke about the "Divan"[1]—especially about the "book of ill-humour," in which much is poured forth that he carried in his heart against his enemies.

"I have, however," continued he, "been very moderate: if I had uttered all that vexed me or gave me trouble, the few pages would soon have swelled to a volume.

"People were never thoroughly contented with me, but always wished me otherwise than it has pleased God to make me. They were also seldom contented with my productions. When I had long exerted my whole soul to favour the world with a new work, it still desired that I should thank it into the bargain for considering the work endurable. If any one praised me, I was not allowed, in self-congratulation, to receive it as a well-merited tribute; but people expected from me some modest expression, humbly setting forth the total unworthiness of my person and my work. However, my nature opposed this; and I should have been a miserable hypocrite, if I had so tried to lie and dissemble. Since I was strong enough to show myself in my whole truth, just as I felt, I was deemed proud, and am considered so to the present day.

"In religious, scientific, and political matters, I generally brought trouble upon myself, because I was no hypocrite, and had the courage to express what I felt.

"I believed in God and in Nature, and in the triumph of good over evil; but this was not enough for pious souls: I was also required to believe other points, which were opposed to the feeling of my soul for truth; besides, I did not see that these would be of the slightest service to me.

"It was also prejudicial to me that I discovered Newton's theory of light and colour to be an error, and that I had the courage to contradict the universal creed. I discovered light in its purity and truth, and I considered it my duty to fight for it. The opposite party, however, did their utmost to darken the light; for they maintained that shade is a part

1 Goethe's "West-östliche (west-eastern) Divan," one of the twelve divisions of which is entitled "Das Buch des Unmuths" (*The Book of Ill-Humour*).—Trans.

of light. It sounds absurd when I express it; but so it is: for they said that colours, which are shadow and the result of shade, are light itself, or, which amounts to the same thing, are the beams of light, broken now in one way, now in another."

Goethe was silent, whilst an ironical smile spread over his expressive countenance. He continued:—

"And now for political matters. What trouble I have taken, and what I have suffered, on that account, I cannot tell you. Do you know my 'Aufgeregten?'[1]

"Yesterday, for the first time," returned I, "I read the piece, in consequence of the new edition of your works; and I regret from my heart that it remains unfinished. But, even as it is, every right-thinking person must coincide with your sentiments."

"I wrote it at the time of the French Revolution," continued Goethe, "and it may be regarded, in some measure, as my political confession of faith at that time. I have taken the countess as a type of the nobility; and, with the words which I put into her mouth, I have expressed how the nobility really ought to think. The countess has just returned from Paris; she has there been an eye-witness of the revolutionary events, and has drawn, therefore, for herself, no bad doctrine. She has convinced herself that the people may be ruled, but not oppressed, and that the revolutionary outbreaks of the lower classes are the consequence of the injustice of the higher classes. 'I will for the future,' says she, 'strenuously avoid every action that appears to me unjust, and will, both in society and at court, loudly express my opinion concerning such actions in others. In no case of injustice will I be silent, even though I should be cried down as a democrat.'

"I should have thought this sentiment perfectly respectable," continued Goethe; "it was mine at that time, and it is so still; but as a reward for it, I was endowed with all sorts of titles, which I do not care to repeat."

"One need only read 'Egmont,'" answered I, "to discover what you think. I know no German piece in which the freedom of the people is more advocated than in this."

"Sometimes," said Goethe, "people do not like to look on me as I am, but turn their glances from everything which could show me in my true light. Schiller, on the contrary—who, between ourselves, was much more of an aristocrat than I am, but who considered what he said more than I—had the wonderful fortune to be looked upon as a particular friend of the people. I give it up to him with all my heart, and console myself with the thought that others before me have fared no better.

"It is true that I could be no friend to the French Revolution; for its horrors were too near me, and shocked me daily and hourly, whilst

1 "Die Aufgeregten" (the Agitated, in a political sense) is an unfinished drama by Goethe.—Trans.

its beneficial results were not then to be discovered. Neither could I be indifferent to the fact that the Germans were endeavouring, artificially, to bring about such scenes here, as were, in France, the consequence of a great necessity.

"But I was as little a friend to arbitrary rule. Indeed, I was perfectly convinced that a great revolution is never a fault of the people, but of the government. Revolutions are utterly impossible as long as governments are constantly just and constantly vigilant, so that they may anticipate them by improvements at the right time, and not hold out until they are forced to yield by the pressure from beneath.

"Because I hated the Revolution, the name of the 'Friend of the powers that be'[1] was bestowed upon me. That is, however, a very ambiguous title, which I would beg to decline. If the 'powers that be' were all that is excellent, good, and just, I should have no objection to the title; but, since with much that is good there is also much that is bad, unjust, and imperfect, a friend of the 'powers that be' means often little less than the friend of the obsolete and bad.

"But time is constantly progressing, and human affairs wear every fifty years a different aspect; so that an arrangement which, in the year 1800, was perfection, may, perhaps, in the year 1850 be a defect.

"And, furthermore, nothing is good for a nation but that which arises from its own core and its own general wants, without apish imitation of another; since what to one race of people, of a certain age, is a wholesome nutriment, may perhaps prove a poison for another. All endeavours to introduce any foreign innovation, the necessity for which is not rooted in the core of the nation itself, are therefore foolish; and all premeditated revolutions of the kind are unsuccessful, for they are without God, who keeps aloof from such bungling. If, however, there exists an actual necessity for a great reform amongst a people, God is with it, and it prospers. He was visibly with Christ and his first adherents; for the appearance of the new doctrine of love was a necessity to the people. He was also visibly with Luther; for the purification of the doctrine corrupted by the priests was no less a necessity. Neither of the great powers whom I have named was, however, a friend of the permanent; much more were both of them convinced that the old leaven must be got rid of, and that it would be impossible to go on and remain in the untrue, unjust, and defective way."

Tues., Jan. 27.

Goethe talked with me about the continuation of his memoirs, with which he is now busy. He observed that this later period of his life

1 The German phrase "Freund des Bestehenden," which, for want of a better expression, has been rendered above "friend of the powers that be," literally means "friend of the permanent," and was used by the detractors of Goethe to denote the "enemy of the progressive."—Trans.

would not be narrated with such minuteness as the youthful epoch of "Dichtung und Wahrheit."[1] "I must," said he, "treat this later period more in the fashion of annals: my outward actions must appear rather than my inward life. Altogether, the most important part of an individual's life is that of development, and mine is concluded in the detailed volumes of 'Dichtung und Wahrheit.' Afterwards begins the conflict with the world, and that is interesting only in its results.

"And then the life of a learned German—what is it? What may have been really good in my case cannot be communicated, and what can be communicated is not worth the trouble. Besides, where are the hearers whom one could entertain with any satisfaction?

"When I look back to the earlier and middle periods of my life, and now in my old age think how few are left of those who were young with me, I always think of a summer residence at a bathing-place. When you arrive, you make acquaintance and friends of those who have already been there some time, and who leave in a few weeks. The loss is painful. Then you turn to the second generation, with which you live a good while, and become most intimate. But this goes also, and leaves us alone with the third, which comes just as we are going away, and with which we have, properly, nothing to do.

"I have ever been esteemed one of Fortune's chiefest favourites; nor will I complain or find fault with the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, there has been nothing but toil and care; and I may say that, in all my seventy-five years, I have never had a month of genuine comfort. It has been the perpetual rolling of a stone, which I have always had to raise anew. My annals will render clear what I now say. The claims upon my activity, both from within and without, were too numerous.

"My real happiness was my poetic meditation and production. But how was this disturbed, limited, and hindered by my external position! Had I been able to abstain more from public business, and to live more in solitude, I should have been happier, and should have accomplished much more as a poet. But, soon after my 'Goetz' and 'Werther,' that saying of a sage was verified for me—'If you do anything for the sake of the world, it will take good care that you shall not do it a second time.'

"A wide-spread celebrity, an elevated position in life, are presumably good things. But, for all my rank and celebrity, I am still obliged to be silent as to the opinion of others, that I may not give offence. This would be but poor sport, if by this means I had not the advantage of learning the thoughts of others without their being able to learn mine."

Sun., Feb. 15.

Goethe invited me to take a walk before dinner today. I found him at breakfast when I entered the room: he seemed in excellent spirits.

1 "Poetry and Truth," the title of Goethe's autobiography.—Trans.

"I have had a pleasant visit," said he cheerfully. "A promising young Westphalian, named Meyer, has just been with me. He has written poems which warrant high expectations. He is only eighteen, and has made incredible progress.

"I am glad," continued he, smiling, "that I am not eighteen now. When I was eighteen, Germany was in its teens also, and something could be done; but now an incredible deal is demanded, and every avenue is barred.

"Germany itself stands so high in every department, that we can scarcely survey all it has done; and now we must be Greeks and Latins, and English and French into the bargain. Not content with this, some have the madness of pointing to the East also; and surely this is enough to confuse a young man's head!

"I have, by way of consolation, shown him my colossal Juno, as a token that he had best stick to the Greeks, and find consolation there. He is a fine young man, and, if he takes care not to dissipate his energies, something will be made of him. However, as I said before, I thank Heaven that I am not young in so thoroughly finished a time. I could not stay here. Nay, if I sought refuge in America, I should come too late, for there is now too much light even there."

Sun., Feb. 22.

Dined with Goethe and his son. The latter related some pleasant stories of the time when he was a student at Heidelberg. He had often been with his friends on an excursion along the Rhine, in his vacations, and especially cherished the remembrance of a landlord, at whose house he and ten other students had once passed the night, and who provided them with wine gratis, merely that he might share the pleasures of a "Commerz."[1]

After dinner, Goethe showed us some coloured drawings of Italian scenery, especially that of Northern Italy, with the adjoining Swiss mountains, and the Lago Maggiore. The Borromean Isles were reflected in the water; near the shore were skiffs and fishing-tackle, which led Goethe to remark that this was the lake in the "Wanderjahre." On the north-west, towards Monte Rosa, stood the hills bordering the lake in black-blue heavy masses, as we are wont to see them soon after sunset.

I remarked that, to me, who had been born in the plains, the gloomy sublimity of these masses produced an uncomfortable feeling, and that I, by no means, desired to explore such wild recesses.

"That feeling is natural," said Goethe. "Really that state is alone suitable to man, in which, and for which, he was born. He who is not led abroad by great objects is far happier at home. Switzerland, at first, made so great an impression upon me, that it disturbed and confused me. Only after repeated visits—only in after years, when I visited those mountains

1 The academical word for a student's drinking party.—Trans.

merely as a mineralogist—could I feel at my ease among them."

We looked, afterwards, at a long series of copper-plates, from pictures by modern artists, in one of the French galleries. The invention displayed in these pictures was almost uniformly weak, and among forty we barely found four or five good ones. These were a girl dictating a love-letter; a woman in a house to let, which nobody will take! "catching fish;" and musicians before an image of the Madonna. A landscape, in Poussin's manner, was not bad; on looking at this, Goethe said, "Such artists get a general idea of Poussin's landscapes, and work upon that. We cannot style their pictures good or bad: they are not bad, because, through every part, you catch glimpses of an excellent model. But you cannot call them good, because the artists usually want the great personal peculiarity of Poussin. It is just so among poets, and there are some who, for instance, would make a very poor figure in Shakspeare's grand style."

We ended by examining, and talking over for a long while, Rauch's model of Goethe's statue, which is designed for Frankfort.

Tues., Feb. 24.

I went to Goethe's at one o'clock today. He showed me some manuscripts, which he had dictated for the first number of the fifth volume of "Kunst und Alterthum." I found that he had written an appendix to my critique of the German "Paria," in reference both to the French tragedy and to his own lyrical trilogy, by which this subject was, to a certain extent, completed. "You were quite right," said he, "to avail yourself of the occasion of your critique, to become acquainted with Indian matters, since, in the end, we retain from our studies only that which we practically apply."

I agreed with him, and said that I had made this experience at the university, since, of all that was said in the lectures, I had only retained that, of which I could, through the tendency of my nature, make a practical application; on the contrary, I had completely forgotten all that I had been unable to reduce to practice. "I have," said I, "heard Heeren's lectures on ancient and modern history, and know now nothing about the matter. But if I studied a period of history for the sake of treating it dramatically, what I learned would be safely secured to me for ever."

"Altogether," said Goethe, "they teach in academies far too many things, and far too much that is useless. Then the individual professors extend their department too much—far beyond the wants of their hearers. In former days lectures were read in chemistry and botany as belonging to medicine, and the physician could manage them. Now, both these have become so extensive, that each of them requires a life; yet acquaintance with both is expected from the physician. Nothing can come of this; one thing must be neglected and forgotten for the sake of the other. He who is wise puts aside all claims which may dissipate his attention, confines himself to one branch, and excels in that."

Goethe then showed me a short critique, which he had written on Byron's "Cain," and which I read with great interest.

"We see," he said, "how the inadequate dogmas of the church work upon a free mind like Byron's, and how by such a piece he struggles to get rid of a doctrine which has been forced upon him. The English clergy will not thank him; but I shall be surprised if he does not go on treating biblical subjects of similar import, and if he lets slip a subject like the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah."

After these literary observations, Goethe directed my attention to plastic art, by showing me an antique gem, of which he had already expressed his admiration the day before. I was enchanted to observe the naïveté of the design. I saw a man who had taken a heavy vessel from his shoulder to give a boy drink. But the boy finds it is not bent down conveniently for him; the drink will not flow; and while he has laid both his little hands on the vessel, he looks up to the man, and seems to ask him to incline it a little more towards him.

"Now, how do you like that?" said Goethe. "We moderns," continued he, "feel well enough the beauty of such a perfectly natural, perfectly naïve motive; we have the knowledge and the idea how such a thing is to be brought about, but we cannot do it; the understanding is always uppermost, and this enchanting grace is always wanting."

We looked then at a medal by Brandt of Berlin, representing young Theseus taking the arms of his father from under the stone. The attitude had much that was commendable, but we found the limbs not sufficiently strained to lift such a burden. It seemed, too, a mistake for the youth to have the arms in one hand while he lifted the stone with the other; for, according to the nature of things, he would first roll aside the heavy stone, and then take up the arms. "By way of contrast," said Goethe, "I will show you an antique gem, where the same subject is treated by an ancient."

He bade Stadelmann bring a box containing several hundred copies of antique gems, which he had brought with him from Rome, on the occasion of his travels in Italy. I then saw the same subject, treated by an old Greek—and how different it was! The youth was exerting his whole strength upon the stone, and was equal to the task, for the weight was already visibly overcome, and the stone was raised to that point, where it would very soon be cast on one side. All his bodily powers were directed by the young hero against the heavy mass; only his looks were fixed on the arms which lay beneath.

We were pleased with the great natural truth of this treatment.

"Meyer," said Goethe, laughing, "always says, 'If thinking were not so hard.' And the worst is, that all the thinking in the world does not bring us to thought; we must be right by nature, so that good thoughts may come before us like free children of God, and cry 'Here we are.'"

Today, Goethe showed me two very remarkable poems, both highly moral in their tendency, but in their several motives so unreservedly natural and true, that they are of the kind which the world styles immoral. On this account, he keeps them to himself, and does not intend to publish them.

"Could intellect and high cultivation," said he, "become the property of all, the poet would have fair play; he could be always thoroughly true, and would not be compelled to fear uttering his best thoughts. But, as it is, he must always keep on a certain level; must remember that his works will fall into the hands of a mixed society; and must, therefore, take care lest by over-great openness he may give offence to the majority of good men. Then, Time is a strange thing. It is a whimsical tyrant, which in every century has a different face for all that one says and does. We cannot, with propriety, say things which were permitted to the ancient Greeks; and the Englishmen of 1820 cannot endure what suited the vigorous contemporaries of Shakspeare; so that at the present day, it is found necessary to have a Family Shakspeare."

"Then," said I, "there is much in the form also. The one of these two poems, which is composed in the style and metre of the ancients, would be far less offensive than the other. Isolated parts would displease, but the treatment throws so much grandeur and dignity over the whole, that we seem to hear a strong ancient, and to be carried back to the age of the Greek heroes. But the other, being in the style and metre of Messer Ariosto, is far more hazardous. It relates an event of our day, in the language of our day, and as it thus comes quite unveiled into our presence, the particular features of boldness seem far more audacious."

"You are right," said he; "mysterious and great effects are produced by different poetical forms. If the import of my Romish elegies were put into the measure and style of Byron's 'Don Juan,' the whole would be found infamous."

The French newspapers were brought. The campaign of the French in Spain under the Duke d'Angoulême, which was just ended, had great interest for Goethe. "I must praise the Bourbons for this measure," said he; "they had not really gained the throne till they had gained the army, and that is now accomplished. The soldier returns with loyalty to his king; for he has, from his own victories, and the discomfitures of the many-headed Spanish host, learned the difference between obeying one and many. The army has sustained its ancient fame, and shown that it is brave in itself, and can conquer without Napoleon."

Goethe then turned his thoughts backward into history, and talked much of the Prussian army in the Seven Years' War, which, accustomed by Frederic the Great to constant victory, grew careless, so that, in after days, it lost many battles from over-confidence. All the minutest details were present to his mind, and I had reason to admire his excellent memory.

"I had the great advantage," said he, "of being born at a time when the greatest events which agitated the world occurred, and such have continued to occur during my long life; so that I am a living witness of the Seven Years' War, of the separation of America from England, of the French Revolution, and of the whole Napoleon era, with the downfall of that hero, and the events which followed. Thus I have attained results and insight impossible to those who are born now and must learn all these things from books which they will not understand.

"What the next years will bring I cannot predict; but I fear we shall not soon have repose. It is not given to the world to be contented; the great are not such that there will be no abuse of power; the masses not such that, in hope of gradual improvement, they will be contented with a moderate condition. Could we perfect human nature, we might also expect a perfect state of things; but, as it is, there will always be a wavering hither and thither; one part must suffer while the other is at ease, envy and egotism will be always at work like bad demons, and party strife will be without end.

"The most reasonable way is for every one to follow his own vocation to which he has been born, and which he has learned, and to avoid hindering others from following theirs. Let the shoemaker abide by his last, the peasant by his plough, and let the king know how to govern; for this is also a business which must be learned, and with which no one should meddle who does not understand it."

Returning to the French papers, Goethe said,—"The liberals may speak, for when they are reasonable we like to hear them; but with the royalists, who have the executive power in their hands, talking comes amiss—they should act. They may march troops, and behead and hang—that is all right; but attacking opinions, and justifying their measures in public prints, does not become them. If there were a public of kings, they might talk.

"For myself," he continued, "I have always been a royalist. I have let others babble, and have done as I saw fit. I understood my course, and knew my own object. If I committed a fault as a single individual, I could make it good again; but if I committed it jointly with three or four others, it would be impossible to make it good, for among many there are many opinions."

Goethe was in excellent spirits today. He showed me Frau von Spiegel's album, in which he had written some very beautiful verses. A place had been left open for him for two years, and he rejoiced at having been able to perform at last an old promise. After I had read the "Poem to Frau von Spiegel," I turned over the leaves of the book, in which I found many distinguished names. On the very next page was a poem by Tiedge, written in the very spirit and style of his "Urania." "In a saucy mood," said Goethe, "I was on the point of writing some verses beneath those; but I am glad I did not. It would not have been the first time that, by rash expressions, I had repelled good people, and spoiled the effect of my best works.

"However," continued Goethe, "I have had to endure not a little from Tiedge's 'Urania;' for, at one time, nothing was sung and nothing

was declaimed but this same 'Urania.' Wherever you went, you found 'Urania' on the table. 'Urania' and immortality were the topics of every conversation. I would by no means dispense with the happiness of believing in a future existence, and, indeed, would say, with Lorenzo de Medici, that those are dead even for this life who hope for no other. But such incomprehensible matters lie too far off to be a theme of daily meditation and thought-distracting speculation. Let him who believes in immortality enjoy his happiness in silence, he has no reason to give himself airs about it. The occasion of Tiedge's 'Urania' led me to observe that piety, like nobility, has its aristocracy. I met stupid women, who plumed themselves on believing, with Tiedge, in immortality, and I was forced to bear much dark examination on this point. They were vexed by my saying I should be well pleased if, after the close of this life, we were blessed with another, only I hoped I should hereafter meet none of those who had believed in it here. For how should I be tormented! The pious would throng around me, and say, 'Were we not right? Did we not predict it? Has not it happened just as we said?' And so there would be ennui without end even in the other world.

"This occupation with the ideas of immortality," he continued, "is for people of rank, and especially ladies, who have nothing to do. But an able man, who has something regular to do here, and must toil and struggle and produce day by day, leaves the future world to itself, and is active and useful in this. Thoughts about immortality are also good for those who have not been very successful here; and I would wager that, if the good Tiedge had enjoyed a better lot, he would also have had better thoughts."

Thurs., Feb. 26.

I dined with Goethe. After the cloth had been removed, he bade Stadelmann bring in some large portfolios of copper-plates. Some dust had collected on the covers, and, as no suitable cloths were at hand to wipe it away, Goethe was much displeased, and scolded Stadelmann. "I tell you for the last time," said he, "if you do not go this very day to buy the cloths for which I have asked so often, I will go myself tomorrow; and you shall see that I will keep my word." Stadelmann went.

"A similar case occurred to me with Becker, the actor," added Goethe to me, in a lively tone, "when he refused to take the part of a trooper in 'Wallenstein.' I gave him warning that, if he would not play the part, I would play it myself. That did the business; for they knew me at the theatre well enough, and were aware that I did not understand jesting in such matters, and also that I was mad enough to keep my word in any case."

"And would you really have played the part?" asked I.

"Yes," said Goethe, "I would have played it, and would have eclipsed Herr Becker, too, for I knew the part better than he did."

We then opened the portfolios, and proceeded to the examination

of the drawings and engravings. Goethe, in such matters, takes great pains on my account, and I see that it is his intention to give me a higher degree of penetration in the observation of works of art. He shows me only what is perfect in its kind, and endeavours to make me apprehend the intention and merit of the artist, that I may learn to pursue the thoughts of the best, and feel like the best. "This," said he, "is the way to cultivate what we call taste. Taste is only to be educated by contemplation, not of the tolerably good, but of the truly excellent. I, therefore, show you only the best works; and when you are grounded in these, you will have a standard for the rest, which you will know how to value, without overrating them. And I show you the best in each class, that you may perceive that no class is to be despised, but that each gives delight when a man of genius attains its highest point. For instance, this piece, by a French artist, is galant, to a degree which you see nowhere else, and is therefore a model in its way."

Goethe handed me the engraving, and I looked at it with delight. There was a beautiful room in a summer residence, with open doors and windows looking into a garden, where one might see the most graceful figures. A handsome lady, aged about thirty, was sitting with a music book, from which she seemed to have just sung. Sitting by her, a little further back, was a young girl of about fifteen. At the open window behind stood another young lady, holding a lute, which she seemed still to be sounding. At this moment a young gentleman was entering, to whom the eyes of the ladies were directed. He seemed to have interrupted the music; and his slight bow gave the notion that he was making an apology, which the ladies were gratified to hear.

"That, I think," said Goethe, "is as galant as any piece of Calderon's; and you have now seen the very best thing of this kind. But what say you to this?"

With these words he handed me some etchings by Roos, the famous painter of animals; they were all of sheep, in every posture and situation. The simplicity of their countenances, the ugliness and shagginess of the fleece—all was represented with the utmost fidelity, as if it were nature itself.

"I always feel uneasy," said Goethe, "when I look at these beasts. Their state, so limited, dull, gaping, and dreaming, excites in me such sympathy, that I fear I shall become a sheep, and almost think the artist must have been one. At all events, it is most wonderful how Roos has been able to think and feel himself into the very soul of these creatures, so as to make the internal character peer with such force through the outward covering. Here you see what a great talent can do when it keeps steady to subjects which are congenial with its nature."

"Has not, then," said I, "this artist also painted dogs, cats, and beasts of prey with similar truth; nay, with this great gift of assuming a mental state foreign to himself, has he not been able to delineate human character with equal fidelity?"

"No," said Goethe, "all that lay out of his sphere; but the gentle, grass-

eating animals, sheep, goats, cows, and the like, he was never weary of repeating; this was the peculiar province of his talent, which he did not quit during the whole course of his life. And in this he did well. A sympathy with these animals was born with him, a knowledge of their psychological condition was given him, and thus he had so fine an eye for their bodily structure. Other creatures were perhaps not so transparent to him, and therefore he felt neither calling nor impulse to paint them."

By this remark of Goethe's, much that was analogous was revived within me, and was presented in all its liveliness to my mind. Thus he had said to me, not long before, that knowledge of the world is inborn with the genuine poet, and that he needs not much experience or varied observation to represent it adequately. "I wrote 'Goetz von Berlichingen,'" said he, "as a young man of two-and-twenty, and was astonished, ten years after, at the truth of my delineation. It is obvious that I had not experienced nor seen anything of the kind, and therefore I must have acquired the knowledge of various human conditions by way of anticipation.

"Generally, I only took pleasure in painting my inward world before I became acquainted with the outer one. But when I found, in actual life, that the world was really just what I had fancied, it vexed me, and I no more felt delight in representing it. Indeed, I may say that if I had waited till I knew the world before I represented it, my representation would have had the appearance of persiflage.

"There is in every character," said he, another time, "a certain necessity, a sequence, which, together with this or that leading feature, causes secondary features. Observation teaches this sufficiently; but with some persons this knowledge may be innate. Whether with me experience and innate faculty are united, I will not inquire; but this I know, if I have talked with any man a quarter of an hour, I will let him talk two hours."

Goethe had likewise said of Lord Byron, that the world to him was transparent, and that he could paint by way of anticipation. I expressed some doubts whether Byron would succeed in painting, for instance, a subordinate animal nature, for his individuality seemed to me to be too powerful for him to give himself up, with any degree of predilection, to such a subject. Goethe admitted this, and replied that the anticipation only went so far as the objects were analogous to the talent; and we agreed, that in the same proportion as the anticipation is confined or extended, is the representing talent of greater or smaller compass.

"If your excellency," said I, "maintains that the world is inborn with the poet, you of course mean only the interior world, not the empirical world of appearances and conventions; if the poet is to give a successful representation of this also, an investigation into the actual will surely be requisite."

"Certainly," replied Goethe, "so it is; the region of love, hate, hope, despair, or by whatever other names you may call the moods and passions of the soul, is innate with the poet, and he succeeds in

representing it. But it is not born with him to know by instinct how courts are held, or how a parliament or a coronation is managed; and if he will not offend against truth, while treating such subjects, he must have recourse to experience or tradition. Thus, in 'Faust,' I could, by anticipation, know how to describe my hero's gloomy weariness of life, and the emotions which love excites in the heart of Gretchen; but the lines,

Wie traurig steigt die unvollknommne Scheibe
Des späten Monds mit feuchter Glut heran!
How gloomy does the imperfect disc
Of the late moon with humid glow arise!
required some observation of nature."

"Yet," said I, "every line of 'Faust' bears marks, not to be mistaken, of a careful study of life and the world; nor does one for a moment suppose otherwise than that the whole is only the result of the amplest experience."

"Perhaps so," replied Goethe; "yet, had I not the world already in my soul through anticipation, I should have remained blind with seeing eyes, and all experience and observation would have been dead, unproductive labour. The light is there, and the colours surround us; but, if we had no light and no colours in our own eyes, we should not perceive the outward phenomena."

Sat., Feb. 28.

"There are," said Goethe, "excellent men, who are unable to do anything impromptu, or superficially, but whose nature demands that they should quietly and deeply penetrate into every subject they may take in hand. Such minds often make us impatient, for we seldom get from them what we want at the moment; but in this way alone the noblest tasks are accomplished."

I turned the conversation to Ramberg. "He," said Goethe, "is an artist of quite a different stamp, of a most genial talent, and indeed unequalled in his power of impromptu. At Dresden, he once asked me to give him a subject. I gave him Agamemnon, at the moment when, on his return from Troy, he is descending from his chariot, and is seized with a gloomy feeling, on touching the threshold of his house. You will agree that this is a subject of a most difficult kind, and, with another artist, would have demanded the most mature deliberation. But the words had scarcely passed my lips, before Ramberg began to draw, and, indeed, I was struck with admiration, to see how correctly he at once apprehended his subject. I cannot deny that I should like to possess some drawings by Ramberg."

We talked then of other artists, who set to work in a superficial way, and thus degenerated into mannerism.

"Mannerism," said Goethe, "is always longing to have done, and has

no true enjoyment in work. A genuine, really great talent, on the other hand, finds its greatest happiness in execution. Roos is unwearied in drawing the hair and wool of his goats and sheep, and you see by his infinite details that he enjoyed the purest felicity in doing his work, and had no wish to bring it to an end.

"Inferior talents do not enjoy art for its own sake; while at work they have nothing before their eyes but the profit they hope to make when they have done. With such worldly views and tendencies, nothing great was ever yet produced."

Sun., Feb. 29.

At twelve o'clock, I went to Goethe, who had invited me to take a walk before dinner. I found him at breakfast when I entered, and taking my seat opposite to him, turned the conversation upon those productions which occupy us both on account of the new edition of his works. I counselled him to insert both his "Gods, Heroes, and Wieland," and his "Letters of a Pastor," in his new edition.

"I cannot," said Goethe, "from my present point of view, properly judge the merit of those youthful productions. You younger people may decide, if you will. Yet I will not find fault with those beginnings; I was, indeed, then in the dark, and struggled on, unconscious of what I was seeking so earnestly; but I had a feeling of the right, a divining rod, that showed me where gold was to be found."

I observed that this must be the case with all great talents, since otherwise, on awaking in a mixed world, they would not seize upon the right and shun the wrong.

The horses had, in the mean while, been put to, and we rode towards Jena. We conversed on different subjects, and Goethe mentioned the last French newspapers. "The constitution of France," said he, "belonging to a people who have within themselves so many elements of corruption, rests upon a very different basis from that of England. Everything may be done in France by bribery; indeed the whole French revolution was directed by such means."

He then spoke of the death of Eugéne Napoleon (Duke of Leuchtenberg), the news of which had arrived that morning, and which seemed to grieve him much. "He was one of those great characters," said Goethe, "which are becoming more and more rare; and the world is once more one important man the poorer. I knew him personally; only last summer I was with him at Marienbad. He was a handsome man, about forty-two, though he looked older, which was not to be wondered at when we call to mind all he went through, and how, through all his life, one campaign and one great deed pressed constantly on another. He told me at Marienbad of a plan, on the execution of which he conversed with me much. This was the union of the Rhine with the Danube, by means of a canal—a gigantic enterprise, when you consider the obstacles offered by the locality. But to a man who has served under Napoleon, and with

him shaken the world, nothing appears impossible. Charlemagne had the same plan, and even began the work, but it soon came to a standstill. The sand would not hold, the banks were always falling in on both sides."

Mon., Mar. 22.

Today, before dinner, I went with Goethe into his garden. The situation of this garden, on the other side of the Ilm, near the park, and on the western declivity of a hill, gives it a very inviting aspect. It is protected from the north and east winds, but open to the cheering influences of the south and west, which makes it a most delightful abode, especially in spring and autumn.

To the town, which lies north-west, one is so near that one can be there in a few minutes, and yet if one looks round, one does not anywhere see the top of a building, or a even a spire, to remind one of such a proximity; the tall and thickly-planted trees of the park shut out every other object on that side. Under the name of the "Star," they go to the left, towards the north, close to the carriage-way, which leads immediately from the garden.

Towards the west and south-west, there is a free view over a spacious meadow, through which, at about the distance of a bow-shot, the Ilm winds silently along. On the opposite side of the river, the bank rises like a hill; on the summit and sides of which spreads the broad park, with the mixed foliage of alders, ash-trees, poplars, and birches, bounding the horizon at an agreeable distance on the south and west.

This view of the park over the meadow gives a feeling, especially in summer, as if one were near a wood which extended leagues round about. One thinks that every moment there will be deer bounding out upon the meadows. One feels transplanted into the peace of the deepest natural solitude, for the silence is often uninterrupted, except by the solitary notes of the blackbird, or the frequently-suspended song of the wood-thrush.

Out of this dream of profound solitude, we are, however, awakened by the striking of the tower-clock, the screaming of the peacocks from the park, or the drums and horns of the military from the barracks. And this is not unpleasant; for such tones comfortably remind one of the neighbourhood of the friendly city, from which one has fancied oneself distant so many miles.

At certain seasons, these meadows are the reverse of lonely. One sees sometimes country people going to Weimar to market, or to work, and returning thence; sometimes loungers of all sorts walking along the windings of the Ilm, especially in the direction towards Upper Weimar, which is on certain days much visited. The hay-making season also animates the scene very agreeably. In the background, one sees flocks of sheep grazing, and sometimes the stately Swiss cows of the neighbouring farm.

Today, however, there was no trace of these summer phenomena, which are so refreshing to the senses. On the meadows, some streaks of green were scarcely visible; the trees of the park as yet could boast nothing but brown twigs and buds; yet the note of the finch, with the occasional song of the blackbird and thrush, announced the approach of spring.

The air was pleasant and summerlike; a very mild south-west wind was blowing. Small, isolated thunder-clouds passed along the clear sky; high above might be observed the dispersing cirrus-streaks. We accurately observed the clouds, and saw that the massive clouds of the lower region were likewise dispersing; from which Goethe inferred that the barometer must be rising.

Goethe then spoke much about the rising and falling of the barometer, which he called the affirmative and negative of water. He spoke of the inhaling and exhaling processes of the earth, according to eternal laws; of a possible deluge, if the "water-affirmative" continued. He said, besides, that, though each place has its proper atmosphere, there is great uniformity in the state of the barometer throughout Europe; nature, he said, was incommensurable, and with her great irregularities, it was often difficult to find her laws.

While he thus instructed me on such high subjects, we were walking up and down the broad gravel-walk of the garden. We came near the house, which he bade the servant to open, that he might show me the interior. Without, the whitewashed walls were covered with rose-bushes, which, trained on espaliers, reached to the roof. I went round the house, and saw with pleasure, on the branches of these rose-bushes, against the wall, a great number of birds' nests of various kinds, which had been there since the preceding summer, and, now that the bushes were bare of leaves, were exposed to the eye. There were especially to be observed the nests of the linnet and of various kinds of hedge-sparrows, built high or low according to the habits of the birds.

Goethe then took me inside the house, which I had not seen since last summer. In the lower story, I found only one inhabitable room, on the walls of which were hung some charts and engravings, besides a portrait of Goethe, as large as life, painted by Meyer shortly after the return of both friends from Italy. Goethe here appears in the prime of his powers and his manhood, very brown, and rather stout. The expression of the countenance is not very animated, and is very serious; one seems to behold a man on whose mind lies the weight of future deeds.

We ascended the stairs to the upper-rooms. I found three, and one little cabinet; but all very small, and not very convenient. Goethe said that, in former years, he had passed a great deal of his time here with pleasure, and had worked very quietly.

These rooms were rather cool, and we returned into the open air, which was mild. As we walked up and down the chief pathway, in the noonday sun, our conversation turned on modern literature, Schelling, and some new plays by Count Platen.

We soon returned to the natural objects. The crown-imperials and lilies were already far advanced; the mallows on both sides of the park were already green.

The upper part of the garden, on the declivity of the hill, is covered with grass, and here and there a few fruit-trees. Paths extend along the summit, and then return to the foot; which awakened in me a wish to ascend and look about me. Goethe, as he ascended these paths, walked swiftly before me, and I was rejoiced to see how active he was.

On the hedge above we found a pea-hen, which seemed to have come from the prince's park; and Goethe remarked that, in summer time, he was accustomed to allure the peacocks, by giving them such food as they loved.

Descending on the winding path on the other side of the hill, I found a stone, surrounded by shrubs, on which was carved this line from the well-known poem—

Hier im stillen gedachte der Liebende seiner Geliebten;
Here in silence reflected the lover upon his beloved;
and I felt as if I were on classic ground.

Near this was a thicket of half-grown oaks, firs, birches, and beech-trees. Beneath the firs, I found the sign[1] of a bird of prey. I showed it to Goethe, who said he had often seen such in this place. From this I concluded that these firs were a favourite abode of some owls, which had been frequently seen in this place.

Passing round this thicket, we found ourselves once more on the principal path near the house. The oaks, firs, birches, and beeches, which we had just gone round, being mingled together, here form a semicircle, overarching like a grotto the inner space, in which we sat down on little chairs, placed about a round table. The sun was so powerful, that the shade even of these leafless trees was agreeable. "I know," said Goethe, "no better refuge, in the heats of summer, than this spot. I planted all the trees, forty years ago, with my own hand; I have had the pleasure of watching their growth, and have now for a long time enjoyed their refreshing shade. The foliage of these oaks and beeches is impervious to the most potent sun. In hot summer days, I like to sit here after dinner; and often over the meadows and the whole park such stillness reigns, that the ancients would say, 'Pan sleeps.'"

We now heard the town-clock striking two, and returned to the house.

Tues., Mar. 30.

This evening I was with Goethe. I was alone with him; we talked on various subjects, and drank a bottle of wine. We spoke of the French

1 The word here rendered by the general expression "sign" is "Gewölle," a sporting term, which signifies the hair, feathers, or other indigestible matter swallowed by a bird of prey and afterwards vomited.—Trans.

drama, as contrasted with the German.

"It will be very difficult," said Goethe, "for the German public to come to a kind of right judgment, as they do in Italy and France. We have a special obstacle in the circumstance, that on our stage a medley of all sorts of things is represented. On the same boards where we saw Hamlet yesterday, we see Staberle[1] today; and if to-morrow we are delighted with 'Zauberflöte,' the day after we shall be charmed with the oddities of the next lucky wight. Hence the public becomes confused in its judgment, mingling together various species, which it never learns rightly to appreciate and to understand. Furthermore, every one has his own individual demands and personal wishes, and returns to the spot where he finds them realized. On the tree where he has plucked figs today, he would pluck them again tomorrow, and would make a long face if sloes had grown in their stead during the night. If any one is a friend to sloes, he goes to the thorns.

"Schiller had the happy thought of building a house for tragedy alone, and of giving a piece every week for the male sex exclusively. But this notion presupposed a very large city, and could not be realized with our humble means."

We talked about the plays of Iffland and Kotzebue, which, in their way, Goethe highly commended. "From this very fault," said he, "that people do not perfectly distinguish between kinds in art, the pieces of these men are often unjustly censured. We may wait a long time before a couple of such popular talents come again."

I praised Iffland's "Hagestolz" (*Old Bachelor*), with which I had been highly pleased on the stage. "It is unquestionably Iffland's best piece," said Goethe; "it is the only one in which he goes from prose into the ideal."

He then told me of a piece, which he and Schiller had made as a continuation to the "Hagestolz"; that is to say, in conversation, without writing it down. Goethe told me the progress of the action, scene by scene; it was very pleasant and cheerful, and gave me great delight.

Goethe then spoke of some new plays by Platen. "In these pieces," said he, "we may see the influence of Calderon. They are very clever, and, in a certain sense, complete; but they want specific gravity, a certain weight of import. They are not of a kind to excite in the mind of the reader a deep and abiding interest; on the contrary, the strings of the soul are touched but lightly and transiently. They are like cork, which, when it swims on the water, makes no impression, but is easily sustained by the surface.

"The German requires a certain earnestness, a certain grandeur of thought, and a certain fulness of sentiment. It is on this account that Schiller is so highly esteemed by them all. I do not in the least doubt the abilities of Platen; but those, probably from mistaken views of art, are

1 A Viennese buffoon.—Trans.

not manifested here. He shows distinguished culture, intellect, pungent wit, and artistical completeness; but these, especially in Germany, are not enough.

"Generally, the personal character of the writer influences the public rather than his talents as an artist. Napoleon said of Corneille, 'S'il vivait, je le ferais prince;' yet he never read him. Racine he read, but did not say this of him. Lafontaine, too, is looked upon with a high degree of esteem by the French, not on account of his poetic merits, but of the greatness of character which he manifests in his writings."

We then talked of the "Elective Affinities" (Wahlverwandtschaften); and Goethe told me of a travelling Englishman, who meant to be separated from his wife when he returned to England. He laughed at such folly, and gave me several examples of persons who had been separated, and afterwards could not let each other alone.

"The late Reinhard of Dresden," said he, "often wondered that I had such severe principles with respect to marriage, while I was so tolerant in everything else."

This expression of Goethe's was remarkable to me, because it clearly showed what he really intended by that often misunderstood work ("Die Wahlverwandtschaften").

We then talked about Tieck, and his personal relation to Goethe.

"I entertain the greatest kindness for Tieck," said Goethe; "and I think that, on the whole, he is well disposed towards me. Still, there is something not as it ought to be in his relation to me. This is neither my fault nor his, but proceeds from causes altogether foreign.

"When the Schlegels began to make themselves important, I was too strong for them; and to balance me, they were forced to look about for some man of talent, whom they might set up in opposition. Such a talent they found in Tieck; and that, when placed in contrast to me, he might appear sufficiently important in the eyes of the public, they were forced to make more of him than he really was. This injured our mutual relation; for Tieck, without being properly conscious of it himself, was thus placed in a false position with respect to me.

"Tieck is a genius of great importance, and no one can be more sensible than myself to his extraordinary merits; only when they raise him above himself, and place him on a level with me, they are in error. I can speak this out plainly; it matters nothing to me, for I did not make myself. I might just as well compare myself with Shakspeare, who likewise did not make himself, and who is nevertheless a being of a higher order, to whom I must look up with reverence."

Goethe was this evening full of energy and gaiety. He brought some manuscript poems, which he read aloud. It was quite a peculiar pleasure to hear him, for not only did the original force and freshness of the poems excite me to a high degree, but Goethe, by his manner of reading them, showed himself to me on a side hitherto unknown, but highly important. What variety and force in his voice! What life and expression in the noble countenance, so full of wrinkles! And what eyes!

I went out walking with Goethe about one. We discussed the styles of various writers.

"On the whole," said Goethe, "Philosophical speculation is an injury to the Germans, as it tends to make their style vague, difficult, and obscure. The stronger their attachment to certain philosophical schools, the worse they write. Those Germans who, as men of business and actual life, confine themselves to the practical, write the best. Schiller's style is most noble and impressive whenever he leaves off philosophizing, as I observe every day in his highly interesting letters, with which I am now busy.

"There are likewise among the German women, genial beings who write a really excellent style, and, indeed, in that respect surpass many of our celebrated male writers.

"The English almost always write well; being born orators and practical men, with a tendency to the real.

"The French, in their style, remain true to their general character. They are of a social nature, and therefore never forget the public whom they address; they strive to be clear, that they may convince their reader— agreeable, that they may please him.

"Altogether, the style of a writer is a faithful representative of his mind; therefore, if any man wish to write a clear style, let him be first clear in his thoughts; and if any would write in a noble style, let him first possess a noble soul."

Goethe then spoke of his antagonists as a race which would never become extinct. "Their number," said he, "is legion; yet they may be in some degree classified. First, there are my antagonists from stupidity— those who do not understand me, and find fault with me without knowing me. This large company has wearied me much in the course of my life; yet shall they be forgiven, for they knew not what they did.

"The second large class is composed of those who envy me. These grudge me the fortune and the dignified station I have attained through my talents. They pluck at my fame, and would like to destroy me. If I were poor and miserable, they would assail me no more.

"There are many who have been my adversaries, because they have failed themselves. In this class are many of fine talent, but they cannot forgive me for casting them into the shade.

"Fourthly, there are my antagonists from reasons. For, as I am a human being, and as such have human faults and weaknesses, my writings cannot be free from them. Yet, as I was constantly bent on my own improvement, and always striving to ennoble myself, I was in a state of constant progress, and it often happened that they blamed me for faults which I had long since left behind. These good folks have injured me least of any, as they shot at me, when I was already miles distant. Generally when a work was finished, it became uninteresting to me; I thought of it no more, but busied myself with some new plan.

"Another large class comprises those who are adversaries, because they differ from me in their views and modes of thought. It is said of the leaves on a tree, that you will scarcely find two perfectly alike, and thus, among a thousand men, you will scarce find two, who harmonize entirely in their views and ways of thinking. This being allowed, I ought less to wonder at having so many opponents, than at having so many friends and adherents. My tendencies were opposed to those of my time, which were wholly subjective; while in my objective efforts, I stood quite alone to my own disadvantage.

"Schiller had, in this respect, great advantage over me. Hence, a certain well-meaning general once gave me plainly to understand that I ought to write like Schiller. I replied by analyzing Schiller's merits, for I knew them better than he. I went quietly on in my own way, not troubling myself further about success, and taking as little notice as possible of my opponents."

We returned, and had a very pleasant time at dinner. Frau von Goethe talked much of Berlin, where she had lately been. She spoke with especial warmth of the Duchess of Cumberland, who had shown her much kindness. Goethe remembered this princess, who, when very young, had passed some time with his mother, with particular interest.

In the evening, I had a musical treat of a high order at Goethe's house, where some fine singers, under the superintendence of Eberwein, performed part of Handel's *Messiah*. The Countess Caroline von Egloffstein, Fraulein von Froriep, with Frau von Pogwisch and Frau von Goethe, joined the female singers, and thus kindly gratified a wish which Goethe had entertained long since.

Goethe, sitting at some distance, wholly absorbed in hearing, passed a happy evening, full of admiration at this noble work.

Mon., April 19.

The greatest philologist of our time, Friedrich August Wolf, from Berlin, is here, on his way towards the south of France. Goethe gave, today, on his account, a dinner to his Weimar friends, at which General Superintendent Röhr, Chancellor von Müller, Oberbau-director Coudray, Professor Riemer, and Hofrath Rehbein, and myself, were present. The conversation was very lively. Wolf was full of witty sallies, Goethe being constantly his opponent in the pleasantest way. "I cannot," said Goethe to me afterwards, "get on with Wolf, at all, without assuming the character of Mephistophiles. Nothing else brings out his hidden treasures."

The bon mots at table were too evanescent, and too much the result of the moment, to bear repetition. Wolf was very great in witty turns and repartees, but nevertheless it seemed to me that Goethe always maintained a certain superiority over him.

The hours at table flew by as if with wings, and six o'clock came before we were aware. I went with young Goethe to the theatre, where

"Zauberflöte" was played. Afterwards I saw Wolf in the box, with the Grand Duke Carl August.

Wolf remained in Weimar till the 25th, when he set out for the south of France. The state of his health was such that Goethe did not conceal the greatest anxiety about him.

Sun., May 2.

Goethe reproved me for not having visited a certain family of distinction. "You might," said he, "have passed there, during the winter, many delightful evenings, and have made the acquaintance of many interesting strangers; all which you have lost from God knows what caprice."

"With my excitable temperament," I replied, "and with my disposition to a broad sympathy with others, nothing can be more burdensome and hurtful to me than over-abundance of new impressions. I am neither by education nor habit fitted for general society. My situation in earlier days was such, that I feel as if I had never lived till I came near you. All is new to me. Every evening at the theatre, every conversation with you, makes an era in my existence. Things perfectly indifferent to persons of different education and habits make the deepest impression on me, and as the desire of instructing myself is great, my mind seizes on everything with a certain energy, and draws from it as much nourishment as possible. In this state of mind, I had quite enough in the course of this winter, from the theatre and my connection with you; and I should not have been able to give myself up to other connections and engagements, without disturbing my mind."

"You are an odd fellow," said Goethe, laughing. "Well, do as you please; I will let you have your way."

"And then," continued I, "I usually carry into society my likes and dislikes, and a certain need of loving and being beloved; I seek a nature which may harmonize with my own; I wish to give myself up to this, and to have nothing to do with the others."

"This natural tendency of yours," replied Goethe, "is indeed not of a social kind; but what would be the use of culture, if we did not try to control our natural tendencies? It is a great folly to hope that other men will harmonize with us; I have never hoped this. I have always regarded each man as an independent individual, whom I endeavoured to study, and to understand with all his peculiarities, but from whom I desired no further sympathy. In this way have I been enabled to converse with every man, and thus alone is produced the knowledge of various characters, and the dexterity necessary for the conduct of life. For it is in a conflict with natures opposed to his own that a man must collect his strength to fight his way through, and thus all our different sides are brought out and developed, so that we soon feel ourselves a match for every foe. You should do the same; you have more capacity for it than

you imagine; indeed, you must at all events plunge into the great world, whether you like it or not."

I took due heed of these good, kind words, and determined to act in accordance with them as much as possible.

Towards evening, Goethe invited me to take a drive with him. Our road lay over the hills through Upper Weimar, by which we had a view of the park towards the west. The trees were in blossom, the birches already in full leaf, and the meadows were one green carpet, over which the setting sun cast a glow. We sought out picturesque groups, and could not look enough. We remarked that trees full of white blossoms should not be painted, because they make no picture, just as birches with their foliage are unfit for the foreground of a picture, because the delicate leaf does not sufficiently balance the white trunk; there are no large masses for strong effects of light and shade. "Ruysdael," said Goethe, "never introduced the birch with its foliage into his foregrounds, but only birch trunks broken off, without any leaves. Such a trunk is perfectly suited to a foreground, as its bright form comes out with most powerful effect."

After some slight discussion of other topics, we came upon the mistake of those artists who made religion art, while for them art should be religion. "Religion," said Goethe, "stands in the same relation to art as any other of the higher interests in life. It is merely to be looked upon as a material, with similar claims to any other vital material. Faith and want of faith are not the organs with which a work of art is to be apprehended. On the contrary, human powers and capacities of a totally different character are required. Art must address itself to those organs with which we apprehend it; otherwise it misses its effect. A religious material may be a good subject for art, but only in so far as it possesses general human interest. The Virgin with the Child is on this account an excellent subject, and one that may be treated a hundred times, and always seen again with pleasure."

In the mean while, we had gone round the thicket (the Webicht), and had turned by Tiefurt into the Weimar road, where we had a view of the setting sun. Goethe was for a while lost in thought; he then said to me, in the words of one of the ancients—

Untergehend sogar ist's immer dieselbige Sonne.
Still it continues the self-same sun, e'en while it is sinking.

"At the age of seventy-five," continued he, with much cheerfulness, "one must, of course, think sometimes of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness, for I am fully convinced that our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible, and that its activity continues from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to set only to our earthly eyes, but which, in reality, never sets, but shines on unceasingly."

The sun had, in the mean while, sunk behind the Ettersberg; we felt in the wood the chill of the evening, and drove all the quicker to Weimar, and to Goethe's house. Goethe urged me to go in with him for a while,

and I did so. He was in an extremely engaging, amiable mood. He talked a great deal about his theory of colours, and of his obstinate opponents; remarking that he was sure that he had done something in this science.

"To make an epoch in the world," said he, "two conditions are notoriously essential—a good head and a great inheritance. Napoleon inherited the French Revolution; Frederick the Great, the Silesian War; Luther, the darkness of the Popes; and I, the errors of the Newtonian theory. The present generation has no conception of what I have accomplished in this matter, but posterity will grant that I have by no means come into a bad inheritance!"

Goethe had sent me this morning a roll of papers relative to the theatre, among which I had found some detached remarks, containing the rules and studies which he had made with Wolff and Grüner to qualify them for good actors. I found these details important and highly instructive for young actors, and therefore proposed to put them together, and make from them a sort of theatrical catechism. Goethe consented, and we discussed the matter further. This gave us occasion to speak of some distinguished actors who had been formed in his school; and I took the opportunity to ask some questions about Frau von Heigendorf. "I may," said Goethe, "have influenced her, but, properly speaking, she is not my pupil. She was, as it were, born on the boards, and was as decided, ready, and adroit in anything as a duck in the water. She needed not my instruction, but did what was right instinctively, and perhaps without knowing it."

We then talked of the many years he had superintended the theatre, and the infinite time which had thus been lost to literary production. "Yes," said he, "I may have missed writing many a good thing, but when I reflect, I am not sorry. I have always regarded all I have done solely as symbolical; and, in fact, it has been tolerably indifferent to me whether I have made pots or dishes."

(Sup.*) Wed., May 5.

The papers containing the studies which Goethe prosecuted with the actors Wolff and Grüner have occupied me very pleasantly during the last few days; and I have succeeded in bringing these dismembered notices into a sort of form, so that something has arisen from them which may be regarded as the beginning of a catechism for actors. I spoke with Goethe about this work today, and we went through the various topics in detail. The remarks concerning pronunciation, and the laying aside of provincialisms, appeared to us particularly important.

"I have, in my long practice," said Goethe, "become acquainted with beginners from all parts of Germany. The pronunciation of the North German leaves little to be desired: it is pure, and may in many respects be looked upon as a model. On the contrary, I have often had a great deal of trouble with native Suabians, Austrians, and Saxons. The natives of our beloved town, Weimar, have also given me a great deal to do. Among

these have arisen the most ridiculous mistakes; because in schools here they are not forced to distinguish, by a marked pronunciation, *b* from *p*, and *d* from *t*. One would scarcely believe that *b*, *p*, *d*, and *t* are generally considered to be four different letters; for they only speak of a hard and a soft *b*, and of a hard and a soft *d*, and thus seem tacitly to intimate that *p* and *t* do not exist. With such people, Pein (pain) sounds like Bein (leg), Pas (pass) like Bass (bass), and Teckel[1] like Deckel (cover)."

"An actor of this town," added I, "who did not properly distinguish t from d, lately made a mistake of the kind, which appeared very striking. He was playing a lover, who had been guilty of a little infidelity; whereupon the angry young lady showered upon him various violent reproaches. Growing impatient, he had to exclaim, 'O ende!' (O cease!); but being unable to distinguish the *T* from the *D*, he exclaimed, 'O ente!' (O duck!) which excited general laughter."

"The circumstance is very quaint," returned Goethe, "and will do well to mention in our 'Theatrical Catechism.'"

"Lately, a young singer, likewise of this town," continued I, "who could not make the distinction between the t and the d, had to say, 'Ich will dich den Eingeweihten übergeben' (I will give you up to the initiated); but as she pronounced the t as d, it sounded as if she said, 'Ich will dich den Eingeweiden übergeben' (I will give you up to the bowels).

"Again, an actor of this town," continued I, "who played the part of a servant, had to say to a stranger, 'Mein Herr ist nicht zu Haus, er sitzt im Rathe' (my master is not at home, he sits in council); but as he could not distinguish the t from the d, it sounded as if he said 'Mein Herr ist nicht zu Haus, er sitzt im Rade' (my master is not at home, he sits in the wheel)."

"These incidents," said Goethe, "are not bad, and we will notice them. Thus, if any one who does not distinguish the p from the b, has to call out, 'Packe ihn an!' (seize him), but, instead of this, exclaims, 'Backe ihn an!' (stick him on), it is very laughable.

"In a similar manner," said Goethe, "the *ü* is frequently pronounced like *i*, which has been the cause of not a few scandalous mistakes. I have frequently heard said, instead of Küstenbewohner (inhabitant of the coast), Kistenbewohner (inhabitant of the box); instead of Thürstück (a painting over a door), Thierstück (animal-picture); instead of Trübe (gloomy), Triebe (impulses); and instead of Ihr müsst (you must), Ihr misst (you miss);—not, however, without a hearty laugh."

"I lately noticed at the theatre," said I, "a very ludicrous case of the kind, in which a lady, in a critical situation, has to follow a man, whom she had never seen before. She had to say, 'Ich kenne Dich zwar nicht, aber ich setze mein ganzes Vertrauen in den Edelmuth Deiner Züge' (I do not know you, but I place entire confidence in the nobility of your countenance); but as she pronounced the *ü* like *i*, she said 'Ich kenne Dich zwar nicht, aber ich setze mein ganzes Vertrauen in den Edelmuth

1 A provincial word for a terrier.

Deiner Ziege' (I do not know you, but I place entire confidence in the nobility of your goat)." This caused great laughter.

"This anecdote is not bad," returned Goethe, "and we will notice it also. Thus, too," continued he, "*g* and *k* are here frequently confounded; g being used instead of k, and *k* instead of *g*, possibly from uncertainty whether the letter should be hard or soft, a result of the doctrine so much in vogue here. You have probably often heard, or will hear, at some future time, in our theatre, Kartenhaus (card-house) instead of Gartenhaus (garden-house), Kasse (chest) instead of Gasse (lane), Klauben (to pick out) instead of Glauben (to believe), bekränzen (to enreath) instead of begrenzen (to bound), and Kunst (art) instead of Gunst (favour)."

"I have already heard something similar," returned I. "An actor of this town had to say, 'Dein Gram geht mir zu Herzen,' (thy grief touches my heart). But he pronounced the g like k, and said very distinctly, 'Dein Kram geht mir zu Herzen' (thy goods[1] touch my heart)."

"Besides," answered Goethe, "we hear this substitution of *g* for *k*, not merely amongst actors, but even amongst very learned theologians. I once personally experienced an incident of this sort; and I will relate it to you.

"When I, some five years ago, stayed for some time at Jena, and lodged at the 'Fir Tree,' a theological student one morning presented himself to me. After he had conversed with me very agreeably for some time, he made, as he was just going, a request of a most peculiar kind. He begged me to allow him to preach in my stead on the next Sunday. I immediately discovered which way the wind blew, and that the hopeful youth was one of those who confound *g* for *k*. I, therefore, answered him in a friendly manner, that I could not personally assist him in this affair; but that he would be sure to attain his object, if he would be so good as to apply to Archdeacon Koethe."

Thurs., May 6.

When I came to Weimar, last summer, it was not, as I have said, my intention to remain here, I only intended to make Goethe's personal acquaintance, and then to visit the Rhine, where I intended to live some time in a suitable place.

However, I had been detained in Weimar by Goethe's remarkable kindness, and my relation to him had become more and more practical, inasmuch as he drew me more and more into his own interest, and gave me much important work to do, preparatory to a complete edition of his works.

Thus in the course of last winter, I collected several divisions of "tame Xenia" (zahme Xenien) from the most confused bundles of paper, arranged a volume of new poems, and the "Theatrical Catechism," and also the outlines of a treatise on "Dilettantism," in the different arts.

1 Or lumber.—Trans.

I had, however, never forgotten my design of seeing the Rhine; and Goethe himself, that I might not carry within me the sting of an unsatisfied desire, advised me to devote some months of this summer to a visit to that region.

It was, however, decidedly his wish that I should return to Weimar. He observed that it was not good to break ties scarcely formed, and that everything in life to be of value must have sequence. He, at the same time, plainly intimated to me that he had selected me and Riemer, not only to aid him in preparing a new and complete edition of his works, but to take the whole charge of it in case he should be suddenly called away, as might naturally happen at his advanced age.

He showed me this morning immense packages of letters, laid out in what is called the Chamber of Busts (Büsten-Zimmer). "These," said he, "are all letters which I have received since 1780, from the most distinguished men of our country. There lies hoarded in these a rich treasure of thoughts, which it shall some time be your office to impart to the public. I am now having a chest made, in which these letters will be put, together with the rest of my literary remains. I wish you, before you set out on your journey, to put them all in order, that I may feel easy about them, and have a care the less."

He then told me that he intended to visit Marienbad this summer, but did not intend to go till the end of July, the reasons for which he disclosed to me in confidence. He expressed a wish that I should be back before his departure, that he might speak to me.

A few weeks afterwards, I visited my friends in Hanover, then stopped during the months of June and July on the Rhine, where, especially at Frankfort, Heidelberg, and Bonn, I made many valuable acquaintances among Goethe's friends.[1]

(Sup.) Tues., May 18.

This evening at Goethe's, in company with Riemer.

Goethe talked to us about an English poem, of which geology was the subject. He made, as he went on, an impromptu translation of it, with so much spirit, imagination, and good humour, that every individual object stood before us, with as much life as if it were his own invention at the moment. The hero of the poem, King Coal, was seen, in his brilliant hall of audience, seated upon his throne, his consort Pyrites by his side, waiting for the nobles of the kingdom. Entering according to their rank, they appeared one by one before the king, and were introduced as Duke Granite, Marquis Slate, Countess Porphyry, and so on with the rest, who were all characterized by some excellent epithet and joke. Then followed

1 This short statement, though attached to the conversation of 6th May in the first volume, will be read more properly after 26th May (p. 92), which is taken from the supplemental volume.

Sir Lorenzo Chalk, a man of great possessions, and well received at court. He excuses his mother, the Lady Marble, on the ground that her residence is rather distant. She is a very polished and accomplished lady, and a cause of her non-appearance at court, on this occasion, is, that she is involved in an intrigue with Canova, who likes to flirt with her. Tufa, whose hair is decked with lizards and fishes, appears rather intoxicated. Hans Marl and Jacob Clay do not appear till the end; the last is a particular favourite of the queen, because he has promised her a collection of shells. Thus the whole went on for a long time in the most cheerful tone; but the details were too minute for me to note the further progress of the story.

"Such a poem," said Goethe, "is quite calculated to amuse people of the world; while at the same time it diffuses a quantity of useful information, which no one ought properly to be without. A taste for science is thus excited amongst the higher circles; and no one knows how much good may ultimately result from such an entertaining half-joke. Many a clever person may be induced to make observations himself, within his own immediate sphere. And such individual observations, drawn from the natural objects with which we are in contact, are often the more valuable, the less the observer professionally belongs to the particular department of science."

"You appear, then, to intimate," returned I, "that the more one knows, the worse one observes."

"Certainly," said Goethe, "when the knowledge which is handed down is combined with errors. As soon as any one belongs to a certain narrow creed in science, every unprejudiced and true perception is gone. The decided Vulcanist always sees through the spectacles of a Vulcanist; and every Neptunist, and every professor of the newest elevation-theory, through his own. The contemplation of the world, with all these theorists, who are devoted to an exclusive tendency, has lost its innocence, and the objects no longer appear in their natural purity. If these learned men, then, give an account of their observations, we obtain, notwithstanding their love of truth as individuals, no actual truth with reference to the objects themselves; but we always receive these objects with the taste of a strong, subjective mixture.

"I am, however, far from maintaining that an unprejudiced, correct knowledge is a drawback to observation. I am much more inclined to support the old truth, that we, properly speaking, have only eyes and ears for what we know. The musician by profession hears, in an orchestral performance, every instrument and every single tone, whilst one unacquainted with the art is wrapped up in the massive effect of the whole. A man merely bent upon enjoyment sees in a green or flowery meadow only a pleasant plain, while the eye of a botanist discovers an endless detail of the most varied plants and grasses."

"Still everything has its measure and goal, and as it has been said in my 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' that the son, from pure learning, does not know his own father, so in science do we find people who can neither see nor hear through sheer learning and hypothesis. Such people look

at once within; they are so occupied by what is revolving in themselves, that they are like a man in a passion, who passes his dearest friends in the street without seeing them. The observation of nature requires a certain purity of mind, which cannot be disturbed or pre-occupied by anything. The beetle on the flower does not escape the child; he has devoted all his senses to a single, simple interest; and it never strikes him that, at the same moment, something remarkable may be going on in the formation of the clouds to distract his glances in that direction."

"Then," returned I, "children and the child-like would be good hod-men in science."

"Would to God!" exclaimed Goethe, "we were all nothing more than good hod-men. It is just because we will be more, and carry about with us a great apparatus of philosophy and hypothesis, that we spoil all."

Then followed a pause in the conversation, which Riemer broke by mentioning Lord Byron and his death. Goethe thereupon gave a brilliant elucidation of his writings, and was full of the highest praise and the purest acknowledgment.

"However," continued he, "although Byron has died so young, literature has not suffered an essential loss, through a hindrance to its further extension. Byron could, in a certain sense, go no further. He had reached the summit of his creative power, and whatever he might have done in the future, he would have been unable to extend the boundaries of his talent. In the incomprehensible poem, 'The Vision of Judgment,' he has done the utmost of which he was capable."

The discourse then turned upon the Italian poet, Torquato Tasso, and his resemblance to Lord Byron, when Goethe could not conceal the superiority of the Englishman, in spirit, grasp of the world, and productive power. "One cannot," continued he, "compare these poets with each other, without annihilating one by the other. Byron is the burning thorn-bush which reduces the holy cedar of Lebanon to ashes. The great epic poem of the Italian has maintained its fame for centuries; but yet, with a single line of 'Don Juan,' one could poison the whole of 'Jerusalem delivered.'"

(Sup.) Wed., May 26.

Today I took leave of Goethe, in order to visit my friends in Hanover, and thence to proceed to the Rhine, according to my long meditated plan. Goethe was very affectionate, and pressed me in his arms. "If at Hanover you should chance to meet, at Rehberg's Charlotte Kestner, the old friend of my youth, remember me to her kindly. In Frankfort, I commend you to my friends Willemmers, the Count Reinhardt, and the Schlossers. Then both in Heidelberg and Bonn, you will find friends who are truly devoted to me, and from whom you will receive a most hearty welcome. I did intend again to spend some time at Marienbad this summer; but I shall not go until after your return."

The parting with Goethe was very trying to me; though I went away

with the firm conviction of seeing him again, safe and sound, at the end of two months.

Nevertheless, I felt very happy next day when the carriage conveyed me toward my beloved home in Hanover, to which my heartiest wishes are constantly directed.

Tues., Aug. 10.

About a week ago. I returned from my tour on the Rhine. Goethe expressed much joy at my arrival; and I, on my part, was not less pleased to be with him again. He had a great deal to say to me; so that for the first few days I stirred but little from his side. His design of going to Marienbad he has abandoned, and does not intend to travel this summer. "Now you are again here," he said, "I may have a very pleasant August."

A few days ago, he put into my hands the commencement of a continuation of "Wahrheit und Dichtung," written on quarto leaves, and scarcely a finger's breadth thick. Part is complete, but the greater part consists of mere indications. However, it is already divided into five books, and the leaves containing the sketch are so arranged that, with a little trouble, one can take a survey of the general import.

The portion that is already finished appears to me so excellent, and the import of the sketched portion to be so valuable, that I regret exceedingly to see a work which promises so much instruction and enjoyment come to a standstill, and I shall make every effort to urge Goethe to continue and complete it as soon as possible.

The plan of the whole has much of the character of a novel. A graceful, tender, passionate love-affair, cheerful in its origin, idyllic in it progress, tragic at the end, through a tacit but mutual renunciation, runs through four books, and combines them to an organized whole. The charm of Lili's character, described in detail, is of a sort to captivate every reader, just as it held the lover himself in such bonds that he could only save himself by repeated flight.

The epoch of life set forth is of a highly romantic nature, or, at least, becomes so as it is developed in the principal character. But it acquires special significance and importance from the circumstance that, as an epoch preceding the position at Weimar, it is decisive for the whole life. If, therefore, any section of Goethe's life has any interest, and raises a wish for a detailed description, it is precisely this.

To excite in Goethe a new ardour for this work, which bas been interrupted and has lain untouched for years, I have not only talked with him on the subject, but have sent him the following notes, that he may see at once what is finished and what has still to be worked out and arranged.[1]

FIRST BOOK.—This book, which, according to the original intention,

1 The last five books of "Wahrheit und Dichtung" were afterwards published in Goethe's posthumous works, but Eckermann's arrangement was not adopted. —Trans.

may be regarded as complete, contains a sort of exposition, inasmuch as it expresses the wish for a participation in worldly affairs, the fulfilment of which takes place at the end of the whole epoch, through the invitation to Weimar. However, that it may be connected more closely with the whole, I suggest that the relation to Lili, which runs through the four following books, should begin in this first book, and continue as far as the excursion to Offenbach. Thus, too, this book would gain in compass and importance, and too great an increase of the second would be prevented.

SECOND BOOK.—The idyllic life at Offenbach would then open this second book, and would go through with the happy love affair, till it, at last, begins to assume a doubtful, earnest, and even tragical character. The contemplation of serious matters, promised by the sketch in reference to Stilling, is well placed here, and much that is instructive may be anticipated from the design, which is simply indicated by a few words.

THIRD BOOK.—The third book, which contains the plan of a continuation of "Faust," is to be regarded as an episode, but is connected with the other books, by the attempt at a separation from Lili, which remains to be carried out. Whether the plan of "Faust" is to be communicated or kept back is a doubtful point, which cannot be resolved until we examine the fragments now ready, and make up our minds whether the hope of a continuation of "Faust" is to be given up or not.

FOURTH BOOK.—The third book would terminate with the attempt at a separation from Lili. This fourth book, therefore, very aptly begins with the arrival of the Stolbergs and of Haugwitz, by which the journey into Switzerland and the first flight from Lili are brought about. The complete sketch of this book promises the most interesting matter, and excites a wish for the most thorough details. The passion for Lili, which is constantly bursting forth, and which cannot be suppressed, glows through the whole book with the fire of youthful love, and gives a peculiar, pleasant, and magical light to the situation of the traveller.

FIFTH BOOK. —This beautiful book is likewise nearly finished; at least the latter part, up to the conclusion, which touches on the unfathomable nature of fate, may be regarded as quite finished; and only a little is wanting for the introduction, of which there is already a very clear sketch. The working-out is, however, the more necessary and desirable, as the first mention is made of the Weimar affairs, and thus our interest for them is first excited.

Mon., Aug. 16.

My conversations with Goethe have lately been very abundant in matter, but I have been so much engaged with other things as to render it impossible to write down anything of importance, from the fulness of his discourse.

Only the following detached sentences are found noted down in my

diary; the connection between them and the occasion that gave rise to them, I have forgotten:—

Men are swimming pots, which knock against each other.

In the morning we are shrewdest, but also most anxious; for even anxiety is a species of shrewdness, though only a passive one. Stupidity is without anxiety.

We must not take the faults of our youth into our old age; for old age brings with it its own defects.

Court life is like music, in which every one must keep time.

Courtiers would died of ennui, if they could not fill up their time with ceremonies.

It is not right to counsel a prince to give way, even in the most trivial matter.

He who would train actors must have infinite patience.

Tues., Nov. 9.

I passed this evening with Goethe. We talked of Klopstock and Herder; and I liked to listen to him, as he explained to me the merits of those men.

"Without those powerful precursors," said Goethe, "our literature could not have become what it now is. When they appeared, they were before their age, and were obliged, as it were, to drag it after them; but now the age has far outrun them, and they who were once so necessary and important have now ceased to be means to an end. A young man who would take Klopstock and Herder for his teachers nowadays would be far behindhand."

We talked over Klopstock's "Messiah" and his Odes, touching on their merits and their defects. We agreed that he had no faculty for observing and apprehending the visible world, or for drawing characters; and that he therefore wanted the qualities most essential to the epic and dramatic poet, or, perhaps it might be said, to the poet generally.

"An ode occurs to me," said Goethe, "where he makes the German Muse run a race with the British; and, indeed, when one thinks what a picture it is, where the two girls run one against the other, throwing about their legs, and kicking up the dust, one must assume that the good Klopstock did not really have before his eyes such pictures as he wrote, else he could not possibly have made such mistakes."

I asked how he had felt towards Klopstock in his youth.

"I venerated him," said Goethe, "with the devotion which was peculiar to me; I looked upon him as my uncle. I revered whatever he had done, and never thought of reflecting upon it, or finding fault with it. I let his fine qualities work upon me; for the rest, I went my own way."

We came back to Herder, and I asked Goethe which of his works he thought the best. "His 'Ideas for the History of Mankind'" (Ideen zur Geschichte der Menschheit), replied Goethe, "are undoubtedly the best. In after days, he took the negative side, and was not so agreeable."

"Considering the great weight of Herder," said I, "I cannot understand how he had so little judgment on some subjects. For instance, I cannot forgive him, especially at that period of German literature, for sending back the manuscript of 'Goetz von Berlichingen' without any praise of its merits, and with taunting remarks. He must have utterly wanted organs to perceive some objects."

"Yes, Herder was unfortunate in this respect," replied Goethe; "nay," added he, with vivacity, "if his spirit were present at this conversation, it would not understand us."

"On the other hand," said I, "I must praise Merck, who urged you to print 'Goetz.'"

"He was indeed an odd but important man," said Goethe. "'Print the thing,' quoth he, 'it is worth nothing, but print it.' He did not wish me to make any alteration in it, and he was right; for it would have been different, but not better."

Wed., Nov. 24.

I went to see Goethe this evening, before going to the theatre, and found him very well and cheerful. He inquired about the young Englishmen who are here. I told him that I proposed reading with Mr. Doolan a German translation of Plutarch. This led the conversation to Roman and Grecian history; and Goethe expressed himself as follows:—

"The Roman history," said he, "is no longer suited to us. We have become too humane for the triumphs of Cæsar not to be repugnant to our feelings. Neither are we much charmed by the history of Greece. When this people turns against a foreign foe, it is, indeed, great and glorious; but the division of the states, and their eternal wars with one another, where Greek fights against Greek, are insufferable. Besides, the history of our own time is thoroughly great and important; the battles of Leipsic and Waterloo stand out with such prominence, that that of Marathon and others like it are gradually eclipsed. Neither are our individual heroes inferior to theirs; the French Marshals, Blücher, and Wellington, vie with any of the heroes of antiquity."

We then talked of the late French literature, and the daily increasing interest in German works manifested by the French.

"The French," said Goethe, "do well to study and translate our writers; for, limited as they are both in form and motives, they can only look without for means. We Germans may be reproached for a certain formlessness; but in matter we are their superiors. The theatrical productions of Kotzebue and Iffland are so rich in motives that they may pluck them a long time before all is used up. But, especially, our philosophical Ideality is welcome to them; for every Ideal is serviceable to revolutionary aims.

"The French have understanding and esprit, but neither a solid basis nor piety. What serves the moment, what helps his party, seems right to the Frenchman. Hence they praise us, never from an acknowledgement

of our merits, but only when they can strengthen their party by our views."

We then talked about our own literature, and of the obstacles in the way of some of our latest young poets.

"The majority of our young poets," said Goethe, "have no fault but this, that their subjectivity is not important, and that they cannot find matter in the objective. At best, they only find a material, which is similar to themselves, which corresponds to their own subjectivity; but as for taking the material on its own account, when it is repugnant to the subjectivity, merely because it is poetical, such a thing is never thought of.

"Still, as I have said, if we only had important personages, formed by great studies and situations in life, it might still go well with us, at least as far as our young lyric poets are concerned."

Fri., Dec. 3.

A proposal has lately reached me to write for an English periodical, on very favourable terms, monthly notices of the latest productions in German literature. I was much inclined to accept the proposal, but thought it would be good first to talk over the affair with Goethe.

I went to him this evening. The curtains were down, and he was seated before a table, on which dinner had been served, and on which burned two lights which illuminated at once his own face and a colossal bust which stood before him on the table, and at which he was looking. "Now," said Goethe, pointing at the bust, after greeting me in a friendly manner, "who is this?" "Apparently, a poet, and an Italian," I replied. "It is Dante," said he: "it is well done; a fine head, yet not very pleasing. He seems old, bowed down, and peevish; the features are lax, and drawn down, as if he had just come from hell. I have a medal which was struck during his life, and there everything appears much better."

He rose and brought the medal. "Do you see what power there is in the nose and the swell of the upper lip, the energy of the chin, and its fine blending with the cheek bone? The part about the eyes and the forehead are the same in this bust; but all the rest is weaker and older. Yet I will not find fault with the new work, which, on the whole, has great merit, and deserves praise."

Goethe then inquired what I had been doing and thinking about of late. I told him that a proposal had reached me to write for an English periodical, on very advantageous terms, monthly notices of the newest productions of the German prose belles lettres, and that I was much inclined to accept the offer.

Goethe's face, which had hitherto worn so friendly an expression, clouded over at these words, and I could read in every movement his disapproval of my project.

"I wish," said he, "your friends would leave you in peace. Why should you trouble yourself with things which lie quite out of your way, and are contrary to the tendencies of your nature? We have gold, silver, and

paper money, and each has its own value; but to do justice to each, you must understand the exchange. And so in literature. You understand the metallic, but not the paper currency: you are not equal to this; your criticisms will be unjust, and do hurt. If you wish to be just, and give everything its proper place, you must first become acquainted with our middle literature, and make up your mind to a study by no means trifling. You must look back and see what the Schlegels proposed and performed, and then read all our later authors, Franz Horn, Hoffmann, Clauren, &c. Even this is not enough. You must also take in all the journals of the day, from the 'Morgenblatt' to the 'Abend zeitung,' in order that nothing which comes out may escape you; and thus you will spoil your best days and hours. Then all new books, which you would criticise with any degree of profundity, you must not only skim over, but study. How would you relish that? And, finally, if you find that what is bad is bad, you must not say so, if you would not run the risk of being at war with all that world.

"No; as I have said, decline the proposal; it is not in your way. Generally, beware of dissipating your powers, and strive to concentrate them. Had I been so wise thirty years ago, I should have done very differently. How much time I lost with Schiller on his 'Horen' and 'Musen-Almanachs!' Now, when I have just been looking over our correspondence, I feel this most forcibly, and cannot think without chagrin on those undertakings which made the world abuse us, and which were entirely without result for ourselves. Talent thinks it can do whatever it sees others doing; but this is not the case, and it will have to repent its Faux-frais (idle expenses). What good does it do to curl up your hair for a single night? You have paper in you hair, that is all; next night, it is straight again."

"The great point," he continued, "is to make a capital that will not be exhausted. This you will acquire by the study of the English language and literature, which you have already begun. Keep to that, and continually make use of the advantages you now possess in the acquaintance of the young Englishmen. You studied the ancient languages but little during your youth; therefore, seek now a stronghold in the literature of so able a nation as the English. And, besides, our own literature is chiefly the offspring of theirs! Whence have we our novels, our tragedies, but from Goldsmith, Fielding, and Shakspeare? And in our own day, where will you find in Germany three literary heroes, who can be placed on a level with Lord Byron, Moore, and Walter Scott? Once more, ground yourself in English, concentrate your powers for something good, and give up everything which can produce no result of consequence to you, and is not suited to you."

I rejoiced that I had thus made Goethe speak. I was perfectly satisfied in my mind, and determined to comply with his advice in every respect.

Chancellor von Müller was now announced, and sat down with us. The conversation turned once more on the bust of Dante, which stood before us, and on his life and works. The obscurity of this author was

especially mentioned—how his own countrymen had never understood him, so that it would be impossible for a foreigner to penetrate such darkness. "To you," said Goethe, turning towards me, with a friendly air, "the study of this poet is hereby absolutely forbidden by your father confessor."

Goethe also remarked that the difficult rhyme is, in a great measure, the cause of his obscurity. For the rest, he spoke of Dante with extreme reverence; and I observed that he was not satisfied with the word talent, but called him a nature, as if thus wishing to express something more comprehensive, more full of prescience, of deeper insight, and wider scope.

Thurs., Dec. 9.

I went this evening to Goethe. He cordially held out his hand, and greeted me with praises of my poem on "Schellhorn's Jubilee." I told him that I had written to refuse the proposal from England.

"Thank Heaven!" said he; "then you are free and at peace once more. And now let me warn you against something else. The composers will come and want an opera; but you must be steadfast and refuse them, for that is a work which leads to nothing, and only loses time."

Goethe then told me that he had sent the author of the "Paria," who is now at Bonn, the play bill, through Nees of Esenbeck, that the poet might see his piece had been played here. "Life is short," he added; "we must try to do one another a good turn."

The Berlin Journals lay before him, and he told me of the great inundation at Petersburg. He gave me the paper to read, and talked about the bad situation of Petersburg, laughing approvingly at an expression of Rousseau's, who said that we could not hinder an earthquake by building a city near a burning mountain. "Nature goes her own way," said he, "and all that to us seems an exception is really according to order."

We then talked of the great tempests which had raged on every coast, and of other violent outbreaks of nature, mentioned in the journals, and I asked Goethe whether it was known how such things were connected. "That no one knows," replied Goethe; "we have scarcely a suspicion respecting such mysteries, much less can we speak about them."

Coudray and Professor Riemer were announced. Both joined us, and the inundation of Petersburg was again discussed. M. Coudray, by drawing the plan of that city, plainly showed us the position of the Neva, and the rest of the locality.

Mon., Jan. 10.

GOETHE, consistently with his great interest for the English, has desired me to introduce to him the young Englishmen who are here at present. At five o'clock this afternoon, he expected me with Mr. H., the English engineer officer, of whom I had previously been able to say much good to him. We went at the expected hour, and were conducted by the servant to a pleasant, well-warmed apartment, where Goethe usually passes his afternoons and evenings. Three lights were burning on the table, but he was not there; we heard him talking in the adjoining saloon.

Mr. H. looked about him for a while, and observed, besides the pictures and a large chart of the mountains which adorned the walls, a book-case full of portfolios. These, I told him, contained many drawings from the hands of celebrated masters, and engravings after the best pictures of all schools, which Goethe had, during a long life, been gradually collecting, and the repeated contemplation of which afforded him entertainment.

After we had waited a few minutes, Goethe came in, and greeted us cordially. He said to Mr. H., "I presume I may address you in German, as I hear you are already well versed in our language." Mr. H. answered with a few polite words, and Goethe requested us to be seated.

Mr. H.'s manners and appearance must have made a good impression on Goethe; for his sweetness and mild serenity were manifested towards the stranger in their real beauty. "You did well," said he, "to come hither to learn German; for here you will quickly and easily acquire, not only a knowledge of the language, but also of the elements on which it rests, our soil, climate, mode of life, manners, social habits, and constitution, and carry it away with you to England."

Mr. H. replied, "The interest taken in the German language is now great, so that there is now scarcely a young Englishman of good family who does not learn German."

"We Germans," said Goethe, good-humouredly, "have, however, been half a century before your nation in this respect. For fifty years I have been busy with the English language and literature; so that I am well acquainted with your writers, your ways of living, and the administration of your country. If I went over to England, I should be no stranger there.

"But, as I said before, your young men do well to come to us and learn our language; for, not only does our literature merit attention on its own account, but no one can deny that he who now knows German well can dispense with many other languages. Of the French, I do not speak; it is the language of conversation, and is indispensable in travelling, because everybody understands it, and in all countries we can get on with it instead of a good interpreter. But as for Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish, we can read the best works of those nations in such excellent German translations, that, unless we have some particular object in view, we need not spend much time upon the toilsome study of those languages. It is in the German nature duly to honour after its kind, everything produced by other nations, and to accommodate itself to foreign peculiarities. This, with the great flexibility of our language, makes German translations thoroughly faithful and complete. And it is not to be denied that, in general, you get on very far with a good translation. Frederick the Great did not know Latin, but he read Cicero in the French translation with as much profit as we who read him in the original."

Then, turning the conversation on the theatre, he asked Mr. H. whether he went frequently thither. "Every evening," he replied, "and find that I thus gain much towards the understanding of the language."

"It is remarkable," said Goethe, "that the ear, and generally the understanding, gets the start of speaking; so that a man may very soon comprehend all he hears, but by no means express it all."

"I experience daily," said Mr. H., "the truth of that remark. I understand very well whatever I hear or read; I even feel when an incorrect expression is made use of in German. But when I speak, nothing will flow, and I cannot express myself as I wish. In light conversation at court, jests with the ladies, a chat at balls, and the like, I succeed pretty well. But, if I try to express an opinion on any important topic, to say anything peculiar or luminous, I cannot get on."

"Be not discouraged by that," said Goethe, "since it is hard enough to express such uncommon matters in one's own mother tongue."

He then asked what Mr. H. read in German literature. "I have read 'Egmont,'" he replied, "and found so much pleasure in the perusal, that I returned to it three times. 'Torquato Tasso,' too, has afforded me much enjoyment. Now, I am reading 'Faust,' but find that it is somewhat difficult."

Goethe laughed at these last words. "Really," said he, "I would not have advised you to undertake 'Faust.' It is mad stuff, and goes quite beyond all ordinary feeling. But since you have done it of your own accord, without asking my advice, you will see how you will get through. Faust is so strange an individual, that only few can sympathize with his internal condition. Then the character of Mephistophiles is, on account of his irony, and also because he is a living result of an extensive acquaintance with the world, also very difficult. But you will see what lights open upon you. 'Tasso,' on the other hand, lies far nearer the common feelings of mankind, and the elaboration of its form is

favourable to an easy comprehension of it."

"Yet," said Mr. H., "'Tasso' is thought difficult in Germany, and people have wondered to hear me say that I was reading it."

"What is chiefly needed for 'Tasso,'" replied Goethe, "is that one should be no longer a child, and should have been in good society. A young man of good family, with sufficient mind and delicacy, and also with enough outward culture, such as will be produced by intercourse with accomplished men of the higher class, will not find 'Tasso' difficult."

The conversation turning upon "Egmont," he said, "I wrote 'Egmont' in 1775,—fifty years ago. I adhered closely to history, and strove to be as accurate as possible. Ten years afterwards, when I was in Rome, I read in the newspapers that the revolutionary scenes in the Netherlands there described were exactly repeated. I saw from this that the world remains ever the same, and that my picture must have some life in it."

Amid this and similar conversation, the hour for the theatre had come. We rose, and Goethe dismissed us in a friendly manner.

As we went homeward, I asked Mr. H. how he was pleased with Goethe. "I have never," said he, "seen a man who, with all his attractive gentleness, had so much native dignity. However he may condescend, he is always the great man."

Tues., Jan. 18.

I went to Goethe about five o'clock. I had not seen him for some days, and passed a delightful evening. I found him sitting in his working-room, and talking, during the twilight, with his son and Hofrath Rehbein, his physician. I seated myself at the table with them. We talked a while in the dusk; then lights were brought in, and I had the happiness to see Goethe looking perfectly fresh and cheerful.

As usual, he inquired with interest what had happened to me of late, and I replied that I had made the acquaintance of a poetess. I was able at the same time, to praise her uncommon talent, and Goethe, who was likewise acquainted with some of her productions, agreed with my commendation.

"One of her poems," said he, "in which she describes the country near her home, is of a highly peculiar character. She has a good tendency towards outward objects, and is besides not destitute of valuable internal qualities. We might indeed find much fault with her; but we will let her alone, and not disturb her in the path which her talent will show her."

The conversation now turned on poetesses in general; Hofrath Rehbein remarked that the poetical talent of ladies often seemed to him as a sexual instinct of the intellect. "Hear him," said Goethe, laughing, and looking at me; "sexual instinct, indeed! how the physician explains it!"

"I know not," said Rehbein, "whether I express myself right; but it is something of the sort. Usually, these beings have not been fortunate

in love, and they now seek compensation in intellectual pursuits. Had they been married in time, and borne children, they would never have thought of poetical productions."

"I will not inquire," said Goethe, "how far you are right in this case; but, as to the talents of ladies in other departments, I have always found that they ceased on marriage. I have known girls who drew finely; but so soon as they became wives and mothers it was all over: they were busy with their children, and never touched a pencil.

"But our poetesses," continued he, with much animation, "might write and poetize as they pleased if only our men would not write like women. This it is that does not please me. Look at our periodicals and annuals; see how all becomes weaker and weaker. Were a chapter of Cellini now printed in the 'Morgenblatt,' what a figure it would make!

"However," he continued, in a lively manner, "let us forget all that, and rejoice in our brave girl at Halle, who with masculine spirit introduces us into the Servian world. These poems are excellent. There are some among them worthy of a comparison with 'Solomon's Song,' and that is saying something. I have finished my essay on these poems, and it is already in type." With these words he showed me the first four proof-sheets of a new number of "Kunst und Alterthum," where I found the essay in question. "I have in a few words," said he, "characterized these poems according to their chief subjects, and I think you will be pleased with the valuable motives. Rehbein, too, is not ignorant of poetry—at least as to its import and material—and he may perhaps like to hear you read this aloud."

I read slowly the subjects of the single poems. The situations indicated were so marked and expressive, that at each word a whole poem was revealed to my eye. The following appeared to me especially charming:—

1. Modesty of a Servian girl, who never raises her beautiful eyelashes.

2. Conflict in the mind of a lover, who, as groomsman, is obliged to conduct his beloved to another.

3. Being distressed about her lover, the girl will not sing, lest she should seem gay.

4. Complaint of the corruption of manners; how youths marry widows, and old men virgins.

5. Complaint of a youth that a mother gives her daughter too much liberty.

6. Confidingly joyous talk of a girl with the steed, who betrays to her his master's inclinations and designs.

7. The maiden will not have him she cannot love.

8. The fair bar-maid: her lover is not among the guests.

9. Finding and tender awakening of the beloved.

10. What trade shall my husband be?

11. Joys of love lost by babbling.

12. The lover comes from abroad, watches her by day, surprises her at night.

I remarked that these mere motives excited in me such lively emotions,

that I felt as if I were reading the poems themselves, and had no desire for the details.

"You are quite right," said Goethe, "so it is; and here you see the great importance of motives, which no one will understand. Our women have no notion of it. 'That poem is beautiful,' they say, and by this they mean nothing but the feelings, the words, the verses. No one dreams that the true power of a poem consists in the situation,—in the motives.[1] And for this very reason, thousands of poems are written, where the motive is nothing at all, and which merely through feeling and sounding verse reflect a sort of existence. Dilettanti, and especially women, have very weak ideas of poetry. They usually think, if they could but get quit of the technical part, they would have the essential, and would be quite accomplished; but they are much mistaken."

Professor Riemer was announced, Rehbein took leave, and Riemer sat down with us. The conversation still turned on the motives of the Servian love-poems. Riemer was acquainted with the topic, and made the remark, that according to the table of contents given above, not only could poems be made, but that the same motives had been already used by the Germans, without any knowledge that they had been treated in Servia. He mentioned some poems of his own, and I mentioned some poems by Goethe, which had occurred to me during the reading.

"The world," said Goethe, "remains always the same; situations are repeated; one people lives, loves, and feels like another; why should not one poet write like another? The situations of life are alike; why, then, should those of poems be unlike?"

"This very similarity in life and sensation," said Riemer, "makes us all able to appreciate the poetry of other nations. If this were not the case, we should never know what foreign poems were about."

"I am, therefore," said I, "always surprised at the learned, who seem to suppose that poetizing proceeds not from life to the poem, but from the book to the poem. They are always saying, 'He got this here; he got that there.' If, for instance, they find passages in Shakspeare which are also to be found in the ancients, they say he must have taken them from the ancients. Thus there is a situation in Shakspeare, where, on the sight of a beautiful girl, the parents are congratulated who call her daughter, and the youth who will lead her home as his bride. And because the same thing occurs in Homer, Shakspeare, forsooth, has taken it from Homer.

1 This "motive" (German, motiv) is a very difficult and unmanageable word, and like many words of the sort does not seem always to preserve the same meaning. According to the definition of lexicographers, the German expression is almost the same as the English one, and a poem is said to be well "motived" (motivirt) when it is well organized as a whole,—that is to say, when there is a sufficient motive for the different effects produced. But in the passage above, "motive" seems rather to mean "theme" for a poem, and it will be remembered that "motive" has that sense in music. Wherever motiv occurs it will be represented by motive in italics, and the reader will do his best to understand it from the context.—Trans.

How odd! As if one had to go so far for such things, and did not have them before one's eyes, feel them and utter them every day."

"Ah, yes," said Goethe, "it is very ridiculous."

"Lord Byron, too," said I, "is no wiser, when he takes 'Faust' to pieces, and thinks you found one thing here, the other there."

"The greater part of those fine things cited by Lord Byron," said Goethe, "I have never even read, much less did I think of them, when I was writing 'Faust.' But Lord Byron is only great as a poet; as soon as he reflects, he is a child. He knows not how to help himself against the stupid attacks of the same kind made upon him by his own countrymen. He ought to have expressed himself more strongly against them. 'What is there is mine,' he should have said, 'and whether I got it from a book or from life, is of no consequence; the only point is, whether I have made a right use of it.' Walter Scott used a scene from my 'Egmont,' and he had a right to do so; and because he did it well, he deserves praise. He has also copied the character of Mignon in one of his romances; but whether with equal judgment, is another question. Lord Byron's transformed Devil[1] is a continuation of Mephistophiles, and quite right too. If, from the whim of originality, he had departed from the model, he would certainly have fared worse. Thus, my Mephistophiles sings a song from Shakspeare, and why should he not? Why should I give myself the trouble of inventing one of my own, when this said just what was wanted. If, too, the prologue to my 'Faust' is something like the beginning of Job, that is again quite right, and I am rather to be praised than censured."

Goethe was in the best humour. He sent for a bottle of wine, and filled for Riemer and me; he himself drank Marienbad water. He seemed to have appointed this evening for looking over, with Riemer, the manuscript of the continuation of his autobiography, perhaps in order to improve it here and there, in point of expression. "Let Eckermann stay and hear it too," said Goethe; which words I was very glad to hear, and he then laid the manuscript before Riemer, who began to read, commencing with the year 1795.

I had already, in the course of the summer, had the pleasure of repeatedly reading and reflecting on the still unpublished record of those years, down to the latest time. But now to hear them read aloud in Goethe's presence, afforded quite a new enjoyment. Riemer paid especial attention to the mode of expression; and I had occasion to admire his great dexterity, and his affluence of words and phrases. But in Goethe's mind the epoch of life described was revived; he revelled in recollections, and on the mention of single persons and events, filled out the written narrative by the details he orally gave us. That was a precious evening! The most distinguished of his contemporaries were talked over; but

1 This, doubtless, means the "Deformed Transformed," and the fact that this poem was not published till January, 1824, rendering it probable that Goethe had not actually seen it, accounts for the inaccuracy of the expression.—Trans.

the conversation always came back to Schiller, who was so interwoven with this period, from 1795 to 1800. The theatre had been the object of their united efforts, and Goethe's best works belong to this time. "Wilhelm Meister" was completed; "Hermann und Dorothea" planned and written; "Cellini" translated for the "Horen;" the "Xenien" written by both for Schiller's "Musenalmanach;"—every day brought with it points of contact. Of all this we talked this evening, and Goethe had full opportunity for the most interesting communications.

"'Hermann und Dorothea,'" said he, "is almost the only one of my larger poems which still satisfies me; I can never read it without strong interest. I love it best in the Latin translation; there it seems to me nobler, and as if it had returned to its original form."

"Wilhelm Meister" was often a subject of discourse. "Schiller blamed me for interweaving tragic elements which do not belong to the novel. Yet he was wrong, as we all know. In his letters to me, there are most important views and opinions with respect to 'Wilhelm Meister.' But this work is one of the most incalculable productions; I myself can scarcely be said to have the key to it. People seek a central point, and that is hard, and not even right. I should think a rich manifold life, brought close to our eyes, would be enough in itself, without any express tendency, which, after all, is only for the intellect. But if anything of the sort is insisted upon, it will perhaps be found in the words which Frederic, at the end, addresses to the hero, when he says,—'Thou seem'st to me like Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to seek his father's asses, and found a kingdom.' Keep only to this; for, in fact, the whole work seems to say nothing more than that man, despite all his follies and errors, being led by a higher hand, reaches some happy goal at last."

We then talked of the high degree of culture which, during the last fifty years, had become general among the middle classes of Germany, and Goethe ascribed the merit of this not so much to Lessing as to Herder and Wieland. "Lessing," said he, "was of the very highest understanding, and only one equally great could truly learn of him. To a half faculty he was dangerous." He mentioned a journalist who had formed himself on Lessing, and at the end of the last century had played a part indeed, but far from a noble one, because he was so inferior to his great predecessor.

"All Upper Germany," said he, "is indebted to Wieland for its style. It has learned much from him; and the capability of expressing itself correctly is not the least."

On mentioning the "Xenien,"[1] he especially praised those of Schiller, which he called sharp and biting, while he called his own innocent and trivial.

"The 'Thierkreis' (Zodiac), which is by Schiller," said he, "I always read with admiration. The good effects which the 'Xenien' had upon the

1 It need scarcely be mentioned that this is the name given to a collection of sarcastic epigrams by Goethe and Schiller.—Trans.

German literature of their time are beyond calculation." Many persons against whom the "Xenien" were directed, were mentioned on this occasion, but their names have escaped my memory.

After we had read and talked over the manuscript to the end of the year 1800, interrupted by these and innumerable other observations from Goethe, he put aside the papers, and had a little supper placed at one end of the table at which we were sitting. We partook of it, but Goethe did not touch a morsel; indeed, I have never seen him eat in the evening. He sat down with us, filled our glasses, snuffed the candles, and intellectually regaled us with the most agreeable conversation. His remembrance of Schiller was so lively, that the conversation during the latter part of the evening was devoted to him alone.

Riemer spoke of Schiller's personal appearance. "The build of his limbs, his gait in the street, all his motions." said he, "were proud; his eyes only were soft."

"Yes," said Goethe, "everything else about him was proud and majestic, only the eyes were soft. And his talent was like his outward form. He seized boldly on a great subject, and turned it this way and that, and handled it this way and that. But he saw his object, as it were, only in the outside; a quiet development from its interior was not within his province. His talent was desultory. Thus he was never decided—could never have done. He often changed a part just before a rehearsal.

"And, as he went so boldly to work, he did not take sufficient pains about motives. I recollect what trouble I had with him, when he wanted to make Gessler, in 'Tell,' abruptly break an apple from the tree, and have it shot from the boy's head. This was quite against my nature, and I urged him to give at least some motive to this barbarity, by making the boy boast to Gessler of his father's dexterity, and say that he could shoot an apple from a tree at a hundred paces. Schiller, at first, would have nothing of the sort: but at last he yielded to my arguments and intentions, and did as I advised him. I, on the other hand, by too great attention to motives, kept my pieces from the theatre. My 'Eugenie'[1] is nothing but a chain of motives, and this cannot succeed on the stage.

"Schiller's genius was really made for the theatre. With every piece he progressed, and became more finished; but, strange to say, a certain love for the horrible adhered to him from the time of the 'Robbers,' which never quite left him even in his prime. I still recollect perfectly well, that in the prison scene in my 'Egmont,' where the sentence is read to him, Schiller would have made Alva appear in the background, masked and muffled in a cloak, enjoying the effect which the sentence would produce on Egmont. Thus Alva was to show himself insatiable in revenge and malice. I, however, protested, and prevented the apparition. He was a great, odd man.

"Every week he became different and more finished; each time that I

1 "Die Natürliche Tochter" (*The Natural Daughter*). —Trans.

saw him, he seemed to me to have advanced in learning and judgment. His letters are the fairest memorials of him which I possess, and they are also among the most excellent of his writings. His last letter I preserve as a sacred relic, among my treasures." He rose and fetched it. "See and read it," said he, giving it to me.

It was a very fine letter, written in a bold hand. It contained an opinion of Goethe's notes to "Rameau's Nephew," which exhibit French literature at that time, and which he had given Schiller to look over. I read the letter aloud to Riemer. "You see," said Goethe, "how apt and consistent is his judgment, and that the handwriting nowhere betrays any trace of weakness. He was a splendid man, and went from us in all the fulness of his strength. This letter is dated the 24th of April, 1805. Schiller died on the 9th of May."

We looked at the letter by turns, and were pleased both with the clear style and the fine handwriting. Goethe bestowed several other words of affectionate reminiscence upon his friend, until it was nearly eleven o'clock, and we departed.

Thurs., Feb. 24.

"If I were still superintendent of the theatre," said Goethe, this evening, "I would bring out Byron's 'Doge of Venice.' The piece is indeed long, and would require shortening. Nothing, however, should be cut out, but the import of each scene should be taken, and expressed more concisely. The piece would thus be brought closer together, without being damaged by alterations, and it would gain a powerful effect, without any essential loss of beauty."

This opinion of Goethe's gave me a new view as to how we might proceed on the stage, in a hundred similar cases, and I was highly pleased with such a maxim, which, however, presupposes a fine intellect—nay, a poet, who understands his vocation.

We talked more about Lord Byron, and I mentioned how, in his conversations with Medwin, he had said there was something extremely difficult and unthankful in writing for the theatre. "The great point is," said Goethe, "for the poet to strike into the path which the taste and interest of the public have taken. If the direction of his talent accords with that of the public, everything is gained. Houwald hit this path with his Bild (picture), and hence the universal applause he received. Lord Byron, perhaps, would not have been so fortunate, inasmuch as his tendency varied from that of the public. The greatness of the poet is by no means the important matter. On the contrary, one who is little elevated above the general public may often gain the most general favour precisely on that account."

We continued to converse about Byron, and Goethe admired his extraordinary talent. "That which I call invention," said he, "I never saw in any one in the world to a greater degree than in him. His manner of loosing a dramatic knot is always better than one would anticipate."

"That," said I, "is what I feel about Shakspeare, especially when Falstaff has entangled himself in such a net of falsehoods, and I ask myself what I should do to help him out; for I find that Shakspeare surpasses all my notions. That you say the same of Lord Byron, is the highest praise that can be bestowed on him. Nevertheless," I added, "the poet who takes a clear survey of beginning and end, has, by far, the advantage with the biassed reader."

Goethe agreed with me, and laughed to think that Lord Byron, who, in practical life, could never adapt himself, and never even asked about a law, finally subjected himself to the stupidest of laws—that of the three unities.

"He understood the purpose of this law," said he, "no better than the rest of the world. Comprehensibility[1] is the purpose, and the three unities are only so far good as they conduce to this end. If the observance of them hinders the comprehension of a work, it is foolish to treat them as laws, and to try to observe them. Even the Greeks, from whom the rule was taken, did not always follow it. In the 'Phaeton' of Euripides, and in other pieces, there is a change of place, and it is obvious that good representation of their subject was with them more important than blind obedience to law, which, in itself, is of no great consequence. The pieces of Shakspeare deviate, as far as possible, from the unities of time and place; but they are comprehensible—nothing more so—and on this account, the Greeks would have found no fault in them. The French poets have endeavoured to follow most rigidly the laws of the three unities, but they sin against comprehensibility, inasmuch as they solve a dramatic law, not dramatically, but by narration."

"I call to mind the 'Feinde' (enemies) of Houwald. The author of this drama stood much in his own light, when, to preserve the unity of place, he sinned against comprehensibility in the first act, and altogether sacrificed what might have given greater effect to his piece to a whim, for which no one thanks him. I thought, too, on the other hand, of 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' which deviates as far as possible from the unity of time and place; but which, as everything is visibly developed to us, and brought before our eyes, is as truly dramatic and comprehensible as any piece in the world. I thought, too, that the unities of time and place were natural, and in accordance with the intention of the Greeks, only when a subject is so limited in its range that it can develop itself before our eyes with all its details in the given time; but that with a large action, which occurs in several places, there is no reason to be confined to one place, especially as our present stage arrangements offer no obstacle to a change of scene."

Goethe continued to talk of Lord Byron. "With that disposition," said he, "which always leads him into the illimitable, the restraint which he

1 We unwillingly adopt this uncouth word as the equivalent for "das Fassliche." The American translator uses the word "illusion," but this would be rather a result of "das Fassliche" than the thing itself.—Trans.

imposed upon himself by the observance of the three unities becomes him very well. If he had but known how to endure moral restraint also! That he could not was his ruin; and it may be aptly said, that he was destroyed by his own unbridled temperament.

"But he was too much in the dark about himself. He lived impetuously for the day, and neither knew nor thought what he was doing. Permitting everything to himself, and excusing nothing in others, he necessarily put himself in a bad position, and made the world his foe. At the very beginning, he offended the most distinguished literary men by his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' To be permitted only to live after this, he was obliged to go back a step. In his succeeding works, he continued in the path of opposition and fault-finding. Church and State were not left unassailed. This reckless conduct drove him from England, and would in time have driven him from Europe also. Everywhere it was too narrow for him, and with the most perfect personal freedom he felt himself confined; the world seemed to him a prison. His Grecian expedition was the result of no voluntary resolution; his misunderstanding with the world drove him to it.

"The renunciation of what was hereditary and patriotic not only caused the personal destruction of so distinguished a man, but his revolutionary turn, and the constant mental agitation with which it was combined, did not allow his talent a fair development. Moreover, his perpetual negation and fault-finding is injurious even to his excellent works. For not only does the discontent of the poet infect the reader, but the end of all opposition is negation; and negation is nothing. If I call bad bad, what do I gain? But if I call good bad, I do a great deal of mischief. He who will work aright must never rail, must not trouble himself at all about what is ill done, but only to do well himself. For the great point is, not to pull down, but to build up, and in this humanity finds pure joy."

I was delighted with these noble words, and this valuable maxim.

"Lord Byron," continued Goethe, "is to be regarded as a man, as an Englishman, and as a great genius. His good qualities belong chiefly to the man, his bad to the Englishman and the peer, his talent is incommensurable.

"All Englishmen are, as such, without reflection, properly so called; distractions and party spirit will not permit them to perfect themselves in quiet. But they are great as practical men.

"Thus, Lord Byron could never attain reflection on himself, and on this account his maxims in general are not successful, as is shown by his creed, 'much money, no authority,' for much money always paralyzes authority.

"But where he will create he always succeeds; and we may truly say that with him inspiration supplies the place of reflection. He was always obliged to go on poetizing, and then everything that came from the man, especially from his heart, was excellent. He produced his best things, as women do pretty children, without thinking about it or knowing how it was done.

"He is a great talent, a born talent, and I never saw the true poetical power greater in any man than in him. In the apprehension of external objects, and a clear penetration into past situations, he is quite as great as Shakspeare. But as a pure individuality, Shakspeare is his superior. This was felt by Byron, and on this account he does not say much of Shakspeare, although he knows whole passages by heart. He would willingly have denied him altogether; for Shakspeare's cheerfulness is in his way, and he feels that he is no match for it. Pope he does not deny, for he had no cause to fear him. On the contrary, he mentions him, and shows him respect when he can, for he knows well enough that Pope is a mere foil to himself."

Goethe seems inexhaustible on the subject of Byron, and I felt that I could not listen enough. After a few digressions, he proceeded thus:—

"His high rank as an English peer was very injurious to Byron; for every talent is oppressed by the outer world,—how much more, then, when there is such high birth and so great a fortune. A certain middle rank is much more favourable to talent, on which account we find all great artists and poets in the middle classes. Byron's predilection for the unbounded could not have been nearly so dangerous with more humble birth and smaller means. But as it was, he was able to put every fancy into practice, and this involved him in innumerable scrapes. Besides, how could one of such high rank be inspired with awe and respect by any rank whatever? He spoke out whatever he felt, and this brought him into ceaseless conflict with the world.

"It is surprising to remark," continued Goethe, "how large a portion of the life of a rich Englishman of rank is passed in duels and elopements. Lord Byron himself says that his father carried off three ladies. And let any man be a steady son after that.

"Properly speaking, he lived perpetually in a state of nature, and with his mode of existence the necessity for self-defence floated daily before his eyes. Hence his constant pistol shooting. Every moment he expected to be called out.

"He could not live alone. Hence, with all his oddities, he was very indulgent to his associates. He one evening read his fine poem on the death of Sir John Moore, and his noble friends did not know what to make of it. This did not move him, but he put it away again. As a poet, he really showed himself a lamb. Another would have commended them to the devil."

(Sup.) Tues., Mar. 22.

Last night, soon after twelve o'clock, we were awoke by an alarm of fire; we heard cries, "The theatre is on fire!" I at once threw on my clothes, and hastened to the spot. The universal consternation was very great. Only a few hours before we had been delighted with the excellent acting of La Roche in Cumberland's "Jew," and Seidel had excited universal laughter by his good humour and jokes. And now, in the

place so lately the scene of intellectual pleasures, raged the most terrible element of destruction.

The fire, which was occasioned by the heating apparatus, appears to have broken out in the pit; it soon spread to the stage and the dry lath-work of the wings, and, as it fearfully increased by the great quantity of combustible material, it was not long before the flames burst through the roof, and the rafters gave way.

There was no deficiency of preparations for extinguishing the fire. The building was, by degrees, surrounded by engines, which poured an immense quantity of water upon the flames. All, however, was without avail. The flames raged upwards as before, and threw up to the dark sky an inexhaustible mass of glowing sparks and burning particles of light materials, which then, with a light breeze, passed sideways over the town. The noise of the cries and calls of the men working the fire-ladders and engines was very great. All seemed determined to subdue the flames. On one side, as near to the spot as the fire allowed, stood a man in a cloak and military cap, smoking a cigar with the greatest composure. At the first glance, he appeared to be an idle spectator, but such was not the case. There were several persons to whom, in a few words, he gave commands, which were immediately executed. It was the Grand Duke Charles Augustus. He had soon seen that the building itself could not be saved; he, therefore, ordered that it should be left to fall, and that all the superfluous engines should be turned upon the neighbouring houses, which were much exposed to the fire. He appeared to think with princely resignation—

Let that burn down,
With greater beauty will it rise again.

He was not wrong. The theatre was old, by no means beautiful; and for a long time, it had ceased to be roomy enough to accommodate the annually increasing public. Nevertheless, it was lamentable to see this building thus irreparably destroyed, with which so many reminiscences of a past time, illustrious and endeared to Weimar, were connected.

I saw in beautiful eyes many tears, which flowed for its downfall. I was no less touched by the grief of a member of the orchestra. He wept for his burnt violin. As the day dawned, I saw many pale countenances. I remarked several young girls and women of high rank, who had awaited the event of the fire during the whole night, and who now shivered in the cold morning air. I returned home to take a little rest, and in the course of the forenoon I called upon Goethe.

The servant told me that he was unwell and in bed. Still Goethe had me called to his side. He stretched out his hand to me. "We have all sustained a loss," said he; "what is to be done? My little Wolf came early this morning to my bed-side. He seized my hand, and looking full at me, said 'so it is with human things.' What more can be said, than these words of my beloved Wolf's, with which he sought to comfort me? The

theatre, the scene of my love-labours for nearly thirty years, lies in ashes. But, as Wolf says, 'so it is with human things.' I have slept but little during the night; from my front windows, I saw the flames incessantly rising towards the sky.

"You can imagine that many thoughts of old times, of my many years' exertions with Schiller, and of the progress of many a favourite pupil, passed through my mind, and not without causing some emotion. Hence, I intend wisely to remain in bed today."

I praised him for his forethought. Still he did not appear to me in the least weak or exhausted, but in a very pleasant and serene mood. This lying in bed seemed to me to be an old stratagem of war, which he is accustomed to adopt on any extraordinary event, when he fears a crowd of visitors.

Goethe begged me to be seated on a chair before his bed, and to stay there a little time. "I have thought much of you, and pitied you," said he. "What will you do with your evenings now?"

"You know," returned I, "How passionately I love the theatre. When I came here, two years ago, I knew nothing at all, except three or four pieces which I had seen in Hanover.

"All was new to me, actors as well as pieces; and since, according to your advice, I have given myself up entirely to the impression of the subject, without much thinking or reflecting, I can say with truth, that I have, during these two winters, passed at the theatre the most harmless and most agreeable hours that I have ever known. I was, moreover, so infatuated with the theatre, that I not only missed no performance, but also obtained admission to the rehearsals; nay, not contented with this, if, as I passed in the day-time, I chanced to find the doors open, I would enter, and sit for half an hour upon the empty benches in the pit, and imagine scenes which might at some time be played there."

"You are a madman," returned Goethe, laughing; "but that is what I like. Would to God that the whole public consisted of such children! And in fact you are right. Any one who is sufficiently young, and who is not quite spoiled, could not easily find any place that would suit him so well as a theatre. No one asks you any questions: you need not open your mouth unless you choose; on the contrary, you sit quite at your ease like a king, and let everything pass before you, and recreate your mind and senses to your heart's content. There is poetry, there is painting, there are singing and music, there is acting, and what not besides. When all these arts, and the charm of youth and beauty heightened to an important degree, work in concert on the same evening, it is a bouquet to which no other can compare. But, even when part is bad and part is good, it is still better than looking out of the window, or playing a game at whist in a close party amid the smoke of cigars. The theatre at Weimar is, as you feel, by no means to be despised; it is still an old trunk from our best time, to which new talents have attached themselves; and we can still produce something which charms and pleases, and at least gives the appearance of an organized whole."

"Would I had seen it twenty or thirty years ago," answered I. "That was certainly a time," replied Goethe, "when we were assisted by great advantages. Consider that the tedious period of the French taste had not long gone by; that the public was not yet spoiled by over-excitement; that the influence of Shakspeare was in all its first freshness; that the operas of Mozart were new; and lastly, that the pieces of Schiller were first produced here year after year, and were given at the theatre of Weimar in all their first glory, under his own superintendence. Consider all this, I say, and you will imagine that, with such dishes, a fine banquet was given to old and young, and that we always had a grateful public."

I remarked, "Older persons, who lived in those times, cannot praise highly enough the elevated position which the Weimar theatre then held."

"I will not deny that it was something," returned Goethe. "The main point, however, was this, that the Grand Duke left my hands quite free, and I could do just as I liked. I did not look to magnificent scenery, and a brilliant wardrobe, but I looked to good pieces. From tragedy to farce, every species was welcome; but a piece was obliged to have something in it to find favour. It was necessary that it should be great and clever, cheerful and graceful, and, at all events, healthy and containing some pith. All that was morbid, weak, lachrymose, and sentimental, as well as all that was frightful, horrible, and offensive to decorum, was utterly excluded; I should have feared, by such expedients, to spoil both actors and audience.

"By means of good pieces, I raised the actors; for the study of excellence, and the perpetual practice of excellence, must necessarily make something of a man whom nature has not left ungifted. I was, also, constantly in personal contact with the actors. I attended the first rehearsals,[1] and explained to every one his part; I was present at the chief rehearsals, and talked with the actors as to any improvements that might be made; I was never absent from a performance, and pointed out the next day anything which did not appear to me to be right.

"By these means I advanced them in their art.

"But I also sought to raise the whole class in the esteem of society, by introducing the best and most promising into my own circle, and thus showing to the world that I considered them worthy of social intercourse with myself. The result of this was, that the rest of the higher society in Weimar did not remain behind me, and that actors and actresses gained soon an honourable admission into the best circles. By all this, they acquired a great internal as well as external culture. My scholar Wolff, in Berlin, and our Dürand, are people of the finest tact in society. Oels and Graff have enough of the higher order of culture to do honour to the best circles.

1 The word "Leseprobe," which is here used, answers exactly to the English stage technicality—the "reading." The chief rehearsals, "Haupt prober," are by us simply called "rehearsals."—Trans.

"Schiller proceeded in the same spirit as myself. He had a great deal of intercourse with actors and actresses. He, like me, was present at every rehearsal; and after every successful performance of one of his pieces, it was his custom to invite the actors, and to spend a merry day with them. All rejoiced together at that which had succeeded, and discussed how anything might be done better next time. But even when Schiller joined us, he found both actors and the public already cultivated to a high degree; and it is not to be denied that this conduced to the rapid success of his pieces."

It gave me great pleasure to hear Goethe speak so circumstantially upon a subject which always possessed great interest for me, and which, in consequence of the misfortune of the previous night, was uppermost in my mind.

"This burning of the house," said I, "in which you and Schiller, during a long course of years, effected so much good, in some degree closes a great epoch, which will not soon return for Weimar. You must at that time have experienced great pleasure in your direction of the theatre, and its extraordinary success."

"And not a little trouble and difficulty," returned Goethe, with a sigh.

"It must be difficult," said I, "to keep such a many-headed being in proper order."

"A great deal," said Goethe, "may be done by severity, more by love, but most by clear discernment and impartial justice, which pays no respect to persons.

"I had to beware of two enemies, which might have been dangerous to me. The one was my passionate love of talent, which might easily have made me partial. The other I will not mention, but you can guess it. At our theatre there was no want of ladies, who were beautiful and young, and who were possessed of great mental charms. I felt a passionate inclination towards many of them, and sometimes it happened that I was met half way. But I restrained myself, and said, No further! I knew my position, and also what I owed to it. I stood here, not as a private man, but as chief of an establishment, the prosperity of which was of more consequence to me than a momentary gratification. If I had involved myself in any love affair, I should have been like a compass, which cannot point right when under the influence of a magnet at its side.

"By thus keeping myself quite clear, and always remaining master of myself, I also remained master of the theatre, and I always received that proper respect, without which all authority is very soon at an end."

This confession of Goethe's deeply impressed me. I had already heard something of this kind about him from others, and I rejoiced now to hear its confirmation from his own mouth. I loved him more than ever, and took leave of him with a hearty pressure of the hand.

I returned to the scene of the fire, where flames and columns of smoke were rising from the great heap of ruins. People were still occupied in extinguishing and pulling to pieces. I found near the spot a burnt fragment of a written part. It contained passages from Goethe's "Tasso."

I dined with Goethe. The loss of the theatre was almost the exclusive subject of conversation. Frau von Goethe and Fräulein Ulrica recalled to mind the happy hours they had enjoyed in the old house. They had been seeking some relics from amongst the rubbish, which they considered invaluable; but which were, after all, nothing but stones and burnt pieces of carpet. Still, these pieces were from the precise spot in the balcony where they had been used to sit.

"The principal thing is," said Goethe, "to recover oneself, and get in order as soon as possible. I should like the performances to recommence next week, in the palace or in the great town-hall, no matter which. Too long a pause must not be allowed, lest the public should seek some other resource for its tedious evenings."

"But," it was observed, "there are scarcely any of the decorations saved."

"There is no need of much decoration," returned Goethe. "Neither is there a necessity for great pieces. It is not even necessary to perform whole pieces at all, much less a great whole.

"The main point is, to choose something in which no great change of scene takes place. Perhaps a one act comedy, or a one act farce, or operetta. Then, perhaps, some air, duet, or finale, from a favourite opera, and you will be very passably entertained. We have only to get tolerably through April, for in May you have the songsters of the woods.

"In the mean time," continued Goethe, "you will, during the summer months, witness the spectacle of the rearing of a new house. This fire appears to me very remarkable. I will now confess to you, that, during the long winter evenings, I have occupied myself with Coudray, in drawing the plan of a new handsome theatre suitable to Weimar.

"We had sent for the ground-plans and sections of some of the principal German theatres, and by taking what was best, and avoiding what appeared defective, we accomplished a sketch which will be worth looking at. As soon as the Grand Duke gives permission, the building may be commenced, and it is no trifle that this accident found us so wonderfully prepared."

We received this intelligence of Goethe's with great joy.

"In the old house," continued Goethe, "the nobility were accommodated in the balcony, and the servants and young artisans in the gallery. The greater number of the wealthy and genteel middle class were not well provided for; for when, at the performance of certain pieces, the students occupied the pit, these respectable persons did not know where to go. The few small boxes behind the pit, and the few stalls, were not sufficient. Now we have managed much better. We have a whole tier of boxes running round the pit, and another tier, of the second rank, between the balcony and the gallery.

"By these means we gain a great many places, without enlarging the house too much."

We rejoiced at this communication, and praised Goethe for his kind consideration of the theatre and the public.

In order to lend my share of assistance to the future theatre, I went, after dinner, with my friend Robert Doolan, to Upper Weimar, and over a cup of coffee at the inn, began to make the libretto of an opera, after the "Issipile" of Metastasio. The first thing was to write a programme, so as to cast the piece with all the favourite singers, male and female, belonging to the Weimar theatre. This gave us great pleasure. It was almost as if we were again seated before the orchestra.

We then set to work in good earnest, and finished a great part of the first act.

(Sup.) Sun., Mar. 27.

I dined at Goethe's with a large party. He showed us the design for the new theatre. It was as he had told us a few days ago; the plan promised a very beautiful building, both externally and internally.

It was remarked that so pretty a theatre required beautiful decorations, and better costumes than the former one. We were also of opinion that the company had gradually become incomplete, and that some distinguished young members should be engaged, both for the drama and the opera. At the same time, we did not shut our eyes to the fact that all this would be attended with great expense, which the present state of the treasury would not allow.

"I know very well," said Goethe, "that under pretext of sparing the treasury, some insignificant persons will be engaged who will not cost much. But we cannot expect to benefit the treasury by such means.

"Nothing injures the treasury more than the endeavour to save in such essential matters. Our aim must be, to have a full house every evening. And a young singer, male or female, a clever hero, and a clever young heroine of distinguished talents and some beauty, will do much towards this end. Ay, if I still stood at the head of the direction, I would now go a step farther for the benefit of the treasury, and you would perceive that I should not be without the money required."

Goethe was asked what he meant by this.

"I would employ very simple means," returned he. "I would have performances on Sundays. I should thus have the receipts of at least forty more evenings, and it would be hard if the treasury did not thus gain ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year."

This expedient was thought very practical. It was mentioned, that to the great working-class, who are usually occupied until late at night on week days, Sunday is the only day of recreation, when they would prefer the more noble pleasures of a play to a dance, with beer, at a village inn. It was also the general opinion, that all the farmers and land-owners, as well as the officials and wealthy inhabitants of the small towns in the neighbourhood, would consider the Sunday as a desirable day to go to the theatre at Weimar. Besides, at the present time, a Sunday evening at

Weimar was very dreary and tedious for every one who did not go to court, or was not a member of a happy family circle, or a select society; since isolated individuals did not know where to go. And still people said that there ought to be some place where they might, on a Sunday evening, be comfortable, and forget the annoyances of the week.

Goethe's idea of permitting Sunday performances, according to the custom in all other German towns, received perfect approbation, and was greeted as a very happy one. Only a slight doubt arose, as to whether the court would approve of it.

"The court of Weimar," returned Goethe, "is too good and too wise to oppose any regulation which would conduce to the benefit of the town and an important institution. The court will certainly make the small sacrifice of altering its Sunday soirées to another day. But if this were not agreeable, we could find for the Sundays enough pieces which the court does not like to see, but which would suit the common people, and would fill the treasury admirably."

The conversation then turned upon actors, and much was said about the use and abuse of their powers.

"I have, during my long practice," said Goethe, "found that the main point is never to allow any play, or scarcely an opera, to be studied, unless one can look forward with some certainty to a good success for years. No one sufficiently considers the expenditure of power, which is demanded for the study of a five act play, or even an opera of equal length. Yes, my good friends, much is required before a singer has thoroughly mastered a part through all the scenes and acts, much more before the choruses go as they ought.

"I am horrified, when I hear how lightly people often give orders for the study of an opera, of the success of which they truly know nothing, and of which they have only heard through some very uncertain newspaper notice. As we, in Germany, already possess very tolerable means of travelling, and are even beginning to have diligences, I would, on the intelligence of any new opera being produced and praised, send to the spot the Regisseur, or some other trustworthy member of the theatre, that by his presence, at an actual representation, he might be convinced how far the highly-praised new opera was good for anything, whether our forces were sufficient for it or not. The expense of such a journey would be inconsiderable in comparison with the enormous advantage to be derived from it, and the fatal mistakes which, by these means, would be avoided.

"And then, when a good play or a good opera has once been studied, it should be represented at short intervals,—be allowed to 'run' as long as it draws, and continues at all to fill the house. The same plan would be applicable to a good old play, or a good old opera, which has, perhaps, been long laid aside, and which now requires not a little fresh study to be reproduced with success. Such a representation should be repeated at short intervals, as frequently as the public shows any interest in it. The desire always to have something new, and to see a good play or opera,

which has been studied with excessive pains only once, or at the most twice, or even to allow the space of six or eight weeks to elapse between such repetitions, in which time a new study becomes necessary, is a real detriment to the theatre, and an unpardonable misuse of the talents of the performers engaged in it."

Goethe appeared to consider this matter very important, and it seemed to lie so near his heart that he became more warm than, with his calm disposition, is often the case.

"In Italy," continued Goethe, "they perform the same opera every evening for four or six weeks, and the great Italian children by no means desire any change. The polished Parisian sees the classical plays of his great poets so often that he knows them by heart, and has a practised ear for the accentuation of every syllable. Here, in Weimar, they have done me the honour to perform my 'Iphigenia' and my 'Tasso,' but how often? Scarcely once in three or four years. The public finds them tedious. Very probably. The actors are not in practice to play the pieces, and the public is not in practice to hear them. If, through more frequent repetitions, the actors entered so much into the spirit of their parts that their representation gained life, as if it were not the result of study, and everything flowed from their own hearts, the public would, assuredly, no longer remain uninterested and unmoved.

"I really had the notion once that it was possible to form a German drama. Nay, I even fancied that I myself could contribute to it, and lay some foundation-stones for such an edifice. I wrote my 'Iphigenia' and my 'Tasso,' and thought, with a childish hope, that thus it might be brought about. But there was no emotion or excitement—all remained as it was before. If I had produced an effect, and had met with applause, I would have written a round dozen of pieces such as 'Iphigenia' and 'Tasso.' There was no deficiency of material. But, as I said, actors were wanting to represent such pieces with life and spirit, and a public was wanting to hear and receive them with sympathy."

(Sup.) Wed., Mar. 30.

This evening to a great tea party at Goethe's, where I found a young American, besides the young Englishmen. I also had the pleasure of seeing the Countess Julia von Egloffstein, and of conversing with her pleasantly on various subjects.

(Sup.) Wed., April 6.

Goethe's advice has been followed, and a performance has taken place this evening, for the first time, in the great hall of the town-house, consisting of small things and fragments, which were in accordance with the confined space and the want of decorations. The little opera, "Das Hausgesinde" (the domestic servants), went quite as well as that at the theatre. Then a favourite quartet, from the opera "Graf von Gleichen" (Count von Gleichen), by Eberwein, was received with decided approbation.

Our first tenor, Herr Moltke, then sang a well-known song from "Die Zauberflöte," after which, with a pause between, the grand finale to the first act of "Don Juan" came in with powerful effect, and nobly concluded this first substitute for an evening at the theatre.

(Sup.) Sun., April 10.

Dined with Goethe. "I have the good news to tell you," said he, "that the Grand Duke has approved of our design for the new theatre, and that the foundation will be laid immediately."

I was very much pleased at this information.

"We had to contend with all sorts of obstacles," continued Goethe; "we are, at last, happily through them. We owe many thanks, on that account, to the Privy Councillor, Schweitzer, who, as we might have expected of him, stood true to our cause with hearty good will. The sketch is signed in the Grand Duke's own handwriting, and is to undergo no further alteration. Rejoice, then, for you will obtain a very good theatre."

(Sup.) Thur., April 14.

This evening at Goethe's. Since conversation upon the theatre and theatrical management were now the order of the day, I asked him upon what maxims he proceeded in the choice of a new member of the company.

"I can scarcely say," returned Goethe; "I had various modes of proceeding. If a striking reputation preceded the new actor, I let him act, and saw how he suited the others; whether his style and manner disturbed our ensemble, or whether he would supply a deficiency. If, however, he was a young man who had never trodden a stage before, I first considered his personal qualities; whether he had about him anything prepossessing or attractive, and, above all things, whether he had control over himself. For an actor who possesses no self-possession, and who cannot appear before a stranger in his most favourable light, has, generally speaking, little talent. His whole profession requires continual self-denial, and a continual existence in a foreign mask.

"If his appearance and his deportment pleased me, I made him read, in order to test the power and extent of his organ, as well as the capabilities of his mind. I gave him some sublime passage from a great poet, to see whether he was capable of feeling and expressing what was really great; then something passionate and wild, to prove his power. I then went to something marked by sense and smartness, something ironical and witty, to see how he treated such things, and whether he possessed sufficient freedom. Then I gave him something in which was represented the pain of a wounded heart, the suffering of a great soul, that I might learn whether he had it in his power to express pathos.

"If he satisfied me in all these numerous particulars, I had a well-grounded hope of making him a very important actor. If he appeared more capable in some particulars than in others, I remarked the line

to which he was most adapted. I also now knew his weak points, and, above all, endeavoured to work upon him so that he might strengthen and cultivate himself here. If I remarked faults of dialect, and what are called provincialisms, I urged him to lay them aside, and recommended to him social intercourse and friendly practice with some member of the stage who was entirely free from them. I then asked him whether he could dance and fence; and if this were not the case, I would hand him over for some time to the dancing and fencing masters.

"If he were now sufficiently advanced to make his appearance, I gave him at first such parts as suited his individuality, and I desired nothing but that he should represent himself. If he now appeared to me of too fiery a nature, I gave him phlegmatic characters; if too calm and tedious, I gave him fiery and hasty characters, that he might thus learn to lay aside himself, and assume foreign individuality."

The conversation turned upon the casting of plays, upon which Goethe made, among others, the following remarkable observations:—

"It is a great error to think," said he, "that an indifferent piece may be played by indifferent actors. A second or third rate play can be incredibly improved by the employment of first-rate powers, and be made something really good. But if a second or third rate play be performed by second or third rate actors, no one can wonder if it is utterly ineffective.

"Second-rate actors are excellent in great plays. They have the same effect that the figures in half shade have in a picture; they serve admirably to show off more powerfully those which have the full light."

(Sup.) Sat., April 16.

Dined at Goethe's with D'Alton, whose acquaintance I made last summer at Bonn, and whom it gave me much pleasure to meet again. D'Alton is a man quite after Goethe's own heart; there is also a very pleasant relation between them. In his own science he appears of great importance, so that Goethe esteems his observations, and honours every word he utters. Moreover, D'Alton is, as a man, amiable and witty, while in eloquence and abundance of flowing thoughts few can equal him, and one is never tired of hearing him.

Goethe, who in his endeavours to investigate nature would willingly encompass the Great Whole, stands in a disadvantageous position to every natural philosopher[1] of importance who has devoted a whole life to one special object. The latter has mastered a kingdom of endless details, whilst Goethe lives more in the contemplation of great universal laws. Thence it is that Goethe, who is always upon the track of some great synthesis, but who, from the want of knowledge of single facts, lacks a confirmation of his presentiments, seizes upon, and retains with such decided love, every connection with important natural philosophers.

1 Naturforscher, literally "Investigator into Nature;" for the Germans do not, like us, honour experimentalists with the name of philosophers.—Trans.

For in them he finds what he himself wants; in them he finds that which supplies his own deficiencies. He will in a few years be eighty years old; but he is not tired of inquiries and experiments. In none of his tendencies has he come to a fixed point: he will always go on further and further. Still learning and learning. Thus he shows himself a man endowed with perpetual, imperishable youth.

These reflections were awakened today, by his animated conversation with D'Alton. D'Alton talked about Rodentia,[1] and the formation and modifications of their skeletons, and Goethe was unwearied in hearing new facts.

Wed., April 20.

Goethe showed me this evening a letter from a young student, who begs of him the plan for the second part of "Faust," with the design of completing the work himself. In a straightforward, good-humoured, and candid tone, he freely sets forth his wishes and views, and at last, without reserve, utters his conviction that all other literary efforts of later years have been nought, but that in him a new literature is to bloom afresh.

If I met a young man who would set about continuing Napoleon's conquest of the world, or a young dilettante in architecture, who attempted to complete the Cathedral of Cologne, I should not be more surprised, nor find them more insane and ridiculous, than this young poetical amateur, who fancies he could write a second part of "Faust" merely because he has a fancy to do so.

Indeed, I think it more possible to complete the Cathedral of Cologne than to continue "Faust" on Goethe's plan. For the former object might, at any rate, be attained mathematically: it stands visibly before our eyes, and may be touched with our hands; but what line or measure could avail for a mental invisible work, which wholly depends on the subjective peculiarity of the artist, in which the first discovery (aperçu) is everything, and which, for its material, requires a great life actually experienced, and for its execution, a technical skill heightened to perfection by the practice of years.

He who esteems such a work easy, or even possible, has certainly a very moderate talent, since he has not even a suspicion of the high and the difficult; and it may be fairly maintained, that if Goethe had completed his "Faust" with only a deficiency of a few lines, such a youth would be unequal to supply the small gap.

I will not inquire whence the young men of our day acquire the notion that they are born with that which has hitherto been attained only by the study and experience of many years, but I think I may observe that this presumptuousness, now so common in Germany, which audaciously strides over all the steps of gradual culture, affords little hope of future

1 This word of Cuvier's exactly corresponds to the German Nagethier.—Trans.

masterpieces.

"The misfortune," said Goethe, "in the state is, that nobody can enjoy life in peace, but that everybody must govern; and in art, that nobody will enjoy what has been produced, but every one wants to reproduce on his own account. Again, no one thinks to be furthered in his own way by a work of poetry, but every one will do the same thing over again. There is, besides, no earnestness to approach the Whole, no willingness to do anything for the sake of the Whole; but each one tries to make his own Self observable, and to exhibit it as much as possible to the world. This false tendency is shown everywhere, and people imitate the modern musical virtuosi, who do not select those pieces which give the audience pure musical enjoyment, so much as those in which they can gain admiration by the dexterity they have acquired. Everywhere there is the individual who wants to show himself off to advantage, nowhere one honest effort to make oneself subservient to the Whole.

"Hence it is that men acquire a bungling mode of production, without knowing it. Children make verses, and go on till they fancy, as youths, they can do something, until at last manhood gives them insight into the excellence that exists, and then they look back in despair on the years they have wasted on a false and highly futile effort. Nay, many never attain a knowledge of what is perfect, and of their own insufficiency, and go on doing things by halves to the end of their days.

"It is certain that if every one could early enough be made to feel how full the world is already of excellence, and how much must be done to produce anything worthy of being placed beside what has already been produced, of a hundred youths who are now poetizing scarcely one would feel enough courage, perseverance, and talent to work quietly for the attainment of a similar mastery.

"Many young painters would never have taken their pencils in hand if they could have felt, known, and understood early enough what really produced a master like Raphael."

The conversation turned upon false tendencies in general, and Goethe continued—

"Thus my tendency to practise painting was really a false one, for I had not natural talent from which anything of the sort could be developed. A certain sensibility to the surrounding landscapes was one of my qualities, and, consequently, my first attempts were really promising. The journey to Italy destroyed this pleasure in practice. A broad survey took its place, but the talent of love was lost; and as an artistical talent could neither technically nor æsthetically be developed, my efforts melted away into nothing.

"It is justly said," continued Goethe, "that the cultivation of all human powers in common is desirable, and also the chief end. But man is not born for this: every one must form himself as a particular being, seeking, however, to attain that general idea of which all mankind are

constituents."[1]

I here thought of that passage in "Wilhelm Meister," where it is likewise said that all men, taken together, are requisite to constitute humanity, and that we are only so far worthy of esteem as we know how to appreciate.

I thought, too, of the "Wanderjahre," where Jarno advises each man to learn only one trade, and says that this is the time for one-sidedness, and that he is to be congratulated who understands this, and, in that spirit, works for himself and others.

Then comes the question, what occupation shall a man choose, that he may neither overstep his proper limits nor do too little?

He whose business it is to overlook many departments, to judge, to guide others, should endeavour to attain the best insight into many departments. Thus a prince or a future statesman cannot be too many-sided in his culture; for many-sidedness belongs to his craft.

The poet, too, should strive after manifold knowledge, for his subject is the whole world, which he has to handle and to express.

However, the poet should not try to be a painter, but content himself with reflecting the world in words, just as the allows the actor to bring it before our eyes by personally exhibiting himself.

Insight and practical activity are to be distinguished, and we ought to reflect that every art, when we reduce it to practice, is something very great and difficult, and that mastery in it requires a life.

Thus Goethe strove for insight into many things, but has practically confined himself to one thing only. Only one art has he practised, and that in a masterly style, viz. the art of writing German (Deutsch zu schreiben). That the matter which he uttered is of a many-sided nature is another affair.

Culture is likewise to be distinguished from practical activity. Thus it belongs to the cultivation of the poet that his eye should be practised for the apprehension of external objects. And if Goethe calls his practical tendency to painting a false one, it was still of use in cultivating him as a poet.

"The objectivity of my poetry," said he, "may be attributed to this great attention and discipline of the eye; and I ought highly to prize the knowledge which I have attained in this way."

But we must take care not to place the limits of our culture too far off.

"The investigators into nature," said Goethe, "are most in danger of this, because a general harmonious culture of the faculties is really required for the adequate observation of nature."

But, on the other hand, every one should strive to guard himself against one-sidedness and narrow views, with respect to the knowledge which is indispensable to his own department.

1 Den Begriff zu erlangen suchen, was alle zusammen sind. The word "Begriff" (rendered not quite correctly "idea") is here used in the sense of the Hegelian school.—Trans.

A poet who writes for the stage must have a knowledge of the stage, that he may weigh the means at his command, and know generally what is to be done, and what is to be left alone; the opera-composer, in like manner, should have some insight into poetry, that he may know how to distinguish the bad from the good, and not apply his art to something impracticable.

"Carl Maria Von Weber," said Goethe, "should not have composed 'Euryanthe.' He should have seen at once that this was a bad material, of which nothing could be made. So much insight we have a right to expect of every composer, as belonging to his art."

Thus, too, the painter should be able to distinguish subjects: for it belongs to his department to know what he has to paint, and what to leave unpainted.

"But when all is said," observed Goethe, "the greatest art is to limit and isolate oneself."

Accordingly he has, ever since I have been with him, constantly endeavoured to guard me against all distractions, and to concentrate me to a single department. If I showed an inclination to penetrate the secrets of natural science, he always advised me to let it alone, and confine myself to poetry for the present. If I wished to read a book which he thought would not advance me in my present pursuits, he always advised me to let it alone, saying that it was of no practical use to me.

"I myself," said he one day, "have spent too much time on things which did not belong to my proper department. When I reflect what Lopez de Vega accomplished, the number of my poetical productions seems very small. I should have kept more to my own trade."

"If I had not busied myself so much with stones," said he another time, "but had spent my time on something better, I might have won the finest ornament of diamonds."

For the same cause he esteems and praises his friend Meyer for having devoted his whole life exclusively to the study of art, and thus having obtained beyond a doubt the highest degree of penetration in his department.

"I also grew up with this tendency," said Goethe, "and passed almost half my life in the contemplation and study of works of art, but in a certain respect I am not on a par with Meyer. I, therefore, never venture to show him a new picture at once, but first see how far I can get on with it myself. When I think I am fully acquainted both with its beauties and defects I show it to Meyer, who sees far more sharply into the matter, and who, in many respects, gives quite new lights. Thus I am ever convinced anew how much is needed to be thoroughly great in any one thing. In Meyer lies an insight into art belonging to thousands of years."

Why, then, it may be asked, if Goethe was so thoroughly persuaded that one man can only do one thing well, did he employ his life in such extremely various directions?

I answer that, if Goethe now came into the world, and found the literary and scientific endeavours of his native country at the height

which they have now, chiefly through him, attained, he certainly would find no occasion or such various tendencies, but would simply confine himself to a single department.

Thus, it was not only in his nature to look in every direction, and to make himself clear about earthly things, but it was needful for his time that he should speak out what he had observed.

On his appearance in the world, he came in for two large inheritances. Error and insufficiency fell to his lot that he might remove them, and required a labour in many directions as long as his life endured.

If the Newtonian theory had not appeared to Goethe as a great error, highly injurious to the human mind, is it to be supposed that he would have had the notion of writing a "theory of colours," and devoting the labour of years to such a merely collateral object? Certainly not. But it was his love of truth in conflict with error that induced him to make his pure light shine even into this darkness.

The same thing may be said of his doctrine of the "Metamorphosis of Plants," through which we are indebted to him for a model of scientific treatment. Goethe would certainly never have thought of writing this work if he had seen his contemporaries in the way towards such a goal.

Nay, the same thing may be said of his varied poetical efforts. It is a question whether Goethe would ever have written a novel, if a work like "Wilhelm Meister" had already been in the hands of his nation. It is a question whether in that case he would not have devoted himself exclusively to dramatic poetry.

What he would have effected and produced, if he had been confined to one direction, is not to be seen; but so much is certain, that if we look at the whole, no intelligent person will wish that Goethe had not produced everything to which it pleased his Creator to direct him.

(Sup.) Wed., April 27.

Towards the evening to Goethe, who had invited me to take a drive to the lower garden. "Before we go," said he, "I will give you a letter from Zelter, which I received yesterday, and wherein he touches upon the affairs of our theatre.

"'That you are not the man,' he writes, amongst other things, 'to found a drama for the people of Weimar I could have seen long ago. He who makes himself green, the goats will eat. Other high folks should take this into consideration, who would cork wine during its fermentation.

"'Friends, we have lived to see it; yes, lived to see it.'"

Goethe looked at me, and we laughed. "Zelter is a capital fellow," said he; "but sometimes he does not quite understand me, and puts a false construction on my words.

"I have devoted my whole life to the people and their improvement, and why should I not also found a drama? But here in Weimar, in this small capital, which, as people jokingly say, has ten thousand poets and a few inhabitants, how can we talk about the people, much more a

theatre for the people? Weimar will doubtless become, at some future time, a great city; but we must wait some centuries before the people of Weimar will form a mass sufficient to be able to found and support a drama."

The horses were now put to, and we drove to the lower garden. The evening was calm and mild, rather sultry, and large clouds appeared gathering in tempestuous masses. We walked up and down the dry gravel path, Goethe quietly by my side, apparently agitated by various thoughts. Meanwhile, I listened to the notes of the blackbird and thrush, who, upon the tops of the still leafless ash-trees, beyond the Ilm, sang against the gathering tempest.

Goethe cast his glances around, now towards the clouds, now upon the green which was bursting forth everywhere, on the sides of the path and on the meadows, as well as on the bushes and hedges. "A warm thunder-shower, which the evening promises," said he, "and spring will again appear in all her splendour and abundance."

In the mean time the clouds became more threatening, a low peal of thunder was heard, some drops of rain also fell, and Goethe thought it advisable to drive back into the town. "If you have no engagement," said he, as we alighted at his dwelling, "go upstairs, and spend an hour or so with me." This I did with great pleasure.

Zelter's letter still lay upon the table. "It is strange, very strange," said Goethe, "how easily one falls into a false position with respect to public opinion. I do not know that I ever joined in any way against the people; but it is now settled, once for all, that I am no friend to the people. I am, indeed, no friend to the revolutionary mob, whose object is robbery, murder, and destruction, and who, behind the mask of public welfare, have their eyes only upon the meanest egotistical aims. I am no friend to such people, any more than I am a friend of a Louis XV. I hate every violent overthrow, because as much good is destroyed as is gained by it. I hate those who achieve it, as well as those who give cause for it. But am I therefore no friend to the people? Does any right-minded man think otherwise?

"You know how greatly I rejoice at every improvement, of which the future gives us some prospect. But, as I said, all violent transitions are revolting to my mind, for they are not conformable to nature.

"I am a friend to plants; I love the rose as the most perfect flower which our German nature can produce; but I am not fool enough to desire that my garden should produce them now, at the end of April. I am now satisfied if I now find the first green leaves, satisfied if I see how one leaf after another is formed upon the stem, from week to week; I am pleased when, in May, I perceive the buds, and am happy when, at last, in June, the rose itself appears in all its splendour and all its fragrance. If any one cannot wait, let him go to the hothouses.

"It is farther said that I am a servant, a slave to princes, as if that were saying anything. Do I then serve a tyrant—a despot? Do I serve one who lives at the cost of the people, only for his own pleasures? Such princes

and such times lie, God be praised, far behind us. I have been intimately connected with the Grand Duke for half a century, and have, during half a century striven and worked with him; but I should speak falsely if I were to say that I have know a single day in which the Grand Duke has not thought of doing and executing something tending to the benefit of the land, and fitted to improve the condition of individuals. As for himself personally, what has he from his princely station but toil and trouble? Is his dwelling, his apparel, or his table better appointed than that of any wealthy private man? Only go into our seaport towns, and you will find the kitchen and cellar of any considerable merchant better appointed than his.

"This autumn," continued Goethe, "we are going to celebrate the day on which the Grand Duke will have governed for fifty years. But when I consider it rightly—this government of his—what was it but a continual servitude? What has it been but a servitude in the attainment of great ends,—a servitude to the welfare of his people? If, then, I must perforce be the slave of a prince, it is at least my consolation that I am still only the slave of one who is himself a slave to the common weal."

(Sup.) Fri., April 29.

The building of the new theatre up to this time had advanced very rapidly; the foundation walls had already risen on every side, and gave promise of a very beautiful building.

But today, on going to the site of the building, I saw, to my horror, that the work was discontinued; and I heard it reported that another party, opposed to Goethe and Coudray's plan, had at last triumphed; that Coudray had retired from the direction of the building, and that another architect was going to finish it after a new design, and alter accordingly the foundation already laid.

I was deeply grieved at what I saw and heard, for I had rejoiced, with many others, at the prospect of seeing a theatre arise in Weimar executed according to Goethe's practical view of a judicious internal arrangement, and, as far as beauty was concerned, in accordance with his cultivated taste.

But I also grieved for Goethe and Coudray, who must both, more or less, feel hurt by this event.

(Sup.) Sun., May 1.

Dined with Goethe. It may be supposed that the alteration in the building of the theatre was the first subject we talked upon. I had, as I said, feared that this most unexpected measure would deeply wound Goethe's feelings; but there was no sign of it. I found him in the mildest and most serene frame of mind, quite raised above all sensitive littleness.

"They have," said he, "assailed the Grand Duke on the side of expenditure, and the great saving of expense which will be effected by the change of plan for the building, and they have succeeded. I am

quite content. A new theatre is, in the end, only a new funeral pile which some accident will, sooner or later, set on fire. I console myself with this. Besides, a trifle more or less is not worth mentioning. You will have a very tolerable house, if not exactly such a one as I wished and imagined. You will go to it, and I shall go to it too, and, in the end, all will turn out well enough.

"The Grand Duke," said Goethe, "disclosed to me his opinion, that a theatre need not be of architectural magnificence, which could not be contradicted. He further said, that it was nothing but a house for the purpose of getting money. This view appears at first sight rather material; but rightly considered, it is not without a higher purport. For if a theatre is not only to pay its expenses, but is, besides, to make and save money, everything about it must be excellent. It must have the best management at its head; the actors must be of the best; and good pieces must continually be performed, that the attractive power required to draw a full house every evening may never cease. But that is saying a great deal in a few words—almost what is impossible."

"The Grand Duke's view," said I, "of making the theatre gain money appears to be very practical, since it implies a necessity of remaining continually on a summit of excellence."

"Even Shakspeare and Molière," returned Goethe, "had no other view. Both of them wished, above all things, to make money by their theatres. In order to attain this, their principal aim, they necessarily strove that everything should be as good as possible, and that, besides good old plays, there should be some clever novelty to please and attract. The prohibition of 'Tartuffe' was a thunderbolt to Molière; but not so much for the poet as for the director Molière, who had to consider the welfare of an important troupe, and to find some means to procure bread for himself and his actors.

"Nothing," continued Goethe, "is more dangerous to the well-being of a theatre than when the director is so placed, that a greater or less receipt at the treasury does not affect him personally, and he can live on in careless security, knowing that, however the receipts at the treasury may fail in the course of the year, at the end of that time he will be able to indemnify himself from another source. It is a property of human nature soon to relax when not impelled by personal advantage or disadvantage. Now, it is not desirable that a theatre, in such a town as Weimar, should support itself, and that no contribution from the Prince's treasury should be necessary. But still everything has its bounds and limits, and a thousand dollars yearly, more or less, is by no means a trifling matter, particularly as diminished receipts and deteriorations are dangers natural to a theatre; so that there is a loss not only of money, but also of honour.

"If I were the Grand Duke, I would in future, on any change in the management, once for all appoint a fixed sum for an annual contribution. I would strike the average of the contributions during the last ten years, and according to that I would settle a sum sufficient to be regarded

as a proper support. With this sum the house must be kept. But then I would go a step further, and say, that if the director and his Regisseurs contrived, by means of judicious and energetic management, to have an overplus in the treasury at the end of the year, this overplus should be shared, as a remuneration, between the director, the Regisseurs, and the principal members of the company. Then you would see what activity there would be, and how the establishment would awaken out of the drowsiness into which it must gradually fall.

"Our theatrical laws," continued Goethe, "contain various penalties; but there is no single law for the encouragement and reward of distinguished merit. This is a great defect. For if, with every failure, I have a prospect of a deduction from my salary, I should also have the prospect of a reward, whenever I do more than can be properly expected of me. And it is by every one's doing more than can be hoped or expected of him that a theatre rises."

Frau von Goethe and Fräulein Ulrica now entered, both gracefully clothed in summer attire, on account of the beautiful weather. The conversation during dinner was light and cheerful. We spoke about various parties of pleasure during the past week, and also about similar plans for the following one.

"If we continue to have fine evenings," said Frau von Goethe, "I shall have great pleasure in giving a tea-party in the park, where we can listen to the song of the nightingale. What do you say, dear father?"

"That would be very pleasant," returned Goethe. "And you, Eckermann," said Frau von Goethe, "how do you feel disposed? May one invite you?" "But, Ottilie," rejoined Fräulein Ulrica, "how can you invite the doctor? He will not come; and if he does come, he sits as if upon thorns, and one can see that his mind is elsewhere, and that the sooner he is gone the better he would like it." "To speak the plain truth," returned I, "I would certainly rather ramble about the fields with Doolan. Tea, tea-parties, and tea-conversation, are so contrary to my nature, that I feel uncomfortable even when I think of them." "But, Eckermann," said Frau von Goethe, "at a tea-party in the park, you are in the open air, and quite in your element." "On the contrary," said I, "when I am so near nature, that I scent all her fragrance, and yet cannot thoroughly enjoy it, it is to me as unendurable as it would be to a duck to be brought near to the water, and yet prevented from plunging into it." "You might say, too," remarked Goethe, laughing, "that you would feel like a horse who, on raising his head in the stable, sees other horses running wild upon an extensive plain before his eyes. He scents the delights and freedom of fresh nature, but cannot partake of them. Let Eckermann alone; he is as he is, and you cannot alter him. But tell me, my good friend, how do you employ yourself with that Doolan of yours, in the open fields, these long fine afternoons?" "We look out for some retired grove," said I, "and shoot with bows and arrows." "Humph!" said Goethe, "that may be a pretty amusement." "It is a glorious method," said I, "to get rid of the ills of winter." "But how in the world," said Goethe, "did you get bows and

arrows here in Weimar?" "As for the arrows," returned I, "I brought a model with me, on my return from my expedition into Brabant in 1814. Shooting with bows and arrows is there universal. There is no town, however small, that has not an archery society. They take their station in some public-house, like our skittle-ground, and generally assemble late in the afternoon, when I have often watched them with great pleasure. What well-grown men were there, and what picturesque attitudes when they bent the bow! How was their strength displayed, and what excellent marksmen they were! They generally shot from a distance of sixty or eighty steps, at a paper mark upon a moist clay wall; they shot quickly one after another, and left the arrows sticking in. And it was not seldom that out of fifteen arrows five struck the centre, which was about the size of a dollar, while the rest were very near it. When all had shot, each went and drew his arrow out of the soft wall, and the game went on afresh. I was then so enraptured with this archery, that I thought it would be a great thing to introduce it into Germany, and I was so stupid as to deem it possible. I often bargained for a bow, but there were none to be had under twenty francs, and how could a poor Jäger like myself scrape together so much money? I therefore confined myself to an arrow, as the most important and most elaborate article; and bought one at a manufactory at Brussels for a franc, which I brought home, together with a drawing, as my only prize of victory."

"That is just like you," said Goethe. "But do not think that you can make anything natural and beautiful popular. A long time, and a confounded deal of work, will be requisite, at any rate. But I can easily imagine that this Brabant archery is very beautiful. Our German amusements in the skittle-ground appear rough and ordinary, in comparison with it, and savour strongly of the Philistine."[1]

"The beauty of archery," returned I, "is that it displays the body symmetrically, and exercises the powers in equal proportion. There is the left arm, which holds the bow, stiff, strong, and firm; there is the right, which draws the string with the arrow, and must be no less powerful. At the same time both the feet and the thighs are planted strongly, to form a firm basis for the upper part of the body. The eye directed to the aim, and the muscles of the neck are all in full tension and activity; and then the feeling of joy, when the arrow darts whizzing from the bow, and pierces the desired mark! I know no bodily exercise that can be at all compared to it."

"It would be very well suited to our gymnastic institutions," answered Goethe. "And I should not wonder if, in twenty years, we were to have skilful archers by the thousands in Germany. Generally speaking, much is not to be done with a full-grown generation, in physical or in mental pursuits, in matters of taste or of character. Be clever enough to begin with the schools, and you may succeed."

1 "Philister," the academical slang corresponding to the English "snob."—Trans.

"But our German teachers of gymnastics," returned I, "do not understand the use of bows and arrows."

"Well," said Goethe, "several gymnastic societies might combine, and a skilful archer might be brought from Flanders or Brabant. Or they might send some fine, well-grown young gymnasts to Brabant, that they might be trained to good archers, and learn how to carve bows and make arrows. These young men might enter the German gymnastic institutions as travelling teachers, who would sojourn for a time, now with one society, and now with another.

"I have," continued Goethe, "no objection to German gymnastic exercises. On the contrary, I was sorry that so much politics crept into them, so that the authorities were obliged to restrain them, or even to forbid and abolish them. By this means we have thrown away the good for the bad.[1] But I hope that the gymnastic institutions will be revived; for our German youths need them, especially the students, who, with a great deal of mental and intellectual exertion, are without any physical equilibrium, and therefore without any necessary power of action. But tell me something more about your bow and arrow. Then you have really brought an arrow with you from Brabant? I should like to see it."

"It has been lost long ago," returned I. "I remembered it so well, that I succeeded in replacing it, and indeed by a dozen instead of one. It was not, however, so easy as I expected, and I made many fruitless attempts and many failures, but by that very means I learned a great deal. The first thing to be attended to was the shaft; I had to see that it was straight, and would not warp in a short time; then that it was light and strong enough not to split in striking against a hard substance. I made experiments with the wood of the poplar, then of the pine, and then of the birch; but they were all deficient in one quality or another, and were not such as they ought to be. I then made experiments with the wood of the lime-tree from a slender straight stem, and I found exactly what I wished for and had sought. Such a shaft was light, straight, and strong, on account of its fine fibres. The next thing to be done was to furnish the lower end with a tip of horn; but it soon became evident that all horn was not fit for the purpose, and that it must be cut out of the kernel, in order that it might not split on being shot against any hard substance. But the most difficult part was yet to do, namely, the feathering of the arrow. How I bungled, and what failures I made, before I succeeded in bringing it to any perfection!"

"The feathers are not let into the shaft, but glued on, are they not?" said Goethe.

"They are glued on," returned I; "but this must be so strongly and so neatly done, that they shall appear as if they were a part of the shaft, and had grown out of it. It is not a matter of indifference what glue one

1 Literally, "thrown away the child with the bath" (das Kind mit dem Bade verschüttet)—a German proverbial expression.—Trans.

uses. I have found that isinglass, steeped in water for some hours, and then with some spirit added, dissolved to a jelly over a gentle charcoal fire, makes the best glue. Neither are all feathers serviceable alike. The feathers drawn from the wings of all great birds are indeed good, but I have found the red feathers from the wings of the peacock, the large feathers of the turkey-cock, and particularly the strong and splendid ones of the eagle and bustard, the best of any."

"I hear all this with great interest," said Goethe. "One who did not know you, would scarcely believe that your tendencies were so lively. But tell me now, how came you by a bow?"

"I made some myself," returned I. "But here also I bungled dreadfully at first. I consulted cabinet-makers and cartwrights. I tried all the kinds of wood in this place, and at last arrived at excellent results. In the choice of woods, I had to take care that the bow should bend easily, that it should spring back strongly and quickly, and that its elasticity should last. I made my first experiment with ash, with a branchless stem of about ten years' growth, and of the thickness of a moderate-sized arm. But in working, I came to the heart, which was not good for my purpose, as the wood about it was of too coarse a grain. I was advised to take a stem which would be strong enough to schlachten into four parts."

"Schlachten," asked Goethe, "what is that?"

"It is a technical term used by cartwrights," returned I, "and means the same as spalten (to split), so that a wedge is driven quite through the stem, from one end to the other. Now, if the stem grows straight, I mean if the fibres rise in a straight line, the pieces obtained by splitting will be straight and fit for a bow. But if the stem be curved, the pieces will have a curved, crooked direction, and be unfit for a bow, since the wedge follows the fibres."

"But what would be the result of sawing such a stem into four parts? One could thus obtain straight pieces in every case."

"One might," returned I, "cut through a stem in which the fibres were twisted, and this would make the parts of no use for a bow."

"I understand," said Goethe; "a bow in which the fibres were cut through would break. But go on further; this subject interests me."

"I therefore made," said I, "my second bow with a piece of split ash. There were no fibres divided at the back, the bow was strong and firm; but I discovered this fault, that it was hard, instead of easy to bend. 'You have taken a piece of a seedling ash,' said the cartwright, 'which is always a very stiff wood; but take one of the tough sort, and you will find it better.' On this occasion I learned that there is a great difference in ash, and that, in all kinds of wood, a great deal depends upon the place and soil on which they grow. I learned that the wood of the Ettersberg is of little value as timber; that, on the contrary, the wood in the neighbourhood of Nohra possesses remarkable strength, on account of which the carriers of Weimar have great confidence in the cart-fittings made at Nohra. In my subsequent experiments I made the discovery that all wood which grows upon the northern side of a declivity is stronger,

and of more even fibres than that which grows on the southern side. This is comprehensible. For a young tree which grows on the shady north side of a cliff, must seek light and sun from above; on which account, longing for the sun, it continually struggles upwards, and draws the fibres in a perpendicular direction. Besides, a shady situation is favourable to the formation of a finer fibre, which is very strikingly apparent in those trees which grow in such a situation, that their south side is constantly exposed to the sun, whilst their north side is always in the shade. If such a stem lay sawn in pieces before us, we should remark that the point of the heart was by no means in the centre, but very much on one side. And this eccentricity of the heart arises from the circumstance that the yearly rings of the south side become, through the constant influence of the sun, developed more strongly, and are therefore broader than those on the shady north side. Hence cabinet-makers and cartwrights, when they require a strong fine wood, choose in preference the more finely developed north side of a stem, which they call the winter side, and in which they have great confidence."

"You can imagine," said Goethe, "that your observations are very interesting to me, who have, for half my life, occupied myself with the growth of plants and trees. But continue your relation. You probably made then a bow from a tough ash?"

"I did so," returned I, "and I took a well split piece from the winter side, in which I found a tolerably fine fibre. The bow was also easy to bend, and very elastic. But after it had been in use some months, a very considerable curve showed itself, and it was evident that the elasticity did not continue. I then made experiments with the stem of a young oak, which was moreover a perfectly good wood; but I soon found the same fault in this. I then tried the stem of a walnut tree, which was better; and at last the stem of a fine-leafed maple—a Masholder, as it is called, which was the best, and which left nothing to desire."

"I know the wood," returned Goethe; "it is often found in hedges. I can imagine that it is good. But I have seldom found a young stem without knots; and to make a bow, do you not require wood quite free from them?"

"A young stem," returned I, "is indeed not without knots; but when one rears it to a tree, the knots are taken off, or if it grow in a thicket, they disappear in time of their own accord. Now, if a stem is about two or three inches in diameter when the knots are removed, and if it is allowed to increase yearly, and to form new wood on the outside, at the expiration of fifty or eighty years, the knotty inner part will be encased in about six inches of sound wood, free from knots. Such a stem will present a very smooth exterior; but one cannot tell what imperfections it has within. We shall, therefore, at all events, be safe with a plank sawn from such a stem, if we keep to the outside, and cut a few inches from that piece which is immediately under the bark, that is to say, the splint and what follows, as this is always the youngest and toughest wood, and the most suitable for a bow."

"I thought," said Goethe, "that the wood for a bow should not be sawn, but must be split, or as you call it Geschlachet."

"Certainly, when it can be split," returned I. "Ash, oak, and walnut may be split, because they are woods of coarse fibre. But not the Masholder. For it is a wood of such a fine interwoven fibre, that it will not divide according to the course of the fibres, but splits quite against the natural grain. The wood of the Masholder must therefore be divided with the saw, and that without endangering the strength of the bow."

"Humph! Humph!" said Goethe. "You have acquired considerable knowledge through your bow mania. And it is that lively kind of knowledge which is attained only in a practical way. But that is the advantage of a passionate liking for any pursuit, that it carries one to the very bottom of the subject. Besides, seeking and blundering are good, for it is by seeking and blundering that we learn. And, indeed, one learns not merely the thing itself, but everything connected with it. What should I have known of plants and colours, if my theory had been handed down to me ready made, and I had learned it by heart? But from the very circumstance that I was obliged to seek and find everything for myself, and occasionally to make mistakes, I can say that I know something of both these subjects, and more than stands on paper. But tell me something more about your bow. I have seen some Scotch ones, which were quite straight to the point, and others the points of which were curved. Which do you consider the best?"

"I consider," returned I, "that the elasticity is much greater when the ends of the bow are curved backwards. At first I made them straight, because I did not understand how to bend the ends. But when I had learned how to do it, I bent the ends, and I find that the bow not only has a more beautiful appearance, but also that it acquires more power."

"The curves are made by heat, are they not?" said Goethe.

"Yes; by moist heat," returned I. "When the bow is so far finished that the elasticity is equally distributed, and that it is nowhere stronger or weaker than it ought to be, I place one end of it in boiling water, about six or eight inches deep, and let it boil for about an hour. I then screw this softened end, while it is hot, between two small blocks, the inner surface of which has the form of the curve that I wish to give to my bow. In this state of pressure, I let it remain at least a day and a night, that it may be perfectly dry, and I then proceed with the other end in the same manner. Points so treated are as indestructible as if they had grown in such a curve."

"What do you think?" said Goethe, with a mysterious laugh. "I believe I have something for you, which will not be unacceptable. Suppose we went down together, and I were to put a genuine Baschkir[1] bow in your

1 The Baschkiren are a Tartar race subject to Russia.—Trans.

hands."

"A Baschkir bow!" exclaimed I, full of animation, "and a genuine one?"

"Yes, mad fellow, a genuine one," said Goethe. "Come along." We went down into the garden. Goethe opened the under chamber of a small outhouse, the tables and walls of which appeared crammed with rarities and curiosities of every description. I cast only a transient glance at these treasures; my eyes sought the bow. "Here it is," said Goethe, "as he took it from a corner, out of a heap of all sorts of strange implements. I see it is in the same condition as when it was presented to me in the year 1814, by a Baschkir chief. Now, what do you say?"

I was delighted to hold the precious weapon in my hands. It appeared quite uninjured, and even the string appeared perfectly serviceable. I tried it in my hands, and found that it was still tolerably elastic. "It is a good bow," said I. "The form especially pleases me, and for the future it shall serve me as a model."

"Of what wood is it made, do you think?"

"It is, as you see, so covered with birch bark," replied I, "that very little of the wood is visible, and only the curved ends remain exposed. Even these are so embrowned by time, that one cannot well distinguish what the wood is. At the first glance, it looks like young oak, and then again like nut tree. I think that it is nut tree, or a wood that resembles it. Maple or masholder it is not. It is a wood of coarser fibre; besides, I observe signs of its having been split (geschlachtet)."

"Suppose you were to try it now," said Goethe. "Here you have an arrow. But be cautious with the iron point, it may be poisoned."

We went again into the garden, and I bent the bow. "Now, where will you shoot?" said Goethe. "Into the air at first, I think," said I. "Go on, then," said Goethe. I shot up towards the sunny clouds in the blue sky. The arrow supported itself well, then turned round, came whizzing downwards, and stuck into the ground. "Now let me try," said Goethe. I was pleased that he, too, was going to shoot. I gave him the bow, and fetched the arrow.

Goethe placed the notch of the arrow upon the string, and held the bow right, but was some time before he could manage it properly. He now aimed upwards, and drew the string. There he stood like an Apollo, with imperishable youth of soul, although old in body. The arrow only attained a very moderate height, and then fell to the ground. I ran and fetched the arrow. "Once more," said Goethe. He now took aim along the gravel path of the garden. The arrow supported itself about thirty paces tolerably well, then fell, and whizzed along upon the ground. Goethe pleased me beyond measure, by thus shooting with the bow and arrow. I thought of the verses—

Does old age leave me in the lurch?
Am I again a child?

I brought him back the arrow. He begged me to shoot once in a

horizontal direction, and gave me for a mark a spot in the window-shutter of his workroom. I shot. The arrow was not far from the mark; but penetrated so deep into the soft wood, that I could not get it out again. "Let it stick there," said Goethe, "it shall serve me for some days as a remembrance of our sport."

We walked up and down the garden, enjoying the fine weather; we then sat upon a bench with our backs against the young leaves of a thick hedge. We spoke about the bow of Ulysses, about the heroes of Homer, then about the Greek tragic poets, and lastly about the widely diffused opinion, that Euripides caused the decline of the Greek drama. Goethe was, by no means, of this opinion.

"Altogether," said he, "I am opposed to the view that any single man can cause the decline of an art. Much, which it is not so easy to set forth, must co-operate to this end. The decline of the tragic art of the Greeks could no more have been caused by Euripides, than could that of sculpture by any great sculptor who lived in the time of Phidias, but was inferior to him. For when an epoch is great, it proceeds in the path of improvement, and an inferior production is without results. But what a great epoch was the time of Euripides! It was the time, not of a retrograde, but of a progressive taste. Sculpture had not yet reached its highest point, and painting was still in its infancy.

"If the pieces of Euripides, compared with those of Sophocles, had great faults, it was not necessary that succeeding poets should imitate these faults, and be spoilt by them. But if they had great merits, so that some of them were even preferable to plays of Sophocles, why did not succeeding poets strive to imitate their merits; and why did they not thus become at least as great as Euripides himself?

"But if after the three celebrated tragic poets, there appeared no equally great fourth, fifth, or sixth—this is, indeed, a matter difficult to explain; nevertheless, we may have our own conjectures, and approach the truth in some degree.

"Man is a simple being. And however rich, varied, and unfathomable he may be, the cycle of his situations is soon run through.

"If the same circumstances had occurred, as with us poor Germans, for whom Lessing has written two or three, I myself three or four, and Schiller five or six passable plays, there might easily have been room for a fourth, fifth, and sixth tragic poet.

"But with the Greeks and the abundance of their productions—for each of the three great poets has written a hundred, or nearly a hundred pieces, and the tragical subjects of Homer, and the heroic traditions, were some of them treated three or four times—with such abundance of existing works, I say, one can well imagine that by degrees, subjects were exhausted, and that any poet who followed the three great ones would be puzzled how to proceed.

"And, indeed, for what purpose should he write? Was there not, after all, enough for a time? And were not the productions of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides of that kind and of that depth, that they might

be heard again and again without being esteemed trite, or put on one side? Even the few noble fragments which have come down to us are so comprehensive and of such deep significance, that we poor Europeans have already busied ourselves with them for centuries, and shall find nutriment and work in them for centuries still."

Thurs., May 12.

Goethe spoke with much enthusiasm of Menander. "I know no one, after Sophocles," said he, "whom I love so well. He is thoroughly pure, noble, great, and cheerful, and his grace is unattainable. It is certainly to be lamented that we possess so little of him, but that little is invaluable, and highly instructive to gifted men.

"The great point is, that he from whom we would learn should be congenial to our nature. Now, Calderon, for instance, great as he is, and much as I admire him, has exerted no influence over me for good or for ill. But he would have been dangerous to Schiller—he would have led him astray; and hence it is fortunate that Calderon was not generally known in Germany till after Schiller's death. Calderon is infinitely great in the technical and theatrical; Schiller, on the contrary, far more sound, earnest, and great in his intention, and it would have been a pity if he had lost any of these virtues, without, after all, attaining the greatness of Calderon in other respects."

We spoke of Molière. "Molière," said Goethe, "is so great, that one is astonished anew every time one reads him. He is a man by himself—his pieces border on tragedy; they are apprehensive; and no one has the courage to imitate them. His 'Miser,' where the vice destroys all the natural piety between father and son, is especially great, and in a high sense tragic. But when, in a German paraphrase, the son is changed into a relation, the whole is weakened, and loses its significance. They feared to show the vice in its true nature, as he did; but what is tragic there, or indeed anywhere, except what is intolerable?

"I read some pieces of Molière's every year, just as, from time to time, I contemplate the engravings after the great Italian masters. For we little men are not able to retain the greatness of such things within ourselves; we must therefore return to them from time to time, and renew our impressions.

"People are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born, the world begins to work upon us, and this goes on to the end. And, after all, what can we call our own except energy, strength, and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favour.

"However, the time of life in which we are subjected to a new and important personal influence is, by no means, a matter of indifference. That Lessing, Winckelmann, and Kant were older than I, and that the first two acted upon my youth, the latter on my advanced age,—this

circumstance was for me very important. Again, that Schiller was so much younger than I, and engaged in his freshest strivings, just as I began to be weary of the world—just, too, as the brothers von Humboldt and Schlegel were beginning their career under my eye—was of the greatest importance. I derived from it unspeakable advantages."

After these remarks respecting the influence which important persons had had upon him, the conversation turned on the influence which he had exerted over others; and I mentioned Bürger, whose case appeared to me problematical, inasmuch as his purely natural tendency showed no trace of influence on the part of Goethe.

"Bürger," said Goethe, "had an affinity to me as a talent; but the tree of his moral culture had its root in a wholly different soil, and took a wholly different direction. Each man proceeds as he has begun, in the ascending line of his culture. A man who, in his thirtieth year, could write such a poem as 'Frau Schnips,' had obviously taken a path which deviated a little from mine. He had also, by his really great talents, won for himself a public which he perfectly satisfied; and he had no need of troubling himself about a contemporary who did not affect him at all.

"Everywhere, we learn only from those whom we love. There is a favourable disposition towards me in the young talents who are now growing up, but I very rarely found it among my contemporaries. Nay, I can scarcely name one man, of any weight, who was perfectly satisfied with me, Even with 'Werther,' people found so much fault, that if I had erased every passage that was censured, scarcely a line of the whole book would have been left. However, all the censure did me no harm, for these subjective judgments of individuals, important as they may be, are at least rectified by the masses. He who does not expect a million of readers should not write a line.

"For twenty years, the public has been disputing which is the greatest, Schiller or I; and it ought to be glad that it has got a couple of fellows about whom it can dispute."

(Sup.) Mon., June 5.[1]

Goethe related to me that Preller had been with him, and had taken leave, as he is going to spend some years in Italy.

"As a parting word," said Goethe, "I counselled him not to allow himself to be distracted, but to confine himself particularly to Poussin and Claude Lorraine, and, above all, to study the works of these two great men, that he might plainly see how they regarded nature, and used her for the expression of their artistical views and feelings.

"Preller is an important talent, and I have no fear of him. He appears to me, besides, of a very earnest character. I am almost certain that he will rather incline to Poussin than to Claude Lorraine; still I have particularly

1 In the original this is dated 1826, but from its position in the volume it may be conjectured that this is a misprint.—Trans.

recommended him to study the latter—and not without reason; for it is with the cultivation of an artist as with the cultivation of every other talent. Our strong points, to a certain extent, develope themselves; but those germs of our nature which are not in daily exercise, and are therefore less powerful, need particular care, in order that they may become strong likewise.

"So may a young singer, as I have often said, possess certain natural tones which are very excellent, and which leave nothing to desire; while other tones in his voice may be found less strong, clear, and full. But even these he must by constant exercise seek to bring to equal perfection with the others.

"I am certain that Preller will one day succeed admirably in the solemn, the grand, and perhaps also the wild. Whether he will be equally happy in the cheerful, the graceful, and the lovely, is another question; and therefore have I especially recommended to him Claude Lorraine, in order that, by study, he may acquire that which does not lie in the actual tendency of his nature.

"There is one thing more to which I called his attention. I have seen many of his studies from nature: they were excellent, and executed with great energy and life; but they were all isolated objects, of which little can afterwards be made when one comes to inventions of one's own. I have now advised him never for the future to delineate an isolated object, such as single trees, single heaps of stones, or single cottages, but always to add a background and some surrounding objects.

"And for the following reasons. In nature we never see anything isolated, but everything in connection with something else which is before it, beside it, under it, and over it. A single object, I grant, may strike us as particularly picturesque: it is not, however, the object alone which produces this effect, but it is the connection in which we see it, with that which is beside, behind, and above it, all of which contributes to that effect.

"Thus during a walk I may meet with an oak, the picturesque effect of which surprises me. But if I represent it alone, it will perhaps no longer appear to me as it did, because that is wanting which contributed to and enhanced the picturesque effect in nature. Thus, too, a wood may appear beautiful through the influence of one particular sky, one particular light, and one particular situation of the sun. But if I omit all these in my drawing, it will perhaps appear without any force, and as something indifferent to which the proper charm is wanting.

"Further; there is in nature nothing beautiful which is not produced (motivirt) as true in conformity with the laws of nature. In order that that truth of nature may also appear true in the picture, it must be accounted for by the introduction of the influential circumstances.

"I find by a brook well-formed stones, the parts of which exposed to the air are in a picturesque manner covered with green moss. Now it is not alone the moisture of the water which has caused this formation of moss; but perhaps a northerly aspect, or the shade of the trees and

bushes, have co-operated in this formation at this part of the brook. If I omit these influential causes in my picture, it will be without truth, and without the proper convincing power.

"Thus the situation of a tree, the kind of soil beneath it, and other trees behind and beside it, have a great influence on its formation. An oak which stands exposed to the wind on the western summit of a rocky hill, will acquire quite a different form from that of one which grows below on the moist ground of a sheltered valley. Both may be beautiful in their kind, but they will have a very different character, and can, therefore, in an artistically conceived landscape, only be used for such a situation as they occupied in nature. And therefore the delineation of surrounding objects, by which any particular situation is expressed, is of high importance to the artist. On the other hand, it would be foolish to attempt to represent all those prosaic casualties which have had as little influence upon the form of the principal objects, as upon its picturesque effect for the moment.

"I have imparted the substance of all these little hints to Preller, and I am certain that they will take root and thrive in him—as a born genius."

Sat., June 11.

Today Goethe talked much at dinner about Major Parry's book on Lord Byron. He gave it unqualified praise, and remarked that Lord Byron in this account appeared a far more complete character, and far more clear as to himself and his views, than in anything which had been written about him.

"Major Parry," continued Goethe, "must be an elevated—nay, a noble man, so fully to have conceived, and so perfectly to have described, his friend. One passage in his book has pleased me particularly;—it is worthy of an old Greek—of a Plutarch. 'The noble lord,' says Parry, 'was destitute of all those virtues which adorn the bourgeois class, and which he was prevented from attaining by his birth, education, and mode of life. Now all his unfavourable judges are from the middle class, and these censoriously pity him, because they miss in him that which they have reason to prize in themselves. The good folks do not reflect that for his own high station he possessed virtues of which they can form no conception.' How do you like that?" said Goethe: "we do not hear so good a thing every day."

"I am glad," said I, "to see publicly expressed a view by which all the puny censors and detractors of a man higher than themselves must be at once disabled and cast down."

We then spoke of subjects of universal history in relation to poetry, and as to how far the history of one nation may be more favourable to the poet than that of another.

"The poet," said Goethe, "should seize the Particular, and he should, if there be anything sound in it, thus represent the Universal. The English history is excellent for poetry, because it is something genuine, healthy,

and therefore universal, which repeats itself over and over again. The French history, on the contrary, is not for poetry, as it represents an era that cannot come again. The literature of the French, so far as it is founded on that era, stands as something of merely particular interest, which must grow old with time.

"The present era of French literature," said Goethe afterwards, "cannot be judged fairly. The German influence causes a great fermentation there, and we probably shall not know for twenty years what the result will be."

We then talked of the æsthetic writers, who labour to express the nature of poetry and the poet in abstract definitions, without arriving at any clear result.

"What need of much definition?" said Goethe. "Lively feeling of situations, and power to express them, make the poet."

Wed., Oct. 15.

I found Goethe in a very elevated mood this evening, and had the pleasure of hearing from him many significant remarks. We talked about the state of the newest literature, when Goethe expressed himself as follows:—

"Deficiency of character in individual investigators and writers is," he said, "the source of all the evils of our newest literature.

"In criticism, especially, this defect produces mischief to the world, for it either diffuses the false instead of the true, or by a pitiful truth deprives us of something great, that would be better.

"Till lately, the world believed in the heroism of a Lucretia,—of a Mucius Scævola,—and suffered itself, by this belief, to be warmed and inspired. But now comes your historical criticism, and says that those persons never lived, but are to be regarded as fables and fictions, divined by the great mind of the Romans. What are we to do with so pitiful a truth? If the Romans were great enough to invent such stories, we should at least be great enough to believe them.

"Till lately, I was always pleased with a great fact in the thirteenth century, when the Emperor Frederic the Second was at variance with the Pope, and the north of Germany was open to all sorts of hostile attacks. Asiatic hordes had actually penetrated as far as Silesia, when the Duke of Liegnitz terrified them by one great defeat. They then turned to Moravia, but were here defeated by Count Sternberg. These valiant men had on this account been living in my heart as the great saviours of the German nation. But now comes historical criticism, and says that these heroes sacrificed themselves quite uselessly, as the Asiatic army was already recalled, and would have returned of its own accord. Thus is a great national fact crippled and destroyed, which seems to me most abominable."

After these remarks on historical critics, Goethe spoke of another class of seekers and literary men.

"I could never," said he, "have known so well how paltry men are, and how little they care for really high aims, if I had not tested them by my scientific researches. Thus I saw that most men only care for science so far as they get a living by it, and that they worship even error when it affords them a subsistence.

"In belles lettres it is no better. There, too, high aims and genuine love for the true and sound, and for their diffusion, are very rare phenomena. One man cherishes and tolerates another, because he is by him cherished and tolerated in return. True greatness is hateful to them; they would fain drive it from the world, so that only such as they might be of importance in it. Such are the masses; and the prominent individuals are not better.

"———'s great talents and world-embracing learning might have done much for his country. But his want of character has deprived the world of such great results, and himself of the esteem of the country.

"We want a man like Lessing. For how was he great, except in character,—in firmness? There are many men as clever and as cultivated, but where is such character?

"Many are full of esprit and knowledge, but they are also full of vanity; and that they may shine as wits before the short-sighted multitude, they have no shame or delicacy—nothing is sacred to them.

"Madame de Genlis was therefore perfectly right when she declaimed against the freedoms and profanities of Voltaire. Clever as they all may be, the world has derived no profit from them; they afford a foundation for nothing. Nay, they have been of the greatest injury, since they have confused men, and robbed them of their needful support.

"After all, what do we know, and how far can we go with all our wit?

"Man is born not to solve the problems of the universe, but to find out where the problem begins, and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible.

"His faculties are not sufficient to measure the actions of the universe; and an attempt to explain the outer world by reason is, with his narrow point of view, but a vain endeavour. The reason of man and the reason of the Deity are two very different things.

"If we grant freedom to man, there is an end to the omniscience of God; for if the Divinity knows how I shall act, I must act so perforce. I give this merely as a sign how little we know, and to show that it is not good to meddle with divine mysteries.

"Moreover, we should only utter higher maxims so far as they can benefit the world. The rest we should keep within ourselves, and they will diffuse over our actions a lustre like the mild radiance of a hidden sun."

Sun., Dec. 25.

I went to Goethe this evening at six o'clock. I found him alone, and passed with him some delightful hours.

"My mind," said he, "has of late been burdened by many things.

So much good has been flowing in to me on all sides, that the mere ceremony of returning thanks has prevented me from having any practical life. The privileges respecting the publication of my works have been gradually coming in from the different courts; and as the position was different in each case, each required a different answer. Then came the proposals of innumerable booksellers, which also had to be considered, acted upon, and answered. Then my Jubilee has brought me such thousand-fold attentions, that I have not yet got through with my letters of acknowledgment. I cannot be content with hollow generalities, but wish to say something appropriate to every one. Now I am gradually becoming free, and feel again disposed for conversation.

"I have of late made an observation, which I will impart to you.

"Everything we do has a result. But that which is right and prudent does not always lead to good, nor the contrary to what is bad; frequently the reverse takes place. Some time since, I made a mistake in one of these transactions with booksellers, and was sorry that I had done so. But now circumstances have so altered, that, if I had not made that very mistake, I should have made a greater one. Such instances occur frequently in life, and hence we see men of the world, who know this, going to work with great freedom and boldness."

I was struck by this remark, which was new to me.

I then turned the conversation to some of his works, and we came to the elegy "Alexis and Dora."

"In this poem," said Goethe, "people have blamed the strong, passionate conclusion, and would have liked the elegy to end gently and peacefully, without that outbreak of jealousy; but I could not see that they were right. Jealousy is so manifestly an ingredient of the affair, that the poem would be incomplete if it were not introduced at all. I myself knew a young man who, in the midst of his impassioned love for an easily-won maiden, cried out, 'But would she not act to another as she has acted to me?'"

I agreed entirely with Goethe, and then mentioned the peculiar situations in this elegy, where, with so few strokes and in so narrow a space, all is so well delineated, that we think we see the whole life and domestic environment of the persons engaged in the action. "What you have described," said I, "appears as true as if you had worked from actual experience."

"I am glad it seems so to you," said Goethe. "There are, however, few men who have imagination for the truth of reality; most prefer strange countries and circumstances, of which they know nothing, and by which their imagination may be cultivated, oddly enough.

"Then there are others who cling altogether to reality, and, as they wholly want the poetic spirit, are too severe in their requisitions. For instance, in this elegy, some would have had me give Alexis a servant to carry his bundle, never thinking that all that was poetic and idyllic in the situation would thus have been destroyed."

From "Alexis and Dora," the conversation then turned to "Wilhelm Meister." "There are odd critics in this world," said Goethe; "they blamed me for letting the hero of this novel live so much in bad company; but by this very circumstance, that I considered this so called bad company as a vase, into which I could put everything I had to say about good society, I gained a poetical body, and a varied one into the bargain. Had I, on the contrary, delineated good society by the so-called good society, nobody would have read the book.

"In the seeming trivialities of 'Wilhelm Meister' there is always something higher at bottom, and nothing is required but eyes and knowledge of the world, and power of comprehension to perceive the great in the small. For those who are without such qualities, let it suffice to receive the picture of life as real life."

Goethe then showed me a very interesting English work, which illustrated all Shakspeare in copper plates. Each page embraced, in six small designs, one piece with some verses written beneath, so that the leading idea and the most important situations of each work were brought before the eyes. All these immortal tragedies and comedies thus passed before the mind like processions of masks.

"It is even terrifying," said Goethe, "to look through these little pictures. Thus are we first made to feel the infinite wealth and grandeur of Shakspeare. There is no motive in human life which he has not exhibited and expressed! And all with what ease and freedom!

"But we cannot talk about Shakspeare; everything is inadequate. I have touched upon the subject in my 'Wilhelm Meister,' but that is not saying much. He is not a theatrical poet; he never thought of the stage; it was far too narrow for his great mind: nay, the whole visible world was too narrow.

"He is even too rich and too powerful. A productive nature[1] ought not to read more than one of his dramas in a year if it would not be wrecked entirely. I did well to get rid of him by writing 'Goetz,' and 'Egmont,'[2] and Byron did well by not having too much respect and admiration for him, but going his own way. How many excellent Germans have been ruined by him and Calderon!

"Shakspeare gives us golden apples in silver dishes. We get, indeed, the silver dishes by studying his works; but, unfortunately, we have only potatoes to put into them."

I laughed, and was delighted with this admirable simile.

Goethe then read me a letter from Zelter, describing a representation of 'Macbeth' at Berlin, where the music could not keep pace with the grand spirit and character of the piece, as Zelter set

1 Vide v12_1824-12-03_p11, where a remark is made on the word nature, as applied to a person.—Trans.

2 These plays were intended to be in the Shakspearian style, and Goethe means that by writing them he freed himself from Shakspeare, just as by writing "Werther" he freed himself from thoughts of suicide.—Trans.

forth by various intimations. By Goethe's reading, the letter gained its full effect, and he often paused to admire with me the point of some single passage.

"'Macbeth,'" said Goethe, "is Shakspeare's best acting play, the one in which he shows most understanding with respect to the stage. But would you see his mind unfettered, read 'Troilus and Cressida,' where he treats the materials of the 'Iliad' in his own fashion."

The conversation turned upon Byron, —the disadvantage to which he appears when placed beside the innocent cheerfulness of Shakspeare, and the frequent and generally not unjust blame which he drew upon himself by his manifold works of negation.

"If Lord Byron," said Goethe, "had had an opportunity of working off all the opposition in his character, by a number of strong parliamentary speeches, he would have been much more pure as a poet. But, as he scarcely ever spoke in parliament, he kept within himself all his feelings against his nation, and to free himself from them, he had no other means than to express them in poetical form. I could, therefore, call a great part of Byron's works of negation 'suppressed parliamentary speeches,' and think this would be no bad name for them."

We then mentioned one of our most modern German poets, Platen, who had lately gained a great name, and whose negative tendency was likewise disapproved. "We cannot deny," said Goethe, "that he has many brilliant qualities, but he is wanting in—love. He loves his readers and his fellow-poets as little as he loves himself, and thus we may apply to him the maxim of the apostle—'Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not love (charity), I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.' I have lately read the poems of Platen, and cannot deny his great talent. But, as I said, he is deficient in love, and thus he will never produce the effect which he ought. He will be feared, and will be the idol of those who would like to be as negative as himself, but have not his talent."

Sun. evening, Jan. 29.

THE most celebrated German improvisatore, Dr. Wolff of Hamburg, has been here several days, and has already given public proof of his rare talent. On Friday evening he gave a brilliant display to a numerous audience, and in the presence of the court of Weimar. On the same evening he received from Goethe an invitation to come to him the next day at noon.

I talked with him yesterday evening, after he had improvised before Goethe. He was much delighted, and declared that this hour would make an epoch in his life; for Goethe, by a few words, had opened to him to a wholly new path, and when he had found fault with him, had hit the right nail on the head.

This evening, when I was at Goethe's, the conversation turned immediately on Wolff. "Dr. Wolff is very happy," said I, "that your excellency has given him good counsel,"

"I was perfectly frank with him," said Goethe, "and if my words have made an impression on him and incited him, that is a very good sign. He is a decided talent without doubt, but he has the general sickness of the present day—subjectivity—and of that I would fain heal him. I gave him a task to try him: —'Describe to me,' said I, 'your return to Hamburg.' He was ready at once, and began immediately to speak in melodious verses. I could not but admire him, yet I could not praise him. It was not a return to Hamburg that he described, but merely the emotions on the return of a son to his parents, relations, and friends; and his poem would have served just as well for a return to Merseburg or Jena, as for a return to Hamburg. Yet what a remarkable, peculiar city is Hamburg! and what a rich field was offered him for the most minute description, if he had known or ventured to take hold of the subject properly!"

I remarked that this subjective tendency was the fault of the public, which decidedly applauds all sentimentality.

"Perhaps so," said Goethe; "but the public is still more pleased if you give it something better. I am certain that if, with Wolff's talent at improvisation, one could faithfully describe the life of great cities, such as Rome, Naples, Vienna, Hamburg, or London, and that in such a lively manner, that one's hearers would believe they saw with their own eyes, everybody would be enchanted. If he breaks through to the objective, he is saved, the stuff is in him; for he is not without imagination. Only he

must make up his mind at once, and strive to grasp it."

"I fear," said I, "that this will be harder than we imagine, since it demands entire regeneration of his mode of thought. Even if he succeeds, he will, at all events, come to a momentary standstill with his production, and long practice will be required to make the objective become a second nature."

"The step I grant is very great," said Goethe; "but he must take courage, and make his resolution at once. It is in such matters, like the dread of water in bathing—we must jump in at once, and the element is ours.

"If a person learns to sing," continued Goethe, "all the notes which are within his natural compass are easy to him, while those which lie beyond the compass are at first extremely difficult. But to be a vocalist, he must conquer them, for he must have them all at command. Just so with the poet;—he deserves not the name while he only speaks out his few subjective feelings; but as soon as he can appropriate to himself, and express the world, he is a poet. Then he is inexhaustible, and can be always new, while a subjective nature has soon talked out his little internal material, and is at last ruined by mannerism. People always talk of the study of the ancients; but what does that mean, except that it says, turn your attention to the real world, and try to express it, for that is what the ancients did when they were alive."

Goethe arose and walked to and fro, while I remained seated at the table, as he likes to see me. He stood a moment at the stove, and then, like one who has reflected, came to me, and with his finger on his lips, said,

"I will now tell you something which you will often find confirmed in your experience. All eras in a state of decline and dissolution are subjective; on the other hand, all progressive eras have an objective tendency. Our present time is retrograde, for it is subjective: we see this not merely in poetry, but also in painting, and much besides. Every healthy effort, on the contrary, is directed from the inward to the outward world, as you will see in all great eras, which have been really in a state of progression, and all of an objective nature."

These remarks led to a most interesting conversation, in which especial mention was made of the great period of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The conversation now turned upon the theatre, and the weak, sentimental, gloomy character of modern productions.

"Molière is my strength and consolation at present," said I; "I have translated his 'Avare,' and am now busy with his 'Médicin malgré lui.' Molière is indeed a great, a genuine (reiner) man."

"Yes," said Goethe, "a genuine man; that is the proper term. There is nothing distorted about him. He ruled the manners of his day, while, on the contrary, Our Iffland and Kotzebue allowed themselves to be ruled by theirs, and were limited and confined in them. Molière chastised men by drawing them just as they were."

"I would give something," said I, "to see his plays acted in all their purity! Yet such things are much too strong and natural for the public, so far as I am acquainted with it. Is not this over-refinement to be attributed to the so-called ideal literature of certain authors?"

"No," said Goethe, "it has its source in society itself. What business have our young girls at the theatre? They do not belong to it—they belong to the convent, and the theatre is only for men and women, who know something of human affairs. When Molière wrote, girls were in the convent, and he was not forced to think about them. But now we cannot get rid of these young girls, and pieces which are weak, and therefore proper, will continue to be produced. Be wise and stay away, as I do. I was really interested in the theatre only so long as I could have a practical influence upon it. It was my delight to bring the establishment to a high degree of perfection; and when there was a performance, my interest was not so much in the pieces as in observing whether the actors played as they ought. The faults I wished to point out I sent in writing to the Regisseur, and was sure they would be avoided on the next representation. Now I can no longer have any practical influence in the theatre, I feel no calling to enter it; I should be forced to endure defects without being able to amend them; and that would not suit me. And with the reading of plays, it is no better. The young German poets are eternally sending me tragedies; but what am I to do with them? I have never read German plays except with the view of seeing whether I could act them; in every other respect they were indifferent to me. What am I to do now, in my present situation, with the pieces of these young people? I can gain nothing for myself by reading how things ought not to be done; and I cannot assist the young poets in a matter which is already finished. If, instead of their printed plays, they would send me the plan of a play, I could at least say, 'Do it,' or 'Leave it alone,' or 'Do it this way,' or 'Do it that;' and in this there might be some use.

"The whole mischief proceeds from this, that poetical culture is so widely diffused in Germany that nobody now ever makes a bad verse. The young poets who send me their works are not inferior to their predecessors, and, since they see these praised so highly, they cannot understand why they are not praised also. And yet we cannot encourage them, when talents of the sort exist by hundreds; and we ought not to favour superfluities while so much that is useful remains to be done. Were there a single one who towered above all the rest, it would be well, for the world can only be served by the extraordinary."

Thurs., Feb. 16.

I went, at seven this evening, to Goethe, whom I found alone in his room. I sat down by him at the table, and told him that yesterday I had seen, at the inn, the Duke of Wellington, who was passing through on his way to St. Petersburg. "Indeed!" said Goethe, with animation; "what was he like?—tell me all about him. Does he look like his portrait?"

"Yes," said I; "but better, with more of marked character. If you ever look at his face, all the portraits are nought. One need only see him once never to forget him, such an impression does he make. His eyes are brown, and of the serenest brilliancy; one feels the effect of his glance; his mouth speaks, even when it is closed; he looks a man who has had many thoughts, and has lived through the greatest deeds, who now can handle the world serenely and calmly, and whom nothing more can disturb. He seemed to me as hard and as tempered as a Damascus blade. By his appearance, he is far advanced in the fifties; is upright, slim, and not very tall or stout. I saw him getting into his carriage to depart. There was something uncommonly cordial in his salutation as he passed through the crowd, and, with a very slight bow, touched his hat with his finger." Goethe listened to my description with visible interest. "You have seen one hero more," said he, "and that is saying something."

We then talked of Napoleon, and I lamented that I had never seen him.

"Truly," said Goethe, "that also was worth the trouble. What a compendium of the world!" "Did he look like something?" asked I. "He was something," replied Goethe; "and he looked what he was—that was all."

I had brought with me for Goethe a very remarkable poem, of which I had spoken to him some evenings before—a poem of his own, written so long since that he had quite forgotten it. It was printed in the beginning of the year 1776, in "Die Sichtbaren" (the *Visible*), a periodical published at the time in Frankfort, and had been brought to Weimar by an old servant of Goethe's, through whom it had fallen into my hands. Undoubtedly it is the earliest known poem of Goethe's. The subject was the "Descent of Christ into Hell;" and it was remarkable to observe the readiness of the young author with his religious images. The purpose of the poem might have suited Klopstock; but the execution was quite of a different character; it was stronger, freer, and more easy, and had greater energy and better arrangement. The extraordinary ardour reminded one of a period of youth, full of impetuosity and power. Through a want of subject matter, it constantly reverted to the same point, and was of undue length.

I placed before Goethe the yellow, worn-out paper, and as soon as he saw it he remembered his poem. "It is possible," said he, "that Fräulein von Klettenberg induced me to write it: the heading shows that it was written by desire, and I know not any other friend who could have desired such a subject. I was then in want of materials, and was rejoiced when I got anything that I could sing. Lately, a poem of that period fell into my hands, which I wrote in the English language, and in which I complained of the dearth of poetic subjects. We Germans are really ill off in that respect; our earliest history lies too much in obscurity, and the later is without general native interest, through the want of one ruling dynasty. Klopstock tried Arminius, but the subject lies too far off; nobody feels any connection with it; no one knows what to make of it, and accordingly it has never been popular, or produced any result. I made a happy hit with my 'Goetz von Berlichingen;' that was, at any rate, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and something could be

done with it.

"For 'Werther' and 'Faust' I was, on the contrary, obliged to draw upon my own bosom, for that which was handed down to me did not go far. I made devils and witches but once; I was glad when I had consumed my northern inheritance, and turned to the tables of the Greeks. Had I earlier known how many excellent things have been in existence for hundreds of years, I should not have written a line, but should have done something else."

Easter-day, Mar. 26.

Today, at dinner, Goethe was in one of his pleasantest moods. He had received something he highly valued, Lord Byron's manuscript of the dedication to his "Sardanapalus." He showed it to us after dinner, at the same time teazing his daughter to give him back Byron's letter from Genoa. "You see, my dear child," said he, "I have now everything collected which relates to my connection with Byron; even this valuable paper comes to me today, in a remarkable manner, and now nothing is wanting but that letter."

However, the amiable admirer of Byron would not restore the letter. "You gave it to me once, dear father," said she, "and I shall not give it back; and if you wish, as is fit, that like should be with like, you had better give me the precious paper of today, and I will keep them all together." This was still more repugnant to Goethe, and the playful contest lasted for some time, when it merged into general lively conversation.

After we had risen from table, and the ladies had gone upstairs, I remained with Goethe alone. He brought from his work-room a red portfolio, which he took to the window, and showed me its contents. "Look," said he, "here I have everything together which relates to my connection with Lord Byron. Here is his letter from Leghorn; this is a copy of his dedication; this is my poem; and here is what I wrote for 'Medwin's Conversations;' now, I only want the letter from Genoa, and she will not give it me."

Goethe then told me of a friendly request, which had this day been made to him from England, with reference to Lord Byron, and which had excited him in a very pleasant manner. His mind was just now quite full of Byron, and he said a thousand interesting things about him, his works, and his talents.

"The English," said he, among other things, "may think of Byron as they please; but this is certain, that they can show no poet who is to be compared to him. He is different from all the others, and, for the most part, greater."

Mon., May 15.

I talked with Goethe today about St. Schütze, of whom he spoke very kindly. "When I was ill a few weeks since," said he, "I read his 'Heitere

Stunden' (*Cheerful Hours*) with great pleasure. If Schütze had lived in England, he would have made an epoch; for, with his gift of observing and depicting, nothing was wanting but the sight of life on a large scale."

Thurs., June 1.

Goethe spoke of the "Globe."[1] "The contributors," said he, "are men of the world, cheerful, clear in their views, bold to the last degree. In their censure they are polished and galant; whereas our German literati always think they must hate those who do not think like themselves. I consider the 'Globe' one of our most interesting periodicals, and could not do without it."

Wed., July 26.

This evening I had the pleasure of hearing Goethe say a great deal about the theatre.

I told him that one of my friends intended to arrange Lord Byron's "Two Foscari" for the stage. Goethe doubted his success.

"It is indeed a temptation," he said. "When a piece makes a deep impression on us in reading, we think it will do the same on the stage, and that we could obtain such a result with little trouble. But this is by no means the case. A piece that is not originally, by the intent and skill of the poet, written for the boards, will not succeed; but whatever is done to it, will always remain something unmanageable. What trouble have I taken with my 'Goetz von Berlichingen!' yet it will not go right as an acting play, but is too long; and I have been forced to divide it into two parts, of which the last is indeed theatrically effective, while the first is to be looked upon as a mere introduction. If the first part were given only once as an introduction, and then the second repeatedly, it might succeed. It is the same with 'Wallenstein:' 'The Piccolomini' does not bear repetition, but 'Wallenstein's Death' is always seen with delight."

I asked how a piece must be constructed so as to be fit for the theatre.

"It must be symbolical," replied Goethe; "that is to say, each incident must be significant in itself, and lead to another still more important. The 'Tartuffe' of Molière is, in this respect, a great example. Only think what an introduction is the first scene! From the very beginning everything is highly significant, and leads us to expect something still more important which is to come. The beginning of Lessing's 'Minna von Barnhelm' is also admirable; but that of the 'Tartuffe' comes only once into the world: it is the greatest and best thing that exists of the kind."

We then came to the pieces of Calderon.

"In Calderon," said Goethe, "you find the same perfect adaptation to the theatre. His pieces are throughout fit for the boards; there is not a touch in them which is not directed towards the required effect. Calderon

1 The celebrated French paper. —Trans.

is a genius who had also the finest understanding."

"It is singular," said I, "that the dramas of Shakspeare are not theatrical pieces, properly so called, since he wrote them all for his theatre."

"Shakspeare," replied Goethe, "wrote those pieces direct from his own nature. Then, too, his age, and the existing arrangements of the stage, made no demands upon him; people were forced to put up with whatever he gave them. But if Shakspeare had written for the court of Madrid, or for the theatre of Louis XIV., he would probably have adapted himself to a severer theatrical form. This, however, is by no means to be regretted, for what Shakspeare has lost as a theatrical poet he has gained as a poet in general. Shakspeare is a great psychologist, and we learn from his pieces the secrets of human nature."[1]

We then talked of the difficulties in managing a theatre.

"The knotty point," said Goethe, "is so to deal with contingencies that we are not tempted to deviate from our higher maxims. Among the higher maxims is this: to keep a good repertoire of excellent tragedies, operas, and comedies, to which we can adhere, and which may be regarded as permanent. Among contingencies, I reckon a new piece about which the public is anxious, a 'starring' character (Gastrolle), and so forth. We must not be led astray by things of this kind, but always return to our repertoire. Our time is so rich in really good pieces, that nothing is easier to a connoisseur than to form a good repertoire; but nothing is more difficult to maintain one.

"When Schiller and I superintended the theatre, we had the great advantage of playing through the summer at Lauchstädt. There we had a select audience, who would have nothing but what was excellent; so we always returned to Weimar thoroughly practised in the best plays, and could repeat all our summer performances in the winter. Besides, the Weimar public had confidence in our management, and, even in the case of things they could not appreciate, they were convinced that we acted in accordance with some higher view.

"When the nineties began," continued Goethe, "the proper period of my interest in the theatre was already past, and I wrote nothing for the stage, but wished to devote myself to epic poetry. Schiller revived my extinct interest, and, for the sake of his works, I again took part in the theatre. At the time of my 'Clavigo,' I could easily have written a dozen theatrical pieces. I had no want of subjects, an production was easy to me. I might have written a piece every week, and I am sorry I did not."

Wed., Nov. 8.

Today, Goethe spoke again of Lord Byron with admiration. "I have," said he, "read once more his 'Deformed Transformed,' and must say that to me his talent appears greater than ever. His devil was suggested by my Mephistophiles; but it is no imitation—it is thoroughly new and

1 Wie den Menschen zu Muthe ist. The above is only an approximation. —Trans.

original, close, genuine, and spirited. There are no weak passages—not a place where you could put the head of a pin, where you do not find invention and thought. Were it not for his hypochondriacal negative turn, he would be as great as Shakspeare and the ancients." I expressed surprise.

"Yes," said Goethe, "you may believe me. I have studied him anew, and am confirmed in this opinion."

In a conversation some time ago, Goethe had remarked that Byron had too much empeiria.[1] I did not well understand what he meant; but I forbore to ask, and thought of the matter in silence. However, I got nothing by reflection, and found that I must wait till my improved culture, or some happy circumstance, should unlock the secret for me. Such an one occurred when an excellent representation of "Macbeth" at the theatre produced a strong effect upon me, and on the day afterwards I took up Byron's works to read his "Beppo." Now, I felt I could not relish this poem after "Macbeth;" and the more I read, the more I became enlightened as to Goethe's meaning.

In "Macbeth," a spirit had impressed me, whose grandeur, power, and sublimity could have proceeded from none but Shakspeare. There was the innate quality of a high and deep nature, which raises the individual who possesses it above all mankind, and thus makes him a great poet. Whatever has been given to this piece by knowledge of the world or experience was subordinate to the poetic spirit, and served only to make this speak out and predominate. The great poet ruled us and lifted us up to his own point of view.

While reading "Beppo," on the contrary, I felt the predominance of a nefarious empirical world, with which the mind which introduced it to us had, in a certain measure, associated itself. I no more found the great and pure thoughts of a highly-gifted poet, but, by frequent intercourse with the world, the poet's mode of thought seemed to have acquired the same stamp. He seemed to be on the same level with all intellectual men of the world of the higher class, being only distinguished from them by his great talent for representation, so that he might be regarded as their mouthpiece.

So I felt, in reading "Beppo," that Lord Byron had too much empeiria, not because he brought too much real life before us, but because the higher poetic nature seemed to be silent, or even expelled by an empiric mode of thought.

Wed., Nov. 29.

I had now also read Lord Byron's "Deformed Transformed," and talked with Goethe about it after dinner.

1 The import of this Greek word for "experience," and its cognate word "empiric," has nothing in common with the notion of "quackery." The general meaning is, that Byron is too worldly. —Trans.

"Am I not right?" said he; "the first scenes are great—politically great. The remainder, when the subject wanders to the siege of Rome, I will not call poetical, but it must be averred that it is very pointed[1] (geistreich)."

"To the highest degree," said I; "but there is no art in being pointed when one respects nothing."

Goethe laughed. "You are not quite wrong," said he. "We must, indeed, confess that the poet says more than ought to be said. He tells us the truth, but it is disagreeable, and we should like him better if he held his peace. There are things in the world which the poet should rather conceal than disclose; but this openness lies in Byron's character, and you would annihilate him if you made him other than he is."

"Yes," said I, "he is in the highest degree pointed. How excellent, for instance, is this passage—

The devil speaks truth much oftener than he's deemed;
He hath an ignorant audience?"

"That is as good and as free as one of my Mephistophiles' sayings."

"Since we are talking of Mephistophiles," continued Goethe, "I will show you something which Coudray has brought me from Paris. What do you think of it?"

He laid before me a lithograph, representing the scene where Faust and Mephistophiles, on their way to free Margaret from prison, are rushing by the gallows at night on two horses. Faust rides a black horse, which gallops with all its might, and seems, as well as his rider, afraid of the spectres under the gallows. They ride so fast that Faust can scarcely keep his seat; the current of air has blown off his cap, which, fastened by straps about his neck, flies far behind him. He has turned his fearful inquiring face to Mephistophiles, and is listening to his words. Mephistophiles, on the contrary, sits quiet and undisturbed, like a being of a higher order. He rides no living horse, for he loves not what is living; indeed, he does not need it, for his will moves him with the swiftness he requires. He has a horse merely because he must look as if he were riding, and it has been quite enough for him to find a beast that is a mere bag of bones, from the first field he has come to. It is of a bright colour, and seems to be phosphorescent amid the darkness of night. It is neither bridled nor saddled, but goes without such appendages. The supernatural rider sits easily and negligently, with his face turned towards Faust, in conversation. The opposing element of air does not exist for him; neither he nor his horse feel anything of it. Not a hair of either is stirred.

We expressed much pleasure at this ingenious composition. "I must aver," said Goethe, "that I myself did not think it out so perfectly. Here is another. What say you to this?"

I saw a representation of the wild drinking scene in Auerbach's cellar,

1 "Pointed" is only an approximation,—the word here means "full of esprit." —Trans.

at the all-important moment when the wine sparkles up into flames, and the brutality of the drinkers is shown in the most varied ways. All is passion and movement; Mephistophiles also maintains his usual composure. The wild cursing and screaming, and the drawn knife of the man who stands next him, are to him nothing. He has seated himself on a corner of the table, dangling his legs. His upraised finger is enough to subdue flame and passion.

The more one looked at this excellent design, the greater seemed the intelligence of the artist, who made no figure like another, but in each one expressed some different part of the action.

"M. Delacroix," said Goethe, "is a man of great talent, who found in 'Faust' his proper aliment. The French censure his wildness, but it suits him well here. He will, I hope, go through all 'Faust,' and I anticipate a special pleasure from the witches' kitchen and the scenes on the Brocken. We can see that he has a good knowledge of life, for which a city like Paris has given him the best opportunity."

I observed that these designs greatly conduce to the comprehension of a poem.

"Undoubtedly," said Goethe; "for the more perfect imagination of such an artist constrains us to think the situations as beautiful as he conceived them himself. And if I must confess that M. Delacroix has, in some scenes, surpassed my own notions, how much more will the reader find all in full life, and surpassing his imagination."

Mon., Dec. 11.

I found Goethe in a very happy mood. "Alexander von Humboldt has been some hours with me this morning," said he, coming to meet me with great vivacity; "what a man he is! Long as I have known him, he ever surprises me anew. One may say he has not his equal in knowledge and living wisdom. Then he has a many-sidedness such as I have found nowhere else. On whatever point you approach him, he is at home, and lavishes upon us his intellectual treasures. He is like a fountain with many pipes, under which you need only hold a vessel, and from which refreshing and inexhaustible streams are ever flowing. He will stay here some days; and I already feel that it will be with me as if I had lived for years."

Wed., Dec. 13.

At table, the ladies praised a portrait by a young painter. "What is most surprising," they added, "he has learned everything by himself." This could be seen particularly in the hands, which were not correctly and artistically drawn. "We see," said Goethe, "that the young man has talent; however, you should not praise, but rather blame him, for learning everything by himself. A man of talent is not born to be left to himself, but to devote himself to art and good masters, who will make something out of him. I have lately read a letter from Mozart, where, in

reply to a Baron who had sent him his composition, he writes somewhat in this fashion—

"'You dilettanti must be blamed for two faults, since two you generally have; either you have no thoughts of your own, and take those of others, or, if you have thoughts of your own, you do not know what to do with them.'

"Is not this capital? and does not this fine remark, which Mozart makes about music, apply to all other arts?"

Goethe continued: "Leonardo da Vinci says, 'If your son has not sense enough to bring out what he draws by a bold shadowing, so that we can grasp it with our hands, he has no talent.'

"Further, Leonardo da Vinci says, 'If your son is a perfect master of perspective and anatomy, send him to a good master.'

"And now," said Goethe, "our young artists scarcely understand either when they leave their masters. So much have times altered."

"Our young painters," continued Goethe, "lack heart and intellect. Their inventions express nothing and effect nothing: they paint swords which do not cut, and arrows which do not hit; and I often think, in spite of myself, that all intellect has vanished from the world."

"And yet," I replied, "we should naturally think that the great military events of latter years would have stirred the intellect."

"They have stirred the will more than the intellect," said Goethe, "and the poetical intellect more than the artistical, while all naïveté and sensuousness are lost. Without these two great requisites how can a painter produce anything in which we can take any pleasure?"

I said that I had lately, in his "Italian Travels," read of a picture by Correggio, which represents a "weaning," and in which the Infant Christ in Mary's lap stands in doubt between his mother's breast and a pear held before him, and does not know which of the two to choose.

"Aye," said Goethe, "there is a little picture for you! There are mind, naïveté, sensuousness, all together. The sacred subject is endowed with an universally human interest, and stands as a symbol for a period of life we must all pass through. Such a picture is immortal, because it grasps backwards at the earliest times of humanity, and forwards at the latest. On the contrary, if Christ were painted suffering the little children to come unto him, it would be a picture that expressed nothing—at any rate, nothing of importance.

"For above fifty years," continued Goethe, "I have watched German painting—nay, not merely watched it, but endeavoured to exert some influence on it, and now I can say so much, that as the matter now stands, little is to be expected. Some great talent must come, which will at once appropriate to itself all that is good in the period, and thus surpass every one. The means are at hand, and the way is pointed out. We have now the works of Phidias before our eyes, whereas in our youth nothing of the sort was to be thought of. As I have just said, nothing is wanting but a great talent, and this I hope will come; perhaps it is already in its cradle, and you will live to see its brilliancy."

I told Goethe after dinner, that I had made a discovery which afforded me much pleasure. I had observed in a burning taper that the lower transparent part of the flame exhibits a phenomenon analogous to that of the blue sky, since in both we see darkness through a lighted but dense medium.

I asked Goethe whether he knew this phenomenon of the taper, and had mentioned it in his "Theory of Colours."

"Certainly," said he. He then took down a volume of "the Theory of Colours," and read me the paragraphs in which I found described all that I had seen. "I am glad," said he, "that you have been struck with this phenomenon, without learning it from my 'Theory,' for you have now comprehended it, and may say that you possess it. Moreover, you have thus gained a point of view from which you can proceed to the other phenomena. I will show you a new one now."

It was about four o'clock: the sky was clouded over, and twilight was beginning. Goethe lighted a candle, and went with it to a table near the window. He then set it on a white sheet of paper, and placed a small stick so that the light of the candle threw a shadow from the stick towards the daylight. "Now," said Goethe, "what do you say of this shadow?" "The shadow is blue," replied I. "There you get your blue again," said Goethe. "But what do you see on the other side of the stick towards the taper?" "Another shadow." "But of what colour?" "The shadow is a reddish yellow," I replied; "but whence proceeds this double phenomenon?" "There is a point for you," said Goethe: "see if you can work it out. A solution is to be found, but it is difficult. Do not look at my 'Theory of Colours' until you have given up all hopes of finding it out yourself." I made this promise with great delight.

"The phenomenon of the lower part of the taper," said Goethe, "where a transparent flame stands before darkness and produces a blue colour, I will now show you on a larger scale." He took a spoon and poured into it some spirit, which he set on fire. Thus a transparent flame was again produced, through which the darkness appeared blue. If I held the burning spirit against the darkness, the blue increased in intensity; but if I held it against the light, the blue became fainter or vanished altogether.

I was delighted with this phenomenon. "Yes," said Goethe, "this is the grandeur of nature, that she is so simple, and that she always repeats her greatest phenomena on a small scale. The law by which the sky is blue may likewise be observed in the lower part of a burning taper, in burning spirits, and also in the bright smoke which rises from a village with dark mountains in the background."

"But how do the disciples of Newton explain this extremely simple phenomenon?" "That you must not know," answered Goethe. "Their explanation is too stupid, and a good head-piece is incredibly damaged when it meddles with stupidities. Do not trouble yourself about the Newtonians, but be satisfied with the pure doctrine, and you will find it

quite enough for you."

"An occupation with that which is wrong," said I "is perhaps in this case as unpleasant and as injurious as taking up a bad tragedy to illustrate it in all its parts, and to expose it in its nudity."

"The case is precisely the same," said Goethe, "and we should not meddle with anything of the sort without actual necessity. I receive mathematics as the most sublime and useful science, so long as they are applied in their proper place; but I cannot commend the misuse of them in matters which do not belong to their sphere, and in which, noble science as they are, they seem to be mere nonsense. As if, forsooth! things only exist when they can be mathematically demonstrated. It would be foolish for a man not to believe in his mistress's love because she could not prove it to him mathematically. She can mathematically prove her dowry, but not her love. The mathematicians did not find out the metamorphosis of plants. I have achieved this discovery without mathematics, and the mathematicians were forced to put up with it. To understand the phenomena of colour nothing is required but unbiassed observation and a sound head, but these are scarcer than folks imagine."

"How do the French and English of the present day stand with respect to the theory of colour?" asked I. "Each of the two nations," replied Goethe, "has its advantages and disadvantages. With the English, it is a good quality, that they make everything practical, but they are pedants. The French have good brains, but with them everything must be positive, and if it is not so they make it so. However, with respect to the theory of colours, they are in a good way, and one of their best men comes near the truth. He says that colours are inherent in the things themselves; for as there is in nature an acidulating principle, so also is there a colouring principle. This view, I admit, does not explain the phenomena, but it places the object within the sphere of nature, and frees it from the load of mathematics."

The Berlin papers were brought in, and Goethe sat down to read them. He handed one of them to me, and I found in the theatrical intelligence, that at the opera house and the theatre royal they gave just as bad pieces as they gave here. "How should it be otherwise?" said Goethe. "There is no doubt that with the help of good English, French, and Spanish pieces, a repertoire can be formed sufficiently abundant to furnish a good piece every evening. But what need is felt by the nation always to see good pieces? The time in which Æschylus Sophocles, and Euripides lived was different. Then there was mind enough to desire only what was really greatest and best. But in our miserable times, where is felt a need for the best? where are the organs to appreciate it?

"And then," continued Goethe, "people will have something new. In Berlin or Paris, the public is always the same. A quantity of new pieces are written and brought out in Paris, and you must endure five or six thoroughly bad ones before you are compensated by a single good one. The only expedient to keep up a German theatre at the present time is that of 'starring' (Gastrollen). If I had the direction of a theatre now, the

whole winter should be provided with excellent 'stars.' Thus, not only would all the good pieces be represented once more, but the interest of the audience would be led more from the pieces to the acting; a power of comparing and judging would be acquired; the public would gain in penetration, and the superior acting of a distinguished star would maintain our own actors in a state of excitement and emulation. As I said before, keep on with your starring, and you will be astonished at the benefit that will accrue both to the theatre and the public. I foresee a time when a clever man, who understands the matter, will take four theatres at once, and provide them with stars by turns. And I am sure he will keep his ground better than if he only had one."

Wed., Dec. 27.

I had been sedulously reflecting at home, on the phenomenon of the blue and yellow shadows, and although this long remained a riddle to me, a light gleamed upon me after constant meditation, and I was gradually convinced that I understood the phenomenon.

Today at dinner, I told Goethe that I had solved the riddle. "That is saying a great deal," said Goethe, "you shall show me after dinner." "I would rather write my solution down," returned I, "for I want the right words for a verbal explanation." "You may write it down afterwards, but today you shall solve the problem before my eyes, and demonstrate it with your own mouth, that I may see whether you are in the right way."

After dinner, when it was still quite light, Goethe said to me, "Can you make the experiment now?" "No," said I. "Why not?" asked Goethe. "It is too light," I replied. "We must have a little dusk, in order that the candle may throw a decided shade, but not so much that daylight cannot fall upon this shadow." "Humph!" said Goethe, "that is not wrong."

The dusk of the evening at last set in, and I told Goethe that this was the time. He lighted the wax taper, and gave me a sheet of white paper and a stick. "Now, go on with your experiment and demonstration," said he.

I placed the taper on the table near the window, laid the sheet of paper near it, and when I placed the stick in the middle of the paper, between daylight and candle-light, the phenomenon was there in all its beauty. The shadow towards the candle was a decided yellow, and the one towards the window a perfect blue.

"Now," said Goethe, "how is the blue shadow produced?" "Before I explain this," said I, "I will lay down the fundamental law, from which I deduce both phenomena. Light and darkness are not colours, but they are the two extremes between which, and by the modification of which, all colours are produced. Next to the extremes of light and darkness, arise the two colours yellow and blue. The yellow borders on light, inasmuch as it is produced by seeing light through a dimmed transparency; the blue borders on darkness, inasmuch as it is produced by seeing darkness through an illuminated transparency. If we now come to our phenomena," I continued, "we see that the stick, through the strength

of the taper light, casts a decided shadow. This shadow would appear as so much black darkness if I closed the shutters and shut out the light of day; but here the daylight enters freely by the window, and forms an illuminated medium, through which I see the darkness of the shadow; and thus, in conformity with our law, the blue colour is produced."

Goethe laughed. "Well, that would be the blue, would it?" said he; "but how do you explain the yellow shadow?" "From the law of the dimmed light," I replied. "The burning taper throws upon the white paper a light which has already a slightly yellowish tinge. The daylight, however, is strong enough to throw a weak shadow, which, as far as it extends, dims the light; and thus, in conformity with our law, the yellow colour is produced. If I lessen the dimness by bringing the shadow as nearly as possible to the candle, a pure clear yellow is produced; but if I increase the dimness by removing the shadow as far as possible from the candle, the yellow is heightened to a reddish yellow, or even to a red."

Goethe again laughed, and looked very mysterious. "Now," said he, "am I right? You have observed your phenomenon well, and have described it very prettily," replied Goethe, "but you have not explained it. Your explanation is ingenious, but it is not the right one."

"Help me, then," said I, "and solve the riddle, for I am extremely impatient." "You shall learn the solution," replied Goethe, "but not today and not in this manner. I will next show you another phenomenon, which will bring the law plainly before your eyes. You are near the mark, and cannot proceed further in this direction. When you have once comprehended the new law, you will be transplanted into quite another region. Come some day and dine with me an hour earlier, when the sky is clear, and I will show you a plainer phenomenon, by which you will at once comprehend the law which lies at the foundation of this one. I am very glad," he continued, "that you take this interest in colours; it will prove a source of infinite delight."

When I left Goethe in the evening, I could not get the thought of the phenomenon out of my head, and it occupied my very dreams; but even thus I did not gain a clearer view, and did not advance one step nearer towards the solution of the enigma.

"I am going on, though slowly, with my papers on Natural Science," said Goethe to me lately; "not because I think that I can materially advance science, but on account of the many pleasant associations I maintain by it. Of all occupations, that with nature is the most innocent. As for any connection or correspondence in æsthetical matters, that is not to be thought of. They now want to know what town on the Rhine is meant in my 'Hermann and Dorothea,' as if it were not better to choose according to one's fancy. They want truth—they want actuality; and thus poetry is destroyed."

Wed., Jan. 3.

AT DINNER, we talked over Canning's excellent speech for Portugal. "Some people," said Goethe, "call this speech coarse; but these people know not what they want—they have a morbid desire to be frondeurs against all greatness. It is no opposition, it is mere 'frondation'; they must have something great, that they may hate it. When Napoleon was alive they hated him, and he served as a good conduit-pipe. When it was all over with him, they grumbled (frondirten) at the Holy Alliance, and yet nothing greater or more beneficial for mankind was ever devised. Now it is Canning's turn. His speech for Portugal is the result of a grand consciousness. He feels very well the extent of his power and the dignity of his position; and he is right to speak as he feels. This the Sans-culottes cannot understand; and what to us seems sublime, seems to them coarse. The grand disturbs them; they are not so constituted as to respect it, and cannot endure it."

Thurs. evening, Jan. 4.

Goethe praised highly the poems of Victor Hugo.

"He is," said he, "a man of decided talent, on whom German literature has had an influence. His poetic youth has, unfortunately, been disturbed by the pedantry of the classic school; but now he has the 'Globe' on his side, and is thus sure of his game. I am inclined to compare him with Manzoni. He has much objectivity, and seems to me quite as important as MM. De Lamartine and De la Vigne. On closely observing him, I see the source of this and other fresh talent of the same sort. They all come from Chateaubriand, who has really a distinguished rhetorico-poetical talent. That you may see how Victor Hugo writes, only read this poem upon Napoleon—Les Deux Isles."

Goethe gave me the book, and went to the stove. I read the poem. "Has he not excellent images," said Goethe, "and has not he managed his subject with great freedom?" He came back to me. "Only look at this passage—how fine it is!" He read the passage about the storm-cloud, from which the lightning darts upward and strikes the hero. "That is fine; for the image is correct: as you will find in the mountains, where we often have the storm beneath us, and where the lightning darts upwards."

"I praise this in the French," said I, "that their poetry never deserts the firm ground of reality. We can translate their poems into prose, without losing anything essential."

"That," said Goethe, "is because the French poets have knowledge, while our German simpletons think they would lose their talent, if they laboured for knowledge; although, in fact, all talent must derive its nutriment from knowledge, and thus only is enabled to use its strength. But let them pass; we cannot help them, and real talent soon finds its way. The many young poets who are now carrying on their trade have no real talent; they only show an impotence which has been excited into productiveness by the high state of German literature.

"That the French," continued Goethe, "have passed from their pedantry into a freer manner is not surprising. Even before the revolution, Diderot, and minds like his, sought to break open this path. The revolution itself, and the reign of Napoleon, have been favourable to the cause; for if the years of war allowed no real poetical interest to spring up, and were consequently for the moment unfavourable to the Muses, yet a multitude of free intellects were formed in this period, who now, in times of peace, attain reflection, and come forward as talents of importance."

I asked Goethe whether the classical party had been opposed to the excellent Béranger. "The genre of Béranger's poetry," said Goethe, "is old and traditional, and people were accustomed to it. However, he has been in many respects more free than his predecessors, and has therefore been attacked by the pedantic party."

The conversation turned upon painting, and on the mischief of the antiquity-worshipping school. "You do not pretend to be a connoisseur," said Goethe; "but I will show you a picture, in which, though it has been painted by one of the best living German artists, you will at the first glance be struck by the most glaring offences against the primary laws of art. You will see that details are nicely done, but you will be dissatisfied with the whole, and will not know what to make of it; and this not because the painter has not sufficient talent, but because his mind, which should have directed his talent, is darkened, like that of all the other bigots to antiquity; so that he ignores the perfect masters, and, going back to their imperfect predecessors, takes them for his patterns.

"Raphael and his contemporaries broke through a limited mannerism, to nature and freedom. And now our artists, instead of being thankful, using these advantages, and proceeding on the good way, return to the state of limitation.

"This is too bad, and it is hard to understand such darkening of the intellect. And since in this course they find no support in art itself, they seek one from religion and faction—without these two they could not sustain themselves in their weakness.

"There is," continued Goethe, "through all art a filiation. If you see a great master, you will always find that he used what was good in

his predecessors, and that it was this which made him great. Men like Raphael do not spring out of the ground. They took root in the antique, and the best which had been done before them. Had they not used the advantages of their time, there would be little to say about them."

The conversation now turned upon old German poetry. I mentioned Flemming. "Flemming," said Goethe, "is a very fair talent, a little prosaic and citizen-like, and of no practical use nowadays. It is strange," he continued, "that with all I have done, there is not one of my poems that would suit the Lutheran hymn-book." I laughed and assented, while I said to myself that in this odd expression there was more than could be seen at the first glance.

Sun. evening, Jan. 12.

I found a musical party at Goethe's. The performers were the Eberwein family, and some members of the orchestra. Among the few hearers were General Superintendent Röhr, Hofrath Vogel, and some ladies. Goethe had wished to hear a quartet by a celebrated young composer, and this was played first. Karl Eberwein, a boy twelve years old, played the piano entirely to Goethe's great satisfaction, and indeed admirably, so that the quartet was in every respect well performed.

"It is a strange state," said Goethe, "to which the great improvements in the technical and mechanical part of the art have brought our newest composers. Their productions are no longer music; they go beyond the level of human feelings, and one can give them no response from the mind and heart. How do you feel? I hear with my ears only."

I replied that I fared no better.

"Yet the Allegro," said he, "had character; that ceaseless whirling and twirling brought before my mind the witches' dance on the Blocksberg, and thus I had a picture to illustrate this odd music."

After a pause, during which the party discoursed and took refreshments, Goethe asked Madame Eberwein to sing some songs. She sang the beautiful song, "Um Mitternacht," with Zelter's music, which made the deepest impression.

"That song," said Goethe, "remains beautiful, however often it is heard! There is something eternal, indestructible, in the melody!"

The "Erlkönig" obtained great applause; and the aria, "Ich hab's gesagt der guten Mutter," made every one remark that the music so happily fitted the words, that no one could even conceive it otherwise. Goethe himself was in the highest degree pleased.

By way of conclusion to this pleasant evening, Madame Eberwein, at Goethe's request, sang some songs from his "Divan," with her husband's music. The passage, "Jussuf's Reize möcht' ich borgen," pleased Goethe especially. "Eberwein," he said, "sometimes surpasses himself." He then asked for the song, "Ach um deine feuchten Schwingen," which was also of a kind to excite the deepest emotions.

After the party had left, I remained some moments alone with Goethe. "I have," said he, "this evening made the remark that these songs in the 'Divan' have no further connection with me. Both the oriental and impassioned elements have ceased to live in me. I have left them behind, like a cast-off snake-skin on my path. The song, 'Um Mitternacht,' on the contrary, has not lost its connection with me; it is a living part of me, and goes on living with me still.

"Oftentimes, my own productions seem wholly strange to me. Today, I read a passage in French, and thought as I read—'This man speaks cleverly enough—you would not have said it otherwise:' when I look at it closely, I find it is a passage translated from my own writings!"

Mon. evening, Jan. 15.

After the completion of the "Helena," Goethe had employed himself last summer with the continuation of the "Wanderjahre." He often talked to me about the progress of this work.

"In order the better to use the materials I possess," said he to me one day, "I have taken the first part entirely to pieces, and intend, by mingling the old with the new, to make two parts. I have ordered everything that is printed to be copied entire. The places where I have new matter to introduce are marked, and when my secretary comes to such a mark, I dictate what is wanting, and thus compel myself never to let my work stop."

Another day he said to me, "All the printed part of the 'Wanderjahre' is now completely copied. The places where I am to introduce new matter are filled with blue paper, so that I have always before my eyes what is yet to be done. As I go on at present, the blue spots gradually vanish, to my great delight."

Some weeks ago, I had heard from his secretary that he was at work on a new novel. I therefore abstained from evening visits, and satisfied myself with seeing him once a week at dinner. The novel had now been finished for some time, and this evening he showed me the first sheets. I was delighted, and read as far as the important passage where all stand round the dead tiger, and the messenger brings the intelligence that the lion has laid himself in the sun by the ruins.

While reading, I could not but admire the extraordinary clearness with which all objects, down to the very smallest locality, were brought before the eyes. The going out to hunt, the old ruins of the castle, the fair, the way through the fields to the ruins, were all so distinctly painted, that one could not conceive them otherwise than as the poet intended. At the same time, all was written with such circumspection and mastery of subject, that one could never anticipate what was coming, or see a line further than one read.

"Your excellency," said I, "must have worked after a very defined plan."

"Yes, indeed," replied Goethe; "I was going to treat the subject thirty years ago, and have carried it in my head ever since. The work went on oddly enough. At that time, immediately after 'Hermann and Dorothea,' I meant to treat it in an epic form and in hexameters, and had drawn up a complete outline with this view. But when I now took up the subject again, not being able to find my old outline, I was obliged to make a new one, and that suitable to the altered form I intended to give the subject. Now my work is ended, the old outline is again found, and I am glad I did not have it earlier; for it would only have confused me. The action and the progress of development were, indeed, unaltered, but the details were entirely different; it had been conceived with a view to an epic treatment in hexameters, and would not therefore have been applicable to this prose form."

The conversation then turned upon the contents.

"That is a beautiful situation," said I, "where Honorio, opposite to the princess, stands over the dead tiger, when the lamenting woman with her boy comes up, and the prince, too, with his retinue of huntsmen, hastens to join this singular group; it would make an excellent picture and I should like to see it painted."

"Yes," said Goethe, "that would be a fine picture. Yet, perhaps," continued he, after some reflection, "the subject is almost too rich, and the figures are too many, so that it would be very difficult for the artist to group them, and distribute the light and shade. That earlier moment where Honorio kneels on the tiger, and the princess is opposite to him on horseback, I have imagined as a picture, and that might be done."

I felt that Goethe was right, and added that this moment contained in fact the gist of the whole situation.

I also remarked that this novel had a character quite distinct from those of the "Wanderjahre," inasmuch as everything represented the external world—everything was real.

"True," said Goethe, "you will find in it scarcely anything of the inward world, and in my other things there is almost too much."

"I am now curious to learn," said I, "how the lion will be conquered; I almost guess that this will take place in quite a different manner, but how I cannot conceive." "It would not be right for you to guess it," said Goethe, "and I will not reveal the secret today. On Thursday evening I will give you the conclusion. Till then, the lion shall lie in the sun."

I turned the conversation to the second part of "Faust," especially the classical Walpurgis night, which existed as yet only as a sketch, and which Goethe had told me he meant to print in that form. I had ventured to advise him not to do so; for I found that if it were once printed, it would be always left in this unfinished state. Goethe must have thought that over in the mean time, for he now told me that he had resolved not to print the sketch.

"I am very glad of it," said I; "for now I shall hope to see you complete it."

"It might be done in three months," said he; "but when am I to get time for it? The day has too many claims on me; it is difficult to isolate myself sufficiently. This morning, the hereditary Grand Duke was with me; tomorrow at noon, the Grand Duchess proposes visiting me. I must prize such visits as a high favour; they embellish my life, but they occupy my mind. I am obliged to think what I have new to offer to such dignified personages, and how I can worthily entertain them."

"And yet," said I, "you finished 'Helena' last winter, when you were no less disturbed than now."

"Why," he replied, "one goes on, and must go on; but it is difficult."

"'Tis well," said I, "that your outline is so completely made out."

"The outline is indeed complete," said Goethe, "but the most difficult part is yet to be done; and in the execution of parts, everything depends too much on luck. The classic Walpurgis night must be written in rhyme, and yet the whole must have an antique character. It is not easy to find a suitable sort of verse;—and then the dialogue!"

"Is not that also in the plan?" said I.

"The what is there," replied Goethe, "but not the how. Then only think what is to be said on that mad night! Faust's speech to Proserpine, when he would move her to give him Helena—what a speech should that be, when Proserpine herself is moved to tears! All this is not easy to do, and depends much on good luck, nay, almost entirely on the mood and strength at the moment."

Wed., Jan. 17.

Lately, during Goethe's occasional indisposition, we had dined in his work-room, which looks out on the garden. Today, the cloth was again laid in what is called the Urbino-chamber, which I looked upon as a good omen. When I entered, I found Goethe and his son: both welcomed me in their naive, affectionate manner; Goethe himself was in his happiest mood, as I could perceive by the animation of his face.

Through the open door of the next room, I saw Chancellor von Müller stooping over a large engraving; he soon came in to us, and I was glad to greet him as a pleasant companion at table. Frau von Goethe was still absent, but we sat down to table without her. The engraving was talked about with admiration, and Goethe said that it was a work of the celebrated Parisian Gérard, who had lately sent it to him as a present. "Go you at once," added he, "and take a peep before the soup comes in."

I followed his wish and my own inclination, and was delighted both with the sight of the admirable work and with the inscription of the artist, by which he dedicates it to Goethe as a proof of his esteem. I could not look long; Frau von Goethe came in, and I hastened back to my place.

"Is not that something great?" said Goethe. "You may study it days and weeks before you can find out all its rich thoughts and perfections."

We were very lively at table. The Chancellor produced a letter by an important man at Paris, who had held a difficult post as ambassador here in the time of the French occupation, and had from that period kept up a friendly communication with Weimar. He mentioned the Grand Duke and Goethe, and congratulated Weimar for being able to maintain so intimate an alliance between genius and the highest power.

Frau von Goethe gave a highly graceful tone to the conversation. The discourse was upon certain purchases; and she teazed young Goethe, who would not give in.

"We must not spoil fair ladies too much," said Goethe; "they are so ready to break all bounds. Even at Elba, Napoleon received milliners' bills, which he had to pay; yet, in such matters, he would as easily do too little as too much. One day, at the Tuileries, a marchand de modes offered, in his presence, some valuable goods to his consort. As Napoleon showed no disposition to buy anything, the man gave him to understand that he was doing but little in this way for his wife. Napoleon did not answer a word, but looked upon the man with such a look, that he packed up his things at once, and never showed his face again."

"Did he do this when consul?" asked Frau von Goethe.

"Probably when emperor," replied Goethe, "for otherwise his look would not have been so formidable. I cannot but laugh at the man, who was pierced through by the glance, and who saw himself already beheaded or shot."

We were in the liveliest mood, and continued to talk of Napoleon.

"I wish," said young Goethe, "that I had good pictures or engravings of all Napoleon's deeds, to decorate a large room."

"The room must be very large," said Goethe, "and even then it would not hold the pictures, so great are the deeds."

The Chancellor turned the conversation on Luden's "History of the Germans;" and I had reason to admire the dexterity and penetration which young Goethe displayed in deducing all which the reviewers had found to blame in the book from the time in which it was written, and the national views and feelings which had animated the author. We arrived at the result that the wars of Napoleon first explained to us those of Cæsar. "Previously," said Goethe, "Cæsar's book was really not much more than an exercise for classical schools."

From the old German time, the conversation turned upon the Gothic. We spoke of a bookcase which had a Gothic character, and from this were led to discuss the late fashion of arranging entire apartments in the old German and Gothic style, and thus living under the influences of a bygone time.

"In a house," said Goethe, "where there are so many rooms that some are entered only three or four times a year, such a fancy may pass; and I think it a pretty notion of Madame Pankoucke at Paris that she has a Chinese apartment. But I cannot praise the man who fits out the rooms in which he lives with these strange, old-fashioned objects. It is a sort of

masquerade, which can, in the long run, do no good in any respect, but must, on the contrary, have an unfavourable influence on the man who adopts it. Such a fashion is in contradiction to the age in which we live, and will only confirm the empty and hollow way of thinking and feeling in which it originates. It is well enough, on a merry winter's evening, to go to a masquerade as a Turk; but what should we think of a man who wore such a mask all the year round? We should think either that he was crazy, or in a fair way to become so before long."

We found Goethe's remarks on this highly practical subject very convincing, and as the reproof did not even lightly touch any of us, we received the truth with the pleasantest feelings.

The conversation now turned upon the theatre, and Goethe rallied me for having, last Monday evening, sacrificed it to him. "He has now been here three years," said he, turning to the others, "and this is the first evening that he has given up the theatre for my sake. I ought to think a great deal of it. I had invited him, and he had promised to come, but yet I doubted whether he would keep his word, especially as it struck half-past six and he was not here. Indeed, I should have rejoiced if he had not come; for then I could have said: this is a crazy fellow, who loves the theatre better than his dearest friends, and whom nothing can turn aside from his obstinate partiality. But did I not make it up to you? have I not shown you fine things?" By these words Goethe alluded to the new novel.

We talked of Schiller's "Fiesco," which was acted last Saturday. "I saw it for the first time," said I, "and have been much occupied with thinking whether those extremely rough scenes could not be softened; but I find very little could be done to them without spoiling the character of the whole."

"You are right—it cannot be done," replied Goethe. "Schiller often talked with me on the matter; for he himself could not endure his first plays, and would never allow them to be acted while he had the direction of the theatre. At last we were in want of pieces, and would willingly have gained those three powerful firstlings for our répertoire. But we found it impossible; all the parts were too closely interwoven one with another; so that Schiller himself despaired of accomplishing the plan, and found himself constrained to give it up, and leave the pieces just as they were."

"'Tis a pity," said I; "for, notwithstanding all their roughness, I love them a thousand times better than the weak, forced, and unnatural pieces of some of the best of our later tragic poets. A grand intellect and character is felt in everything of Schiller's."

"Yes," said Goethe, "Schiller might do what he would, he could not make anything which would not come out far greater than the best things of these later people. Even when he cut his nails, he showed he was greater than these gentlemen." We laughed at this striking metaphor.

"But I have known persons," continued he, "who could never be content with those first dramas of Schiller. One summer, at a bathing

place, I was walking through a very secluded, narrow path, which led to a mill. There Prince ——— met me, and as at the same moment some mules laden with meal-sacks came up to us, we were obliged to get out of the way and enter a small house. Here, in a narrow room, we fell, after the fashion of that prince, into deep discussion about things divine and human; we also came to Schiller's 'Robbers,' when the prince expressed himself thus: 'If I had been the Deity on the point of creating the world, and had foreseen, at the moment, that Schiller's "Robbers" would have been written in it, I would have left the world uncreated.'" We could not help laughing. "What do you say to that?" said Goethe; "that is a dislike which goes pretty far, and which one can scarcely understand."

"There is nothing of this dislike," I observed, "in our young people, especially our students. The most excellent and matured pieces by Schiller and others may be performed, and we shall see but few young people and students in the theatre; but if Schiller's 'Robbers' or Schiller's 'Fiesco' is given, the house is almost filled by students alone."

"So it was," said Goethe, "fifty years ago, and so it will probably be fifty years hence. Do not let us imagine that the world will so much advance in culture and good taste that young people will pass over the ruder epoch. What a young man has written is always best enjoyed by young people. Even if the world progresses generally, youth will always begin at the beginning, and the epochs of the world's cultivation will be repeated in the individual. This has ceased to irritate me, and a long time ago I made a verse in this fashion:

Still let the bonfire blaze away,
Let pleasure never know decay;
Old brooms to stumps are always worn,
And youngsters every day are born.

"I need only look out of the window to see, in the brooms that sweep the street, and the children who run about, a visible symbol of the world, that is always wearing out and always becoming young again. Children's games and the diversions of youth are preserved from century to century; for, absurd as these may appear to a more mature age, children are always children, and are at all times alike. Hence we ought not to put down the midsummer bonfires, or spoil the pleasure which the little dears take in them."

With this and the like cheerful conversation the hours at table passed swiftly by. We younger people then went into the upper room, while the Chancellor remained with Goethe.

Thurs. evening, Jan. 18.

Goethe had promised me the rest of the novel this evening. I went to him at half-past six, and found him alone in his comfortable work-room. I sat down with him at table, and after we had talked over the immediate

events of the day, Goethe arose and gave me the wished-for last sheets. "There you may read the conclusion," said he. I began, while Goethe walked up and down the room, and occasionally stood at the stove. As usual, I read softly to myself.

The sheets of the last evening had ended where the lion is lying in the sun outside the wall of the old ruin, at the foot of an aged beech, and preparations are made to subdue him. The prince is going to send the hunters after him, but the stranger begs him to spare his lion, being confident that he can bring him back into his cage by milder means. This child, said he, will accomplish his work by pleasant words and the sweet tones of his flute. The prince consents, and after he has arranged the necessary measures of precaution, rides back into the town with his men. Honorio, with a number of hunters, occupies the defile, that, in case the lion comes down, he may scare him back by kindling a fire. The mother and the child, led by the warder of the castle, ascend the ruin, on the other side of which the lion is lying by the outer wall.

The design is to lure the mighty animal into the spacious castle-yard. The mother and the warder conceal themselves above in the half-ruined hall, while the child goes alone after the lion through the dark opening in the wall of the court-yard. An anxious pause arises. They do not know what has become of the child—his flute gives no sound. The warder reproaches himself that he did not go also, but the mother is calm.

At last the sounds of the flute are again heard. They approach nearer and nearer. The child returns to the castle-yard by the opening in the wall, and the lion, now docile, follows him with heavy step. They go once round the yard. Then the child sits down in a sunny spot, while the lion settles himself peacefully beside him, and lays one of his heavy paws in his lap. A thorn has entered it; the child draws it out, and, taking his silken kerchief from his neck, binds the paw.

The mother and the warder, who have witnessed the whole scene from the hall above, are transported with delight. The lion is tamed and in safety, and, as the child alternately with the sounds of his flute sings his charming pious songs to soothe the monster, he concludes the whole novel by singing the following verses:—

Holy angels thus take heed
Of the good and docile child,
Aiding ev'ry worthy deed,
Checking ev'ry impulse wild.
Pious thoughts and melody
Both together work for good,
Luring to the infant's knee

E'en the tyrant of the wood.[1]

I had not read without emotion the concluding incident. Still I did not know what to say. I was astonished but not satisfied. It seemed to me that the conclusion was too simple,[2] too ideal, too lyrical; and that at least some of the other figures should have reappeared, and, by winding up the whole, have given more breadth to the termination. Goethe observed that I had a doubt in my mind, and endeavoured to set me right. "If," said he, "I had again brought in some of the other figures at the end, the conclusion would have been prosaic. What could they do and say, when everything is done already? The prince and his men have ridden into the town, where his assistance is needed. Honorio, as soon as he learns that the lion is secured, will follow with his hunters, and the man will soon come from the town with his iron cage and put the lion into it. All these things are foreseen, and therefore should not be detailed. If they were, we should become prosaic. But an ideal, nay, a lyrical conclusion, was necessary; for after the pathetic speech of the man, which in itself is poetical prose, a further elevation is required, and I was obliged to have recourse to lyrical poetry, nay, even to a song.

"To find a simile to this novel," continued Goethe, "imagine a green plant shooting up from its root, thrusting forth strong green leaves from the sides of its sturdy stem, and at last terminating in a flower. The flower is unexpected and startling, but come it must—nay, the whole foliage has existed only for the sake of that flower, and would be worthless without it."

At these words I breathed lightly. The scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and a feeling of the excellence of this marvellous composition began to stir within me.

Goethe continued,—"The purpose of this novel was to show how the unmanageable and the invincible is often better restrained by love and pious feeling than by force. And this beautiful aim, which is set forth by

1 Those who know the difficulty of the original will not be too severe on the above translation. The words as they stand in Cotta's editions of Goethe are as follows:—

Und so geht mit guten Kindern
Sel'ger Engel gern zu Rath,
Böses Willen zu verhindern,
Zu befördern schöne That.
So beschwören fest zu bannen
Lieben Sohn ans zarte Knie
Ihn des Waldes Hochtyrannen
Frommer Sinn und Melodie.

Unless the most forced construction be adopted, these lines seem to me quite inexplicable. But in the passage as quoted by Eckermann, "liebem" stands in the place of "lieben," and this reading, which I suspect to be the right one, gives a sense to which my version approximates.—Trans.

2 In the sense of a group being simple. The German word is "einsam" (solitary).—Trans.

the child and the lion, charmed me on to the completion of the work. This is the ideal—this is the flower. The green foliage of the extremely real introductory is only there for the sake of this ideal, and only worth anything on account of it. For what is the real in itself? We take delight in it when it is represented with truth—nay, it may give us a clearer knowledge of certain things, but the proper gain to our higher nature lies alone in the ideal, which proceeds from the heart of the poet."

I palpably felt how right Goethe was, for the conclusion of his novel still acted upon me, and had produced in me a tone of piety such as I had not known for a long time. How pure and intense, thought I to myself, must be the feelings of the poet, that he can write anything so beautiful at his advanced age. I did not refrain from expressing myself on this point to Goethe, and from congratulating myself that this production, which was unique in itself, had now a visible existence.

"I am glad," said Goethe, "that you are satisfied with it; and I am also glad on my own account, that I have got rid of a subject which I carried about with me for thirty years. Schiller and Humboldt, to whom I formerly communicated my plan, dissuaded me from going on with it, because they could see nothing in it, and because the poet alone knows what charms he is capable of giving to his subject. One should therefore never ask anybody if one means to write anything. If Schiller had asked me about his 'Wallenstein' before he had written it, I should surely have advised him against it; for I could never have dreamed that, from such a subject, so excellent a drama could be made. Schiller was opposed to that treatment of my subject in hexameters, to which I was inclined immediately after my 'Hermann and Dorothea,' and advised eight-lined stanzas. You see, however, that I have succeeded, but with prose; for much depended on an accurate description of the locality, and in this I should have been constrained by a verse of the sort recommended. Besides, the very real character at the beginning, and the very ideal character at the conclusion of the novel, tell best in prose; while the little songs have a pretty effect, which could not be produced either by hexameters or by Ottava Rima."

The single tales and novels of the "Wanderjahre" were talked of; and it was observed that each was distinguished from the others by peculiar character and tone. "The reason of this," said Goethe, "I will explain. I went to work like a painter, who, with certain subjects, shuns certain colours, and makes others predominate. Thus, for a morning landscape, he puts a great deal of blue on his palette, and but little yellow. But if he is to paint an evening scene, he takes a great deal of yellow, and almost omits the blue. I proceeded in the same way with my different literary productions, and this is the cause of their varied character."

I thought within myself that this was a very wise maxim, and was pleased that Goethe had uttered it.

I then, especially with reference to this last novel, admired the detail with which the scenery was described.

"I have," said Goethe, "never observed Nature with a view to poetical production; but, because my early drawing of landscapes, and my later

studies in natural science, led me to a constant, close observation of natural objects, I have gradually learned Nature by heart even to the minutest details, so that, when I need anything as a poet, it is at my command; and I cannot easily sin against truth. Schiller had not this observation of Nature. The localities of Switzerland, which he used in 'William Tell,' were all related to him by me; but he had such a wonderful mind, that even on hearsay, he could make something that possessed reality."

The conversation now turned wholly on Schiller, and Goethe proceeded thus:—

"Schiller's proper productive talent lay in the ideal; and it may be said he has not his equal in German or any other literature. He has almost everything that Lord Byron has; but Lord Byron is his superior in knowledge of the world. I wish Schiller had lived to know Lord Byron's works, and wonder what he would have said to so congenial a mind. Did Byron publish anything during Schiller's life?"

I could not say with certainty. Goethe took down the "Conversations Lexicon," and read the article on Byron, making many hasty remarks as he proceeded. It appeared that Byron had published nothing before 1807, and that therefore Schiller could have seen nothing of his.

"Through all Schiller's works," continued Goethe, "goes the idea of freedom; though this idea assumed a new shape as Schiller advanced in his culture and became another man. In his youth it was physical freedom which occupied him, and influenced his poems; in his later life it was ideal freedom.

"Freedom is an odd thing, and every man has enough of it, if he can only satisfy himself. What avails a superfluity of freedom which we cannot use? Look at this chamber and the next, in which, through the open door, you see my bed. Neither of them is large; and they are rendered still narrower by necessary furniture, books, manuscripts, and works of art; but they are enough for me. I have lived in them all the winter, scarcely entering my front rooms. What have I done with my spacious house, and the liberty of going from one room to another, when I have not found it requisite to make use of them?

"If a man has freedom enough to live healthy, and work at his craft, he has enough; and so much all can easily obtain. Then all of us are only free under certain conditions, which we must fulfil. The citizen is as free as the nobleman, when he restrains himself within the limits which God appointed by placing him in that rank. The nobleman is as free as the prince; for, if he will but observe a few ceremonies at court, he may feel himself his equal. Freedom consists not in refusing to recognize anything above us, but in respecting something which is above us; for, by respecting it, we raise ourselves to it, and by our very acknowledgement make manifest that we bear within ourselves what is higher, and are worthy to be on a level with it.

"I have, on my journeys, often met merchants from the north of Germany, who fancied they were my equals, if they rudely seated

themselves next me at table. They were, by this method, nothing of the kind; but they would have been so, if they had known how to value and treat me.

"That this physical freedom gave Schiller so much trouble in his youthful years, was caused partly by the nature of his mind, but still more by the restraint which he endured at the military school. In later days, when he had enough physical freedom, he passed over to the ideal; and I would almost say that this idea killed him, since it led him to make demands on his physical nature which were too much for his strength.

"The Grand Duke fixed on Schiller, when he was established here, an income of one thousand dollars yearly, and offered to give him twice as much in case he should be hindered by sickness from working. Schiller declined this last offer, and never availed himself of it. 'I have talent,' said he, 'and must help myself.' But as his family enlarged of late years, he was obliged, for a livelihood, to write two dramas annually; and to accomplish this, he forced himself to write days and weeks when he was not well. He would have his talent obey him at any hour. He never drank much; he was very temperate; but, in such hours of bodily weakness, he was obliged to stimulate his powers by the use of spirituous liquors. This habit impaired his health, and was likewise injurious to his productions. The faults which some wiseacres find in his works I deduce from this source. All the passages which they say are not what they ought to be, I would call pathological passages; for he wrote them on those days when he had not strength to find the right and true motives. I have every respect for the categorical imperative. I know how much good may proceed from it; but one must not carry it too far, for then this idea of ideal freedom certainly leads to no good."

Amid these interesting remarks, and similar discourse on Lord Byron and the celebrated German authors, of whom Schiller had said that he liked Kotzebue best, for he, at any rate, produced something, the hours of evening passed swiftly along, and Goethe gave me the novel, that I might study it quietly at home.

Sun. evening, Jan. 21.

I went at half-past seven this evening to Goethe, and stayed with him about an hour. He showed me a volume of new French poems, by Mademoiselle Gay, and spoke of them with great praise.

"The French," said he, "push their way, and it is well worth while to look after them. I have lately been striving hard to form a notion of the present state of the French literature; and if I succeed I shall express my opinion of it. It is very interesting to observe that those elements are now, for the first time, at work with them which we went through long ago.

"A mediocre talent is, indeed, always biassed by its age, and must be fed by the elements of the age. With the French it is the same as with us, down to the most modern pietism, only that with them this appears

more galant and spirituel."

"What says your excellency to Béranger, and the author of 'Clara Gazul?'"

"Those I except," said Goethe; "they are great geniuses, who have a foundation in themselves, and keep free from the mode of thinking which belongs to their time."

"I am glad to hear you say this," said I, "for I have had a similar feeling about them both."

The conversation turned from French to German literature. "I will show you something," said Goethe, "that will be interesting to you. Give me one of those two volumes which lie before you. Solger is known to you."

"Certainly," said I; "I am very fond of him, I have his translation of Sophocles, and both this and the preface gave me long since a high opinion of him."

"You know he has been dead several years," said Goethe; "and now a collection of the writings and letters he left is published. He is not so happy in his philosophical inquiries, which he has given us in the form of the Platonic dialogues; but his letters are excellent. In one of them, he writes to Tieck upon the Wahlverwandtschaften (elective affinities), and I wish to read it to you; for it would not be easy to say anything better about that novel."

Goethe read me these excellent remarks, and we talked them over point by point, admiring the dignified character of the views, and the logical sequence of the reasoning. Although Solger admitted that the facts of the "Wahlverwandtschaften" had their germ in the nature of all the characters, he nevertheless blamed that of Edward.

"I do not quarrel with him," said Goethe, "because he cannot endure Edward. I myself cannot endure him, but was obliged to make him such a man in order to bring out my fact. He is, besides, very true to nature; for you find many people in the higher ranks, with whom, quite like him, obstinacy takes the place of character.

"High above all, Solger placed the Architect; because, while all the other persons of the novel show themselves loving and weak, he alone remains strong and free; and the beauty of his nature consists not so much in this, that he does not fall into the errors of the other characters—but in this, that the poet has made him so noble that he could not fall into them."

We were pleased with this remark.

"That is really very fine," said Goethe.

"I have," said I, "felt the importance and amiability of the Architect's character; but I never remarked that he was so very excellent, just because by his very nature he could not fall into those bewilderments of love."

"No wonder," said Goethe, "for I myself never thought of it when I was creating him; yet Solger is right—this certainly is his character.

"These remarks," continued he, "were written as early as the year 1809.

I should then have been much cheered to have heard so kind a word about the 'Wahlverwandtschaften,' for at that time, and afterwards, not many pleasant remarks were vouchsafed me about that novel.

"I see from these letters that Solger was much attached to me: in one of them, he complains that I have returned no answer about the 'Sophocles' which he sent me. Good Heavens! how am I placed. It is not to be wondered at. I have known great lords, to whom many presents were sent. These had certain formulas and phrases with which they answered everything; and thus they wrote letters to hundreds, all alike, and all mere phrases. This I never could do. If I could not say to each man something distinct and appropriate to the occasion, I preferred not writing to him at all. I esteemed superficial phrases unworthy, and thus I have failed to answer many an excellent man to whom I would willingly have written. You see yourself how it is with me, and what messages and despatches daily flow in upon me from every quarter, and you must confess that more than one man's life would be required to answer all these, in ever so careless a way. But I am sorry about Solger; he was an admirable being, and deserved, better than many, a friendly answer."

I turned the conversation to the novel, which I had now frequently read and studied at home. "All the first part," said I, "is only an introduction, but nothing is set forth beyond what is necessary; and this necessary preliminary is executed with such grace, that we cannot fancy it is only for the sake of something else, but would give it a value of its own."

"I am glad that you feel this," said Goethe, "but I must do something yet. According to the laws of a good introduction, the proprietors of the animals must make their appearance in it. When the princess and the uncle ride by the booth, the people must come out and entreat the princess to honour it with a visit." "Assuredly you are right," said I; "for, since all the rest is indicated in the introduction, these people must be so likewise; and it is perfectly natural that, with their devotion to their treasury, they would not let the princess pass unassailed."

"You see," said Goethe, "that in a work of this kind, even when it is finished as a whole, there is still something to be done with the details."

Goethe then told me of a foreigner who had lately visited him, and had talked of translating several of his works.

"He is a good man," said Goethe, "but, as to his literature, he shows himself a mere dilettante; for he does not yet know German at all, and is already talking of the translations he will make, and of the portraits which he will prefix to them.

"That is the very nature of the dilettanti, that they have no idea of the difficulties which lie in a subject, and always wish to undertake something for which they have no capacity."

At seven o'clock I went with the manuscript of the novel and a copy of Béranger to Goethe. I found M. Soret in conversation with him upon modern French literature. I listened with interest, and it was observed that the modern writers had learned a great deal from De Lille, as far as good versification was concerned. Since M. Soret, as a born Genevese, did not speak German fluently, while Goethe talks French tolerably well, the conversation was carried on in that language, and only became German when I put in a word. I took my "Béranger" out of my pocket, and gave it to Goethe, who wished to read his admirable songs again. M. Soret thought the portrait prefixed to the poems was not a good likeness. Goethe was much pleased to have this beautiful copy in his hands.

"These songs," said he, "may be looked upon as perfect, and as the best things in their kind, especially when you observe the burden, without which they would be almost too earnest, too pointed, and too epigrammatic for songs. Béranger reminds me ever of Horace and Hafiz, who stood in the same way above their times, satirically and playfully setting forth the corruption of manners. Béranger has the same relation to his contemporaries; but as he belongs to the lower class, the licentious and vulgar are not very hateful to him, and he treats them with a sort of partiality."

Many similar remarks were made upon Béranger, and other modern French writers, till M. Soret went to court, and I remained alone with Goethe.

A sealed packet lay upon the table. Goethe laid his hand upon it. "This," said he, "is 'Helena,' which is going to Cotta to be printed."

I felt, at these words, more than I could say; I felt the importance of the moment. For, as it is with a newly built vessel which first goes to sea, and with respect to which we know not what destinies it must encounter, so is it likewise with the intellectual creation of a great master which first goes forth into the world to exercise its influence through many ages, and to produce and undergo manifold destinies.

"I have," said Goethe, "till now, been always finding little things to add or to touch up; but I must finish now, and I am glad that it is going to the post, and that I shall be at liberty to turn to some other object. Let it meet its proper destiny. My comfort is, that the general culture of Germany stands at an incredibly high point; so that I need not fear that such a production will long remain misunderstood and without effect."

"There is a whole antiquity in it," said I.

"Yes," said Goethe, "the philologists will find work."

"I have no fear," said I, "about the antique part; for there we have the most minute detail, the most thorough development of individuals, and each personage says just what he should. But the modern romantic part is very difficult, for half the history of the world lies behind it; the material is so rich that it can only be lightly indicated, and heavy demands are made upon the reader."

"Yet," said Goethe, "it all appeals to the senses, and on the stage would satisfy the eye: more I did not intend. Let the crowd of spectators take pleasure in the spectacle; the higher import will not escape the initiated, as has been the case with the 'Magic Flute,' and other things beside."

"It will produce a most unusual effect on the stage," said I, "that a piece should begin as a tragedy and end as an opera. But something is required to present the grandeur of these persons, and to express the sublime language and verse."

"The first part," said Goethe, "requires the first tragic artists, and the operatic part must be sustained by the first vocalists, male and female. That of Helena ought to be played, not by one, but by two great female artists; for we seldom find that a fine vocalist has sufficient talent as a tragic actress."

"The whole," said I, "will furnish an occasion for great splendour of scenery and costume, and I cannot deny that I look forward with pleasure to its representation on the stage. If we could only get a good composer."

"It should be one," said Goethe, "who, like Meyerbeer, has lived long in Italy, so that he combines his German nature with the Italian style and manner. However, that will be found somehow or other; I only rejoice that I am rid of it. Of the notion that the chorus does not descend into the lower world, but rather disperses itself among the elements on the cheerful surface of the earth, I am not a little proud."

"It is a new sort of immortality," said I.

"Now," continued Goethe, "how do you go on with the novel?"

"I have brought it with me," said I. "After reading it again, I find that your Excellency must not make the intended alteration. It produces a good effect that the people first appear by the slain tiger as completely new beings, with their outlandish costume and manners, and announce themselves as the owners of the beasts. If you made them first appear in the introduction, this effect would be completely weakened, if not destroyed."

"You are right," said Goethe; "I must leave it as it is; unquestionably you are right. It must have been my design, when first I planned the tale, not to bring the people in sooner, otherwise I should not have left them out. The intended alteration was a requisition on the part of the understanding, which would certainly have led me into a fault. This is a remarkable case in æsthetics, that a rule must be departed from if faults are to be avoided."

We talked over the title which should be given to the novel. Many were proposed; some suited the beginning, others the end, but none seemed exactly suitable to the whole.

"I'll tell you what," said Goethe, "we will call it 'The Novel (Die Novelle);' for what is a novel but a peculiar and as yet unheard-of event? This is the proper meaning of this name; and much which in Germany passes as a novel is no novel at all, but a mere narrative, or whatever else you like to call it. In that original sense of an unheard-of event, even the

'Wahlverwandtschaften' may be called a 'novel.'"

"If we consider rightly," said I, "a poem has always originated without a title, and is that which it is without a title; so that we may imagine the title is not really essential to the matter."

"It is not," said Goethe; "the ancient poems had no titles; but this is a custom of the moderns, from whom also the poems of the ancients obtained titles at a later period. However, this custom is the result of a necessity to name things, and distinguish them from each other, when a literature becomes extensive."

"Here," said Goethe, "you have something new;—read it."

With these words, he handed over to me a translation by Herr Gerhard of a Servian poem. I read it with great pleasure, for the poem was very beautiful, and the translation so simple and clear that one was never disturbed in the contemplation of the object. It was entitled "the Prison-Key." I say nothing of the course of the action, except that the conclusion seemed to me abrupt, and rather unsatisfactory.

"That," said Goethe, "is the beauty of it; for it thus leaves a sting in the heart, and the imagination of the reader is excited to devise every possible case which can follow. The conclusion leaves untold the material for a whole tragedy, but of a kind that has often been done already. On the contrary, that which is set forth in the poem is really new and beautiful, and the poet acted very wisely in delineating this alone, and leaving the rest to the reader. I would willingly insert the poem in 'Kunst und Alterthum,' but it is too long; on the other hand, I have asked Herr Gerhard to give me these three in rhyme, which I shall print in the next number. What do you say to this? Only listen."

Goethe read first the song of the old man who loves a young maiden, then the women's drinking song, and finally that animated one beginning "Dance for us, Theodore." He read them admirably, each in a different tone and manner, so that it would not be easy to hear anything more perfect.

We praised Herr Gerhard for having, in each instance, chosen the most appropriate versification and burden, and for having executed all in such an easy and perfect manner, that we could not easily conceive anything better done. "There you see," said Goethe, "what technical practice does for such a talent as Gerhard's; and it is fortunate for him that he has no actual literary profession, but one that daily takes him into practical life. He has, moreover, travelled much in England and other countries; and thus, with his sense for the actual, he has many advantages over our learned young poets.

"If he confines himself to making good translations, he is not likely to produce anything bad; but original inventions demand a great deal, and are difficult matters."

Some reflections were here made upon the productions of our newest young poets, and it was remarked that scarce one of them had come out with good prose. "That is very easily explained," said Goethe; "to write prose, one must have something to say; but he who has nothing to say

can still make verses and rhymes, where one word suggests the other, and at last something comes out, which in fact is nothing, but looks as if it were something."

Wed., Jan. 31.

Dined with Goethe. "Within the last few days, since I saw you," said he, "I have read many and various things; especially a Chinese novel, which occupies me still, and seems to me very remarkable."

"Chinese novel!" said I; "that must look strange enough."

"Not so much as you might think," said Goethe; "the Chinamen think, act, and feel almost exactly like us; and we soon find that we are perfectly like them, excepting that all they do is more clear, more pure, and decorous than with us.

"With them all is orderly, citizen-like, without great passion or poetic flight; and there is a strong resemblance to my 'Hermann and Dorothea,' as well as to the English novels of Richardson. They likewise differ from us, inasmuch as with them external nature is always associated with the human figures. You always hear the goldfish splashing in the pond, the birds are always singing on the bough, the day is always serene and sunny, the night is always clear. There is much talk about the moon, but it does not alter the landscape, its light is conceived to be as bright as day itself; and the interior of the houses is as neat and elegant as their pictures. For instance, 'I heard the lovely girls laughing, and when I got a sight of them, they were sitting on cane chairs.' There you have, at once, the prettiest situation; for cane chairs are necessarily associated with the greatest lightness and elegance. Then there is an infinite number of legends which are constantly introduced into the narrative, and are applied almost like proverbs; as, for instance, one of a girl, who was so light and graceful in the feet, that she could balance herself on a flower without breaking it; and then another, of a young man so virtuous and brave, that in his thirtieth year he had the honour to talk with the Emperor; then there is another of two lovers who showed such great purity during a long acquaintance, that when they were on one occasion obliged to pass the night in the same chamber, they occupied the time with conversation, and did not approach one another.

"And in the same way, there are innumerable other legends, all turning upon what is moral and proper. It is by this severe moderation in everything that the Chinese Empire has sustained itself for thousands of years, and will endure hereafter.

"I find a highly remarkable contrast to this Chinese novel in the 'Chansons de Béranger,' which have, almost every one, some immoral licentious subject for their foundation, and which would be extremely odious to me if managed by a genius inferior to Béranger; he, however, has made them not only tolerable, but pleasing. Tell me yourself, is it not remarkable that the subjects of the Chinese poet should be so thoroughly moral, and those of the first French poet of the present day be exactly the

contrary?"

"Such a talent as Béranger's," said I, "would find no field in moral subjects."

"You are right," said Goethe; "the very perversions of his time have revealed and developed his better nature."

"But," said I, "is this Chinese romance one of their best?"

"By no means," said Goethe; "the Chinese have thousands of them, and had already when our forefathers were still living in the woods.

"I am more and more convinced," he continued, "that poetry is the universal possession of mankind, revealing itself everywhere, and at all times, in hundreds and hundreds of men. One makes it a little better than another, and swims on the surface a little longer than another—that is all. Herr von Matthisson must not think he is the man, nor must I think that I am the man; but each must say to himself, that the gift of poetry is by no means so very rare, and that nobody need think very much of himself because he has written a good poem.

"But, really, we Germans are very likely to fall too easily into this pedantic conceit, when we do not look beyond the narrow circle which surrounds us. I therefore like to look about me in foreign nations, and advise every one to do the same. National literature is now rather an unmeaning term; the epoch of World literature is at hand, and every one must strive to hasten its approach. But, while we thus value what is foreign, we must not bind ourselves to anything in particular, and regard it as a model. We must not give this value to the Chinese, or the Servian, or Calderon, or the Nibelungen; but if we really want a pattern, we must always return to the ancient Greeks, in whose works the beauty of mankind is constantly represented. All the rest we must look at only historically, appropriating to ourselves what is good, so far as it goes."

I was glad to hear Goethe talk at length on a subject of such importance. The bells of passing sledges allured us to the window, as we expected that the long procession which went out to Belvidere this morning would return about this time.

Goethe, meanwhile, continued his instructive conversation. We talked of Alexander Manzoni; and he told me that Count Reinhard, not long since, saw Manzoni at Paris, where, as a young author of celebrity, he had been well received in society, and that he was now living happily on his estate in the neighbourhood of Milan, with a young family and his mother.

"Manzoni," continued he, "wants nothing except to know what a good poet he is, and what rights belong to him as such. He has too much respect for history, and on this account is always adding notes to his pieces, in which he shows how faithful he has been to detail. Now, though his facts may be historical, his characters are not so, any more than my Thoas and Iphigenia. No poet has ever known the historical characters which he has painted; if he had, he could scarcely have made use of them. The poet must know what effects he wishes to produce, and regulate the nature of his characters accordingly. If I had tried to make Egmont as history represents him, the father of a dozen children, his

light-minded proceedings would have appeared very absurd. I needed an Egmont more in harmony with his own actions and my poetic views; and this is, as Clara says, my Egmont.

"What would be the use of poets, if they only repeated the record of the historian? The poet must go further, and give us, if possible, something higher and better. All the characters of Sophocles bear something of that great poet's lofty soul; and it is the same with the characters of Shakspeare. This is as it ought to be. Nay, Shakspeare goes farther, and makes his Romans Englishmen; and there, too, he is right; for otherwise his nation would not have understood him.

"Here, again," continued Goethe, "the Greeks were so great, that they regarded fidelity to historic facts less than the treatment of them by the poet. We have, fortunately, a fine example in Philoctetes, which subject has been treated by all three of the great tragedians, and lastly and best by Sophocles. This poet's excellent play has, fortunately, come down to us entire, while of the Philoctetes of Æschylus and Euripides only fragments have been found, although sufficient to show how they have managed the subject. If time permitted, I would restore these pieces, as I did the Phäeton of Euripides; it would be to me no unpleasant or useless task.

"In this subject the problem was very simple, namely, to bring Philoctetes, with his bow, from the island of Lemnos. But the manner of doing this was the business of the poet, and here each could show the power of his invention, and one could excel another. Ulysses must fetch him; but shall he be known by Philoctetes or not? and if not, how shall he be disguised? Shall Ulysses go alone, or shall he have companions, and who shall they be? In Æschylus there is no companion; in Euripides, it is Diomed; in Sophocles, the son of Achilles. Then, in what situation is Philoctetes to be found? Shall the island be inhabited or not? and, if inhabited, shall any sympathetic soul have taken compassion on him or not? And so with a hundred other things, which are all at the discretion of the poet, and in the selection and omission of which one may show his superiority in wisdom to another. Here is the grand point, and our present poets should do like the ancients. They should not be always asking whether a subject has been used before, and look to south and north for unheard-of adventures, which are often barbarous enough, and merely make an impression as incidents. But to make something of a simple subject by a masterly treatment requires intellect and great talent, and these we do not find."

Some passing sledges again allured us to the window; but it was not the expected train from Belvidere. We laughed and talked about trivial matters, and then I asked Goethe how the novel was going on.

"I have not touched it of late," said he; "but one incident more must yet take place in the introduction. The lion must roar as the princess passes the booth; upon which some good remarks may be made on the formidable nature of this mighty beast."

"That is a very happy thought," said I; "for thus you gain an

introduction, which is not only good and essential in its place, but which gives a greater effect to all that follows. Hitherto the lion has appeared almost too gentle, inasmuch as he has shown no trace of ferocity; but by roaring he at least makes us suspect how formidable he is, and the effect is heightened when he gently follows the boy's flute."

"This mode of altering and improving," said Goethe, "where by continued invention the imperfect is heightened to the perfect, is the right one. But the re-making and carrying further what is already complete—as, for instance, Walter Scott has done with my 'Mignon,'[1] whom, in addition to her other qualities, he makes deaf and dumb—this mode of altering I cannot commend."

Thurs. evening, Feb. 1.

Goethe told me of a visit which the Crown Prince of Russia had been making him in company with the Grand Duke. "The princes Charles and William of Prussia," said he, "were also with me this morning. The Crown Prince and Grand Duke stayed nearly three hours, and we talked about many things, which gave me a high opinion of the intellect, taste, knowledge and way of thinking of these young princes."

Goethe had a volume of the "Theory of Colours" before him. "I still," said he, "owe you an answer with respect to the phenomenon of the coloured shadows; but as this presupposes a great deal, and is connected with much besides, I will not give you an explanation detached from the rest, but rather think it would be better if, on the evenings when we meet, we read through the whole 'Theory of Colours' together. Thus we shall always have a solid subject for discourse; and you yourself will have made the whole theory so much your own, that you will hardly know how you have come by it. What you have already learned begins to live and to be productive within you; and hence I foresee this science will soon be your own property. Now read the first section."

With these words Goethe laid the open book before me. I felt highly pleased with his good intentions towards me. I read the first paragraph respecting the physiological[2] colours.

"You see," said Goethe, "that there is nothing without us that is not also within us, and that the eye, like the external world, has its colours. Since a great point in this science is the decided separation of the objective from the subjective, I have properly begun with the colours which belong to the eye, that in all our perceptions we may accurately distinguish whether a colour really exists externally to ourselves, or whether it is only a seeming colour which the eye itself has produced. I think that I have begun at the right end, by first disposing of the organ by means of which all our perceptions and observations must take place."

I read on as far as those interesting paragraphs where it is taught that

1 This allusion is to Fenella in "Peveril of the Peak."

2 Eckermann says "psychologisch," but this is manifestly a misprint.—Trans.

the eye has need of change, since it never willingly dwells on the same colour, but always requires another, and that so urgently that it produces colours itself if it does not actually find them.

This remark led our conversation to a great law which pervades all nature, and on which all life and all the joy of life depend. "This," said Goethe, "is the case not only with all our senses, but also with our higher spiritual nature; and it is because the eye is so eminent a sense, that this law of required change (Gesetz des geforderten Wechsels) is so striking and so especially clear with respect to colours. We have dances which please us in a high degree on account of the alteration of major and minor, while dances in only one of these modes weary us at once."

"The same law," said I, "seems to lie at the foundation of a good style, where we like to avoid a sound which we have just heard. Even on the stage a great deal might be done with this law, if it were well applied. Plays, especially tragedies, in which an uniform tone uninterrupted by change prevails, have always something wearisome about them; and if the orchestra plays melancholy, depressing music during the entr'actes of a melancholy piece, we are tortured by an insupportable feeling, which we would escape by all possible means."

"Perhaps," said Goethe, "the lively scenes introduced into Shakspeare's plays rest upon this 'law of required change,' but it does not seem applicable to the higher tragedy of the Greeks, where, on the contrary, a certain fundamental tone pervades the whole."

"The Greek tragedy," said I, "is not of such a length as to be rendered wearisome by one pervading tone. Then there is an interchange of chorus and dialogue; and the sublime sense is of such a kind that it cannot become fatiguing, since a certain genuine reality, which is always of a cheerful nature, constantly lies at the foundation."

"You may be right," said Goethe; "and it would be well worth the trouble to investigate how far the Greek tragedy is subject to the general 'law of required change.' You see how all things are connected with each other, and how a law respecting the theory of colours can lead to an inquiry into Greek tragedy. We must only take care not to push such a law too far, and make it the foundation for much besides. We shall go more safely if we only apply it by analogy."

We talked of the manner in which Goethe had set forth his theory of colours, deducing the whole from great fundamental laws, and always referring to these the single phenomena; by which method he had made it very comprehensible and fitted for the intellect.

"This may be the case," said Goethe, "and you may praise me on that account; but, nevertheless, the method requires students who do not live amid distractions, and are capable of taking up the matter. Some very clever people have been imbued with my theory of colours; but, unfortunately, they do not adhere to the straight path, but before I am aware of it they turn aside, and follow an idea instead of keeping their eyes properly fixed on the object. Nevertheless, a good head-piece, when really seeking the truth, can always do a great deal."

We talked about the professors who, after they had found a better theory, still talked of that of Newton. "This is not to be wondered at," said Goethe; "such people continue in error because they are indebted to it for their existence. They would otherwise have to learn everything over again, and that would be very inconvenient." "But," said I, "how can their experiments prove the truth when the basis of their doctrine is false?" "They do not prove the truth," said Goethe, "nor is such the intention; the only point with these professors is to prove their own opinion. On this account, they conceal all those experiments which would reveal the truth, and show their doctrine was untenable. Then, with respect to the scholars—what do they care for the truth? They, like the rest, are perfectly satisfied if they can prate away about the subject empirically;—that is the whole matter. Men altogether are of a peculiar nature: as soon as a lake is frozen over, they flock to it by hundreds, and amuse themselves on the smooth surface; but which of them thinks of inquiring how deep it is, and what sort of fish are swimming about under the ice? Niebuhr has just discovered a very ancient commercial treaty between Rome and Carthage, from which it appears that all Livy's history respecting the early condition of the Roman people is a mere fable, and that Rome at a very early period was in a far higher state of civilization than Livy represents; but if you imagine that this treaty will occasion a great reform in the manner of teaching Roman history, you are mistaken. Think of the frozen lake. I have learned to know mankind: thus it is, and no otherwise."

"Nevertheless," said I, "you cannot repent of having written your theory of colours, since not only have you laid a firm foundation for this excellent science, but you have produced a model of scientific treatment, which can always be followed in the treatment of similar subjects."

"I do not repent it at all," said Goethe, "though I have expended half a life upon it. Perhaps I might have written half a dozen tragedies more, but that is all, and people enough will come after me to do that.

"After all, you are right; I think the treatment of the subject is good, there is method in it. In the same manner I have also written a musical theory, and my metamorphosis of plants is based on the same method of observation and deduction.

"With my metamorphoses of plants, I went on singularly enough. I came to it as Herschel came to his discoveries. Herschel was so poor that he could not purchase a telescope, but was obliged to make one for himself. In this his good fortune consisted; for the home-made telescope was better than any other, and with it he made his great discoveries. I came to botany by the empirical road. I now know well enough, that with respect to the formation of the sexes, the theory went so far into detail that I had not courage to grasp it. This impelled me to pursue the subject in my own way, and to find that which was common to all plants without distinction, and thus I discovered the law of metamorphosis.

"To pursue botany further in detail is not my purpose; this I leave to others who are my superiors in the matter. My only concern was to

reduce the phenomena to a general fundamental law.

"Mineralogy has interested me only for two reasons; first, I valued it for its great practical utility, and then I thought to find a document elucidating the primary formation of the world, of which Werner's doctrine gave hopes. Since this science has been turned upside down by the death of that excellent man, I do not proceed further in it, but remain quiet with my own convictions.

"In the theory of colours, I have next to develop the formation of the rainbow. This is an extremely difficult problem, which, however, I hope to solve. On this account, I am glad to go through the theory of colours once more with you, since thus, especially with your interest for the subject, it becomes quite fresh again.

"I have," continued Goethe, "attempted natural science in nearly every department; but, nevertheless, my tendencies have always been confined to such objects as lay terrestrially around me, and could be immediately perceived by the senses. On this account, I have never occupied myself with astronomy, because here the senses are not sufficient, and one must have recourse to instruments, calculations, and mechanics, which require a whole life, and were not in my line.

"If I have done anything with respect to the subjects which lay in my way, I had this advantage, that my life fell in a time that was richer than any other in great natural discoveries. As a child, I became acquainted with Franklin's doctrine of electricity, the law of which he had just discovered. Thus through my whole life, down to the present hour, has one great discovery followed another, so that I was not only directed towards nature in my early years, but my interest in it has been maintained in it ever since.

"Advances such as I could never have foreseen are now made even on paths which I opened, and I feel like one who walks towards the morning dawn, and when the sun rises, is astonished at its brilliancy."

Among the Germans, Goethe here took occasion to mention the names of Carus, D'Alton, and Meyer of Königsberg, with admiration.

"If," continued Goethe, "when the truth was once found, people would not again pervert and obscure it, I should be satisfied; for mankind requires something positive, to be handed down from generation to generation, and it would be well if the positive were also the true. On this account, I should be glad if people came to a clear understanding in natural science, and then adhered to the truth, not transcending again after all had been done in the region of the comprehensible. But mankind cannot be at peace, and confusion always returns before one is aware of it.

"Thus they are now pulling to pieces the five books of Moses, and if an annihilating criticism is injurious in anything, it is so in matters of religion; for here everything depends upon faith, to which we cannot return when we have once lost it.

"In poetry, an annihilating criticism is not so injurious. Wolf has demolished Homer, but he has not been able to injure the poem; for this

poem has a miraculous power like the heroes of Walhalla, who hew one another to pieces in the morning, but sit down to dinner with whole limbs at noon."

Goethe was in the best humour, and I was delighted to hear him talk once more on such important subjects. "We will quietly keep to the right way," said he, "and let others go as they please; that is, after all, the best plan."

Wed., Feb. 7.

Today Goethe spoke severely of certain critics, who were not satisfied with Lessing, and made unjust demands upon him. "When people," said he, "compare the pieces of Lessing with those of the ancients, and call them paltry and miserable, what do they mean? Rather pity the extraordinary man for being obliged to live in a pitiful time, which afforded him no better materials than are treated in his pieces; pity him, because in his 'Minna von Barnhelm,' he found nothing better to do than to meddle with the squabbles of Saxony and Prussia. His constant polemical turn, too, resulted from the badness of his time. In 'Emilia Galotti,' he vented his pique against princes; in 'Nathan,' against the priests."

Fri., Feb. 16.

I told Goethe that I lately had been reading Winckelmann's work upon the imitation of Greek works of art, and I confessed that it often seemed to me that Winckelmann was not perfectly clear about his subject.

"You are quite right," said Goethe; "we sometimes find him merely groping about; but what is the great matter, his groping always leads to something. He is like Columbus, when he had not yet discovered the new world, yet had a presentiment of it in his mind. We learn nothing by reading him, but we become something.

"Now, Meyer has gone further, and has carried the knowledge of art to its highest point. His history of art is an immortal work; but he would not have become what he is, if, in his youth, he had not formed himself on Winckelmann, and walked in the path which Winckelmann pointed out.

"Thus you see once again what is done for a man by a great predecessor, and the advantage of making a proper use of him."

(Sup.[1]) Wed., Feb. 21.

Dined with Goethe. He spoke much, and with admiration, of Alexander von Humboldt, whose work on Cuba and Columbia he had begun to read, and whose views as to the project for making a passage through the Isthmus of Panama appeared to have a particular interest

1 (Sup.*) Thurs., Mar. 1.

for him. "Humboldt," said Goethe, "has, with a great knowledge of his subject, given other points where, by making use of some streams which flow into the Gulf of Mexico, the end may be perhaps better attained than at Panama. All this is reserved for the future, and for an enterprising spirit. So much, however, is certain, that, if they succeed in cutting such a canal that ships of any burden and size can be navigated through it from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean, innumerable benefits would result to the whole human race, civilized and uncivilized. But I should wonder if the United States were to let an opportunity escape of getting such work into their own hands. It may be foreseen that this young state, with its decided predilection to the West, will, in thirty of forty years, have occupied and peopled the large tract of land beyond the Rocky Mountains. It may, furthermore, be foreseen that along the whole coast of the Pacific Ocean, where nature has already formed the most capacious and secure harbours, important commercial towns will gradually arise, for the furtherance of a great intercourse between China and the East Indies and the United States. In such a case, it would not only be desirable, but almost necessary, that a more rapid communication should be maintained between the eastern and western shores of North America, both by merchant-ships and men-of-war, than has hitherto been possible with the tedious, disagreeable, and expensive voyage round Cape Horn. I therefore repeat, that it is absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect a passage from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean; and I am certain that they will do it.

"Would that I might live to see it!—but I shall not. I should like to see another thing—a junction of the Danube and the Rhine. But this undertaking is so gigantic that I have doubts of its completion, particularly when I consider our German resources. And thirdly, and lastly, I should wish to see England in possession of a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. Would I could live to see these three great works! it would be well worth the trouble to last some fifty years more for the very purpose."

Dined with Goethe. He related to me that he had received a communication from Count Sternberg and Zauper, which had given him great pleasure. We then talked a great deal about the theory of colours, the subjective prismatic experiments, and the laws by which the rainbow is formed. He was pleased with my continually increasing interest in these difficult subjects.

(Sup.[1]) Wed., Mar. 21.

Goethe showed me a little book, by Hinrichs, on the nature of antique tragedy. "I have read it with great interest," said he. "Hinrichs has taken the Œdipus and Antigone of Sophocles as the foundation whereon to develop his views. It is very remarkable; and I will lend it to you that

1 (Sup.*) Wed., Mar. 28.

you may read it, and that we may be able to converse upon it. I am by no means of his opinion; but it is highly instructive to see how a man of such thoroughly philosophical culture regards a poetical work of art from the point of view peculiar to his school.[1] I will say no more today, that I may not influence your opinion. Only read it, and you will find that it suggests all kinds of thoughts."

I brought back to Goethe the book by Hinrichs, which I had read attentively. I had also gone once more through all the plays of Sophocles, to be in complete possession of my subject.

"Now," said Goethe, "how did you like him? He attacks a matter well—does he not?"

"This book affected me very strangely," said I. "No other book has aroused so many thoughts in me as this; and yet there is none I have so often been disposed to contradict."

"That is exactly the point," said Goethe. "What we agree with leaves us inactive, but contradiction makes us productive."

"His intentions," said I, "appear to me in the highest degree laudable, and he by no means confines himself to the surface of things. But he so often loses himself in refinements and motives—and that in so subjective a manner—that he loses the true aspect of the subject in detail, as well as the survey of the whole: and in such a case one is obliged to do violence both to oneself and the theme to think as he does. Besides, I have often fancied that my organs were not fine enough to apprehend the unusual subtlety of his distinctions."

"If they were philosophically prepared like his," said Goethe, "it would be better. But, to speak frankly, I am sorry that a man of undoubted innate power from the northern coast of Germany, like Hinrichs, should be so spoilt by the philosophy of Hegel as to lose all unbiassed and natural observation and thought, and gradually to get into an artificial and heavy style, both of thought and expression; so that we find passages in his book where our understanding comes to a standstill, and we no longer know what we are reading."

"I have fared no better," said I. "Still I have rejoiced to meet with some passages, which have appeared to me perfectly clear and fitted for humanity in general; such, for instance, as his relation of the fable of Œdipus."

"Here," said Goethe, "he has been obliged to confine himself strictly to his subject. But there are in his book several passages in which the thought does not progress, but in which the obscure language constantly moves on the same spot and in the same circle, just like the 'Einmaleins'[2] of the witch in my 'Faust.' Give me the book again. Of his sixth lecture upon the chorus, I scarcely understood anything. What do you say, for instance, to this passage, which occurs near the end:—

1 That of Hegel.—Trans.

2 This word, which signifies "multiplication table," refers to the arithmetical jargon uttered by the witch in her kitchen.—Trans.

This realization (i.e. of popular life) is, as the true signification thereof,[1] on this account alone its true realization, which, as a truth and certainty to itself, therefore constitutes the universally mental certainty, which certainly is at the same time the atoning certainty of the chorus, so that in this certainty alone, which has shown itself as the result of the combined movement of the tragic action, the chorus preserves its fitting relation to the universal popular consciousness, and in this capacity does not merely represent the people, but is that people according to its certainty.

"I think we have had enough of this. What must the English and French think of the language of our philosophers, when we Germans do not understand them ourselves." "And in spite of all this," said I, "we both agree that a noble purpose lies at the foundation of the book, and that it possesses the quality of awakening thoughts."

"His idea of the relation between family and state," said Goethe, "and the tragical conflicts that may arise from them, is certainly good and suggestive; still I cannot allow that it is the only right one, or even the best for tragic art. We are indeed all members both of a family and of a state, and a tragical fate does not often befall us which does not wound us in both capacities. Still we might be very good tragical characters, if we were merely members of a family or merely members of a state; for, after all, the only point is to get a conflict which admits of no solution, and this may arise from an antagonistical position in any relation whatever, provided a person has a really natural foundation, and is himself really tragic. Thus Ajax falls a victim to the demon of wounded honour, and Hercules to the demon of jealousy. In neither of these cases is there the least conflict between family piety and political virtue; though this, according to Hinrichs, should be the element of Greek tragedy."

"One sees clearly," says I, "that in this theory he merely had Antigone in his mind. He also appears to have had before his eyes merely the character and mode of action of this heroine, as he makes the assertion that family piety appears most pure in woman, and especially in a sister; and that a sister can love only a brother with perfect purity, and without sexual feeling."

"I should think," returned Goethe, "that the love of sister for sister was still more pure and unsexual. As if we did not know that numerous cases have occurred in which the most sensual inclinations have existed between brother and sister, both knowingly and unknowingly!"

"You must have remarked generally," continued Goethe, "that Hinrichs, in considering Greek tragedy, sets out from the idea; and that he looks upon Sophocles as one who, in the invention and arrangement of his pieces, likewise set out from an idea, and regulated the sex and rank of his characters accordingly. But Sophocles, when he wrote his

1 The word "derselben," in the passage as cited, seems to want an antecedent. The reader is requested not to be too critical with this almost unreadable passage, which Goethe only refers to as an instance of obscurity.—Trans.

pieces, by no means started from an idea; on the contrary, he seized upon some ancient ready-made popular tradition in which a good idea existed, and then only thought of adapting it in the best and most effective manner for the theatre. The Atreides will not allow Ajax to be buried; but as in Antigone the sister struggles for the brother, so in the Ajax the brother struggles for the brother. That the sister takes charge of the unburied Polyneices, and the brother takes charge of the fallen Ajax, is a contingent circumstance, and does not belong to the invention of the poet, but to the tradition, which the poet followed and was obliged to follow."

"What he says about Creon's conduct," replied I, "appears to be equally untenable. He tries to prove that, in prohibiting the burial of Polyneices, Creon acts from pure political virtue; and since Creon is not merely a man, but also a prince, he lays down the proposition, that, as a man represents the tragic power of the state, this man can be no other than he who is himself the personification of the state itself—namely, the prince; and that of all persons the man as prince must be just that person who displays the greatest political virtue."

"These are assertions which no one will believe," returned Goethe with a smile. "Besides, Creon by no means acts out of political virtue, but from hatred towards the dead. When Polyneices endeavoured to reconquer his paternal inheritance, from which he had been forcibly expelled, he did not commit such a monstrous crime against the state that his death was insufficient, and that the further punishment of the innocent corpse was required.

"An action should never be placed in the category of political virtue, which is opposed to virtue in general. When Creon forbids the burial of Polyneices, and not only taints the air with the decaying corpse, but also affords an opportunity for the dogs and birds of prey to drag about pieces torn from the dead body, and thus to defile the altars—an action so offensive both to gods and men is by no means politically virtuous, but on the contrary a political crime. Besides, he has everybody in the play against him. He has the elders of the state, who form the chorus, against him; he has the people at large against him; he has Teiresias against him; he has his own family against him; but he hears not, and obstinately persists in his impiety, until he has brought to ruin all who belong to him, and is himself at last nothing but a shadow."

"And still," said I, "when one hears him speak, one cannot help believing that he is somewhat in the right."

"That is the very thing," said Goethe, "in which Sophocles is a master; and in which consists the very life of the dramatic in general. His characters all possess this gift of eloquence, and know how to explain the motives for their action so convincingly, that the hearer is almost always on the side of the last speaker.

"One can see that, in his youth, he enjoyed an excellent rhetorical education, by which he became trained to look for all the reasons and seeming reasons of things. Still, his great talent in this respect betrayed

him into faults, as he sometimes went too far.

"There is a passage in Antigone which I always look upon as a blemish, and I would give a great deal for an apt philologist to prove that it is interpolated and spurious.

"After the heroine has, in the course of the piece, explained the noble motives for her action, and displayed the elevated purity of her soul, she at last, when she is led to death, brings forward a motive which is quite unworthy, and almost borders upon the comic.

"She says that, if she had been a mother, she would not have done, either for her dead children or for her dead husband, what she has done for her brother. 'For,' says she, 'if my husband died I could have had another, and if my children died I could have had others by my new husband. But with my brother the case is different. I cannot have another brother; for since my mother and father are dead, there is no one to beget one.'

"This is, at least, the bare sense of this passage, which in my opinion, when placed in the mouth of a heroine going to her death, disturbs the tragic tone, and appears to me very far-fetched—to savour too much of dialectical calculation. As I said, I should like a philologist to show us that the passage is spurious."

We then conversed further upon Sophocles, remarking that in his pieces he always less considered a moral tendency than an apt treatment of the subject in hand, particularly with regard to theatrical effect.

"I do not object," said Goethe, "to a dramatic poet having a moral influence in view; but when the point is to bring his subject clearly and effectively before his audience, his moral purpose proves of little use, and he needs much more a faculty for delineation and a familiarity with the stage to know what to do and what to leave undone. If there be a moral in the subject, it will appear, and the poet has nothing to consider but the effective and artistic treatment of his subject. If a poet has as high a soul as Sophocles, his influence will always be moral, let him do what he will. Besides, he knew the stage, and understood his craft thoroughly."

"How well he knew the theatre," answered I, "and how much he had in view a theatrical effect, we see in his 'Philoctetes,' and the great resemblance which this piece bears to 'Œdipus in Colonos,' both in the arrangement and the course of action.

"In both pieces we see the hero in a helpless condition; both are old and suffering from bodily infirmities. Œdipus has, at his side, his daughter as a guide and a prop; Philoctetes has his bow. The resemblance is carried still further. Both have been thrust aside in their afflictions; but when the oracle declares with respect to both of them, that the victory can be obtained with their aid alone, an endeavour is made to get them back again; Ulysses comes to Philoctetes, Creon to Œdipus. Both begin their discourse with cunning and honeyed words; but when these are of no avail they use violence, and we see Philoctetes deprived of his bow, and Œdipus of his daughter."

"Such acts of violence," said Goethe, "Give an opportunity for

excellent altercations, and such situations of helplessness excited the emotions of the audience, on which account the poet, whose object it was to produce an effect upon the public, liked to introduce them. In order to strengthen this effect in the Œdipus, Sophocles brings him in as a weak old man, when he still, according to all circumstances, must have been a man in the prime of life. But at this vigorous age, the poet could not have used him for his play; he would have produced no effect, and he therefore made him a weak, helpless old man."

"The resemblance to Philoctetes," continued I, "goes still further. The hero, in both pieces, does not act, but suffers. On the other hand, each of these passive heroes has two active characters against him. Œdipus has Creon and Polyneices, Philoctetes has Neoptolemus and Ulysses; two such opposing characters were necessary to discuss the subject on all sides, and to gain the necessary body and fulness for the piece."

"You might add," interposed Goethe, "that both pieces bear this further resemblance, that we see in both the extremely effective situation of a happy change, since one hero, in his disconsolate situation, has his beloved daughter restored to him, and the other, his no less beloved bow."

The happy conclusions of these two pieces are also similar; for both heroes are delivered from their sorrows: Œdipus is blissfully snatched away, and as for Philoctetes, we are forewarned by the oracle of his cure, before Troy, by Æsculapius.

"When we," continued Goethe, "for our modern purposes, wish to learn how to conduct ourselves upon the theatre, Molière is the man to whom we should apply.

"Do you know his 'Malade Imaginaire?' There is a scene in it which, as often as I read the piece, appears to me the symbol of a perfect knowledge of the boards. I mean the scene where the 'Malade Imaginaire' asks his little daughter Louison, if there has not been a young man in the chamber of her eldest sister.

"Now, any other who did not understand his craft so well would have let the little Louison plainly tell the fact at once, and there would have been the end of the matter.

"But what various motives for delay are introduced by Molière into this examination, for the sake of life and effect. He first makes the little Louison act as if she did not understand her father; then she denies that she knows anything; then, threatened with the rod, she falls down as if dead; then, when her father bursts out in despair, she springs up from her feigned swoon with roguish hilarity, and at last, little by little, she confesses all.

"My explanation can only give you a very meagre notion of the animation of the scene; but read this scene yourself till you become thoroughly impressed with its theatrical worth, and you will confess that there is more practical instruction contained in it than in all the theories in the world.

"I have known and loved Molière," continued Goethe, "from my

youth, and have learned from him during my whole life. I never fail to read some of his plays every year, that I may keep up a constant intercourse with what is excellent. It is not merely the perfectly artistic treatment which delights me; but particularly the amiable nature, the highly-formed mind, of the poet. There is in him a grace and a feeling for the decorous, and a tone of good society, which his innate beautiful nature could only attain by daily intercourse with the most eminent men of his age. Of Menander, I only know the few fragments; but these give me so high an idea of him, that I look upon this great Greek as the only man who could be compared to Molière."

"I am happy," returned I, "to hear you speak so highly of Molière. This sounds a little different from Herr von Schlegel! I have today, with great repugnance, swallowed what he says concerning Molière in his lectures on dramatic poetry. He quite looks down upon him, as a vulgar buffoon, who has only seen good society at a distance, and whose business it was to invent all sorts of pleasantries for the amusement of his lord. In these low pleasantries, Schlegel admits he was most happy, but he stole the best of them. He was obliged to force himself into the higher school of comedy, and never succeeded in it."

"To a man like Schlegel," returned Goethe, "a genuine nature like Molière's is a veritable eyesore; he feels that he has nothing in common with him, he cannot endure him. The 'Misanthrope,' which I read over and over again, as one of my most favourite pieces, is repugnant to him; he is forced to praise 'Tartuffe' a little, but he lets him down again as much as he can. Schlegel cannot forgive Molière for ridiculing the affectation of learned ladies; he feels, probably as one of my friends has remarked, that he himself would have been ridiculed if he had lived with Molière.

"It is not to be denied," continued Goethe, "that Schlegel knows a great deal, and one is almost terrified at his extraordinary attainments and his extensive reading. But this is not enough. All the learning in the world is still no judgment. His criticism is completely one-sided, because in all theatrical pieces he merely regards the skeleton of the plot and arrangement, and only points out small points of resemblance to great predecessors, without troubling himself in the least as to what the author brings forward of graceful life and the culture of a high soul. But of what use are all the arts of genius, if we do not find in a theatrical piece an amiable or great personality of the author. This alone influences the cultivation of the people.

"I look upon the manner in which Schlegel has treated the French drama as a sort of recipe for the formation of a bad critic, who is wanting in every organ for the veneration of excellence, and who passes over a sound nature and a great character as if they were chaff and stubble."

"Shakspeare and Calderon, on the other hand," I replied, "he treats justly, and even with decided affection."

"Both," returned Goethe, "are of such a kind that one cannot say enough in praise of them, although I should not have wondered if

Schlegel had scornfully let them down also. Thus he is also just to Æschylus and Sophocles; but this does not seem to arise so much from a lively conviction of their extraordinary merit as from the tradition among philologists to place them both very high; for, in fact, Schlegel's own little person is not sufficient to comprehend and appreciate such lofty natures. If this had been the case, he would have been just to Euripides too, and would have gone to work with him in a different manner. But he knows that philologists do not estimate him very highly, and he therefore feels no little delight that he is permitted upon such high authority, to fall foul of this mighty ancient, and to schoolmaster him as much as he can. I do not deny that Euripides has his faults; but he was always a very respectable competitor with Sophocles and Æschylus. If he did not possess the great earnestness and the severe artistic completeness of his two predecessors, and as a dramatic poet treated things a little more leniently and humanely, he probably knew his Athenians well enough to be aware that the chord which he struck was the right one for his contemporaries. A poet whom Socrates called his friend, whom Aristotle lauded, whom Menander admired, and for whom Sophocles and the city of Athens put on mourning on hearing of his death, must certainly have been something. If a modern man like Schlegel must pick out faults in so great an ancient, he ought only to do it upon his knees."

(Sup.) Sun., April 1.

In the evening with Goethe. I conversed with him upon the yesterday's performance of his "Iphigenia," in which Herr Krüger, from the Theatre Royal at Berlin, played Orestes with great applause.

"The piece," said Goethe, "has its difficulties. It is rich in internal but poor in external life: the point is to make the internal life come out. It is full of the most effective means, arising from the various horrors which form the foundation of the piece. The printed words are indeed only a faint reflex of the life which stirred within me during the invention; but the actor must bring us back to this first fire which animated the poet with respect to his subject. We wish to see the vigorous Greeks and heroes, with the fresh sea-breezes blowing upon them, who, oppressed and tormented by various ills and dangers, speak out strongly as their hearts prompt them. But we want none of those feeble, sentimental actors who have only just learned their part by rote, and still less do we want those who are not even perfect in their parts.

"I must confess that I have never succeeded in witnessing a perfect representation of my 'Iphigenia.' That was the reason why I did not go yesterday; for I suffer dreadfully when I have to do with these spectres who do not manifest themselves as they ought."

"You would probably have been satisfied with Orestes as Herr Krüger represented him," said I. "There was such perspicuity in his acting, that nothing could be more comprehensible or tangible than his part: it seems to comprise everything; and I shall never forget his words and gestures.

"All that belongs to the higher intuition—to the vision in this part, was so brought forward by his bodily movements, and the varying tones of his voice, that one could fancy one saw it with one's own eyes. At the sight of this Orestes, Schiller would certainly not have missed the furies—they were behind him, they were around him.

"The important place where Orestes, awakening from his swoon, believes himself transported to the lower regions, succeeded so as to produce astonishment. We saw the rows of ancestors engaged in conversation: we saw Orestes join them, question them, and become one of their number. We felt ourselves transported into the midst of those blessed persons, so pure and deep was the feeling of the artist, and so great was his power of bringing the impalpable before our eyes."

"You are just the people to be worked upon," said Goethe, laughing: "but go on. He appears then to have been really good, and his physical capabilities to have been great."

"His organ," said I, "was clear and melodious, besides being well practised, and therefore capable of the highest flexion and variety. He has at command physical strength and bodily activity in the execution of every difficulty. It seemed that, during his whole life, he had never neglected to cultivate and exercise his body in the most various ways."

"An actor," said Goethe, "should properly go to school to a sculptor and a painter; for, in order to represent a Greek hero, it is necessary for him to study carefully the antique sculptures which have come down to us, and to impress on his mind the natural grace of their sitting, standing, and going. But the merely bodily is not enough. He must also, by diligent study of the best ancient and modern authors, give a great cultivation to his mind. This will not only assist him to understand his part, but will also give a higher tone to his whole being and his whole deportment. But tell me more! What else did you see good in him?"

"It appeared to me," said I, "that he possessed great love for his subject. He had by diligent study made every detail clear to himself, so that he lived and moved in his hero with great freedom; and nothing remained which he had not made entirely his own. Thence arose a just expression and a just accentuation for every word; together with such certainty, that the prompter was for him a person quite superfluous."

"I am pleased with this," said Goethe; "this is as it ought to be. Nothing is more dreadful than when the actors are not masters of their parts, and at every new sentence must listen to the prompter. By this their acting becomes a mere nullity, without any life and power. When the actors are not perfect in their parts in a piece like my 'Iphigenia,' it is better not to play it; for the piece can have success only when all goes surely, rapidly, and with animation. However, I am glad that it went off so well with Krüger. Zelter recommended him to me, and I should have been annoyed if he had not turned out so well as he has. I will have a little joke with him, and will present him with a prettily bound copy of my 'Iphigenia,' with some verses inscribed in reference to his acting."

The conversation then turned upon the "Antigone" of Sophocles, and

the high moral tone prevailing in it: and, lastly, upon the question—how the moral element came into the world?

"Through God himself," returned Goethe, "like everything else. It is no product of human reflection, but a beautiful nature inherent and inborn. It is, more or less, inherent in mankind generally, but to a high degree in a few eminently gifted minds. These have, by great deeds or doctrines, manifested their divine nature; which, then, by the beauty of its appearance, won the love of men, and powerfully attracted them to reverence and emulation."

"A consciousness of the worth of the morally beautiful and good could be attained by experience and wisdom, inasmuch as the bad showed itself in its consequences as a destroyer of happiness, both in individuals and the whole body, while the noble and right seemed to produce and secure the happiness of one and all. Thus the morally beautiful could become a doctrine, and diffuse itself over whole nations as something plainly expressed."

"I have lately read somewhere," answered I, "the opinion that the Greek tragedy had made moral beauty a special object."

"Not so much morality," returned Goethe, "as pure humanity in its whole extent; especially in such positions where, by falling into contact with rude power, it could assume a tragic character. In this region, indeed, even the moral stood as a principal part of human nature.

"The morality of Antigone, besides, was not invented by Sophocles, but was contained in the subject, which Sophocles chose the more readily, as it united so much dramatic effect with moral beauty."

Goethe then spoke about the characters of Creon and Ismene, and on the necessity for these two persons for the development of the beautiful soul of the heroine.

"All that is noble," said he, "is in itself of a quiet nature, and appears to sleep until it is aroused and summoned forth by contrast. Such a contrast is Creon, who is brought in, partly on account of Antigone, in order that her noble nature and the right which is on her side may be brought out by him, partly on his own account, in order that his unhappy error may appear odious to us.

"But, as Sophocles meant to display the elevated soul of his heroine even before the deed, another contrast was requisite by which her character might be developed; and this is her sister Ismene. In this character, the poet has given us a beautiful standard of the commonplace, so that the greatness of Antigone, which is far above such a standard, is the more strikingly visible."

The conversation then turned upon dramatic authors in general, and upon the important influence which they exerted, and could exert, upon the great mass of the people.

"A great dramatic poet," said Goethe, "if he is at the same time productive, and is actuated by a strong noble purpose, which pervades all his works, may succeed in making the soul of his pieces become the soul of the people. I should think that this was something well worth

the trouble. From Corneille proceeded an influence capable of forming heroes. This was something for Napoleon, who had need of an heroic people; on which account, he said of Corneille, that if he were still living, he would make a prince of him. A dramatic poet who knows his vocation, should therefore work incessantly at its higher development, in order that his influence on the people may be noble and beneficial.

"One should not study contemporaries and competitors, but the great men of antiquity, whose works have, for centuries, received equal homage and consideration. Indeed, a man of really superior endowments will feel the necessity of this, and it is just this need for an intercourse with great predecessors, which is the sign of a higher talent. Let us study Molière, let us study Shakspeare, but above all things, the old Greeks, and always the Greeks."

"For highly endowed natures," remarked I, "the study of the authors of antiquity may be perfectly invaluable; but, in general, it appears to have little influence upon personal character. If this were the case, all philologists and theologians would be the most excellent of men. But this is by no means the case; and such connoisseurs of the ancient Greek and Latin authors are able people or pitiful creatures, according to the good or bad qualities which God has given them, or which they have inherited from their father and mother."

"There is nothing to be said against that," returned Goethe; "but it must not, therefore, be said, that the study of the authors of antiquity is entirely without effect upon the formation of character. A worthless man will always remain worthless, and a little mind will not, by daily intercourse with the great minds of antiquity, become one inch greater. But a noble man, in whose soul God has placed the capability for future greatness of character, and elevation of mind, will, by a knowledge of, and familiar intercourse with, the elevated natures of ancient Greeks and Romans, every day make a visible approximation to similar greatness."

(Sup.) Wed., April 11.

I went today about one o'clock to Goethe, who had invited me to take a drive with him before dinner. We took the road to Erfurt. The weather was very fine; the corn-fields on both sides of the way refreshed the eye with the liveliest green. Goethe seemed in his feelings gay and young as the early spring, but in his words old in wisdom.

"I ever repeat it," he began, "the world could not exist, if it were not so simple. This wretched soil has been tilled a thousand years, yet its powers are always the same; a little rain, a little sun, and each spring it grows green and so forth."

I could make no answer or addition to these words. Goethe allowed his eyes to wander over the verdant fields, and then, turning again to me, continued thus on other subjects:—

"I have been lately reading something odd,—the letters of Jacobi and his friends. This is a remarkable book, and you must read it; not to learn

anything from it, but to take a glance into the state of education and literature at a time of which people now have no idea. We see men who are to a certain extent important, but no trace of a similar direction and a common interest; each one as an isolated being goes his own way, without sympathizing at all in the exertions of others. They seem to me like billiard balls, which run blindly by one another on the green cover, without knowing anything of each other; and which, if they come in contact, only recede so much the further from one another."

I smiled at this excellent simile. I asked about the corresponding persons, and Goethe named them to me, with some special remark about each.

"Jacobi was really a born diplomatist, a handsome man of slender figure, elegant and noble mien—who, as an ambassador, would have been quite in his place. As a poet, a philosopher, he had deficiencies.

"His relation to me was peculiar. He loved me personally, without taking interest in my endeavours, or even approving of them: friendship was necessary to bind us together. But my connection with Schiller was very peculiar, because we found the strongest bond of union in our common efforts, and had no need of what is commonly called friendship."

I asked whether Lessing appeared in this correspondence.

"No," said he, "but Herder and Wieland do. Herder, however, did not enjoy such connections; he stood so high that this hollowness could not fail to weary him in the long run. Hamann, too, treated these people with marked superiority of mind.

"Wieland, as usual, appears in these letters quite cheerful and at home. Caring for no opinion in particular, he was adroit enough to enter into all. He was like a reed, moved hither and thither by the wind of opinion, yet always adhering firmly to its root.

"My personal relation to Wieland was always very pleasant, especially in those earlier days when he belonged to me alone. His little tales were written at my suggestion; but, when Herder came to Weimar, Wieland was false to me. Herder took him away from me, for this man's power of personal attraction was very great."

The carriage now began to return. We saw towards the east many rain-clouds driving one into another.

"These clouds," said I, "threaten to descend in rain every moment. Do you think they could possibly dissipate, if the barometer rose?"

"Yes," said he, "they would be dispersed from the top downwards, and be spun off like distaff at once. So strong is my faith in the barometer. Nay, I always say and maintain, that if, in the night of the great inundation of Petersburg, the barometer had risen, the waves would not have overflowed.

"My son believes that the moon influences the weather, and you perhaps think the same, and I do not blame you; the moon is so important an orb that we must ascribe to it a decided influence on our earth; but the change of the weather, the rise and fall of the barometer,

are not effected by the changes of the moon; they are purely telluric.

"I compare the earth and her atmosphere to a great living being perpetually inhaling and exhaling. If she inhale, she draws the atmosphere to her, so that, coming near her surface, it is condensed to clouds and rain. This state I call water-affirmative (Wasser-bejahung). Should it continue an irregular length of time, the earth would be drowned. This the earth does not allow, but exhales again, and sends the watery vapours upwards, when they are dissipated through the whole space of the higher atmosphere, and become so rarified, that not only does the sun penetrate them with his brilliancy, but the eternal darkness of infinite space is seen through as a fresh blue. This state of the atmosphere I call the water-negative (Wasser-verneinung). For as, under the contrary influence, not only water comes profusely from above, but also the moisture of the earth cannot be dried and dissipated,—so, on the contrary, in this state, not only no moisture comes from above, but the damp of the earth itself flies upwards; so that, if this should continue an irregular length of time, the earth, even if the sun did not shine, would be in danger of drying up."

Thus spoke Goethe on this important subject, and I listened to him with great attention.

"The thing is very simple, and I abide by what is simple and comprehensive, without being disturbed by occasional deviations. High barometer, dry weather, east wind; low barometer, wet weather, and west wind; this is the general rule by which I abide. Should wet clouds blow hither now and then, when the barometer is high, and the wind east, or, if we have a blue sky, with a west wind, this does not disturb me, or make me lose my faith in the general rule. I merely observe that many collateral influences exist, the nature of which we do not yet understand.

"I will tell you something, by which you may abide during your future life. There is in nature an accessible and inaccessible. Be careful to discriminate between the two, be circumspect, and proceed with reverence.

"We have already done something, if we only know this in a general way, though it is always difficult to see where the one begins and the other leaves off. He who does not know it torments himself, perhaps his life long, about the inaccessible, without ever coming near the truth. But he who knows it and is wise, will confine himself to the accessible; and, while he traverses this region in every direction, and confirms himself therein, will be able to win somewhat even from the inaccessible, though he must at last confess that many things can only be approached to a certain degree, and that nature has ever something problematical in reserve, which man's faculties are insufficient to fathom."

During this discourse we had returned into the town. Conversation turned upon unimportant subjects, so that those high views could still dwell for a while within me.

We had returned too early for dinner, and Goethe had time to show me a landscape, by Rubens, representing a summer's evening. On the

left of the foreground, you saw field-labourers going homewards; in the midst of the picture, a flock of sheep followed their shepherd to the hamlet; a little farther back, on the right, stood a hay-cart, which people were busy in loading; while the horses, not yet put in, were grazing near; afar off, in the meadow and thickets, mares were grazing with their foals, and appearances indicated that they would remain there all night. Several villages and a town bordered the bright horizon of the picture, in which the ideas of activity and repose were expressed in the most graceful manner.

The whole seemed to me put together with such truth, and the details painted with such fidelity, that I said, Rubens must have copied the picture from nature.

"By no means," said Goethe, "so perfect a picture has never been seen in nature; but we are indebted for its composition to the poetic mind of the painter. Still, the great Rubens had such an extraordinary memory, that he carried all nature in his head, and she was always at his command, in the minutest particulars. Thence comes this truth in the whole, and the details, so that we think it is a mere copy from nature. No such landscapes are painted now-a-days. That way of feeling and seeing nature no longer exists. Our painters are wanting in poetry.

"Then our young talents are left to themselves; they are without living masters, to initiate them into the mysteries of art. Something, indeed, may be learned from the dead, but this is rather a catching of details than a penetration into the deep thoughts and method of a master."

Frau and Herr von Goethe came in, and we sat down to dinner. The lively topics of the day, such as the theatre, balls, and the court, were lightly discussed; but soon we came to more serious matters, and found ourselves deeply engaged in conversation on the religious doctrines of England.

"You ought, like me," said Goethe, "to have studied Church history for fifty years, to understand how all this hangs together. On the other hand, it is highly remarkable to see with what doctrines the Mahometans commence the work of education. As a religious foundation, they confirm their youth in the conviction that nothing can happen to man, except what was long since decreed by an all-ruling divinity. With this they are prepared and satisfied for a whole life, and scarce need anything further.

"I will not inquire what is true or false, useful or pernicious, in this doctrine; but really something of this faith is held in us all, even without being taught. 'The ball on which my name is not written, cannot hit me,' says the soldier in the battle-field; and, without such a belief, how could he maintain such courage and cheerfulness in the most imminent perils? The Christian doctrine, 'No sparrow falls to the ground without the consent of our Father,' comes from the same source, intimating that there is a Providence, which keeps in its eye the smallest things, and without whose will and permission nothing can happen.

"Then the Mahometans begin their instruction in philosophy, with the

doctrine that nothing exists of which the contrary may not be affirmed. Thus they practise the minds of youth, by giving them the task of detecting and expressing the opposite of every proposition; from which great adroitness in thinking and speaking is sure to arise.

"Certainly, after the contrary of any proposition has been maintained, doubt arises as to which is really true. But there is no permanence in doubt; it incites the mind to closer inquiry and experiment, from which, if rightly managed, certainty proceeds, and in this alone can man find thorough satisfaction.

"You see that nothing is wanting in this doctrine; that with all our systems, we have got no further; and that, generally speaking, no one can get further."

"You remind me of the Greeks," said I, "who made use of a similar mode of philosophical instruction, as is obvious from their tragedy, which, in its course of action, rests wholly upon contradiction, not one of the speakers ever maintaining any opinion of which the other cannot, with equal dexterity, maintain the contrary."

"You are perfectly right," said Goethe; "and that doubt is brought in which is awakened in the spectator or reader. Thus, at the end, we are brought to certainty by fate, which attaches itself to the moral, and espouses its cause."

We rose from table, and Goethe took me down with him into the garden, to continue our conversation.

"It is remarkable in Lessing," said I, "that in his theoretical writings, for instance, in the 'Laocoon,' he never leads us directly to results, but always takes us by the philosophical way of opinion, counter opinion, and doubt, before he lets us arrive at any sort of certainty. We rather see the operation of thinking and seeking, than obtain great views and great truths that can excite our own powers of thought, and make ourselves productive."

"You are right," said Goethe; "Lessing himself is reported to have said, that if God would give him truth, he would decline the gift, and prefer the labour of seeking it for himself.

"That philosophic system of the Mahometans is a good standard, which we can apply to ourselves and others, to ascertain the degree of mental progress which we have attained.

"Lessing from his polemical nature, loved best the region of doubt and contradiction. Analysis is his province, and there his fine understanding aided him most nobly. You will find me wholly the reverse. I have always avoided contradictions, have striven to dispel the doubts within me, and have uttered only the results I have discovered."

I asked Goethe which of the new philosophers he thought the highest.

"Kant," said he, "beyond a doubt. He is the one whose doctrines still continue to work, and have penetrated most deeply into our German civilization. He has influenced even you, although you have never read him; now you need him no longer, for what he could give you, you possess already. If you wish, by and by, to read something of his, I

recommend to you his 'Critique on the power of Judgment,' in which he has written admirably upon rhetoric, tolerably upon poetry, but unsatisfactorily on plastic art."

"Has your Excellency ever had any personal connection with Kant?"

"No," he replied; "Kant never took any notice of me, though from my own nature I went a way like his own. I wrote my 'Metamorphosis of Plants' before I knew anything about Kant; and yet it is wholly in the spirit of his doctrine. The separation of subject from object, and further, the opinion that each creature exists for his own sake, and that cork trees do not grow merely that we may stop our bottles—this Kant shared with me, and I rejoiced to meet him on such ground. Afterwards I wrote my 'doctrine of experiment,'[1] which is to be regarded as criticism upon subject and object, and a mediation of both.

"Schiller was always wont to advise me against the study of Kant's philosophy. He usually said Kant could give me nothing; but he himself studied Kant with great zeal; and I have studied him too, and not without profit."

While talking thus, we walked up and down the garden: the clouds had been gathering; and it began to rain, so that we were obliged to return to the house, where we continued our conversation for some time.

(Sup.) Wed., April 18.

Before dinner, I took a ride with Goethe some distance along the road to Erfurt.

We were met by all sorts of vehicles laden with wares for the fair at Leipsic; also a string of horses, amongst which were some very fine animals.

"I cannot help laughing at the æsthetical folks," said Goethe, "who torment themselves in endeavouring, by some abstract words, to reduce to a conception that inexpressible thing to which we give the name of beauty. Beauty is a primeval phenomenon, which itself never makes its appearance, but the reflection of which is visible in a thousand different utterances of the creative mind, and is as various as nature herself."

"I have often heard it said that nature is always beautiful," said I; "that she causes the artists to despair, because they are seldom capable of reaching her completely."

"I know well," returned Goethe, "that nature often reveals an unattainable charm; but I am by no means of opinion that she is beautiful in all her aspects. Her intentions are, indeed, always good; but not so the conditions which are required to make her manifest herself completely.

"Thus, the oak is a tree which may be very beautiful; but how many favourable circumstances must concur before nature can succeed in producing one truly beautiful! If an oak grow in the midst of a forest,

1 The title of this paper, which appeared in 1793, and is contained in Goethe's works, is "Der Versuch als Vermittler von Object und Subject."—Trans.

encompassed with large neighbouring trunks, its tendency will always be upwards, towards free air and light; only small weak branches will grow on its sides; and these will in the course of a century decay and fall off. But if it has at last succeeded in reaching the free air with its summit, it will then rest in its upward tendency, and begin to spread itself from its sides and form a crown. But it is by this time already past its middle age: its many years of upward striving have consumed its freshest powers, and its present endeavour to put forth its strength by increasing in breadth will not now have its proper results. When full grown, it will be high, strong and slender stemmed, but still without such a proportion between its crown and its stem as would render it beautiful.

"Again; if the oak grow in a moist, marshy place, and the earth is too nourishing, it will, with proper space, prematurely shoot forth many branches and twigs on all sides: but it will still want the opposing, retarding influences; it will not show itself gnarled, stubborn, and indented, and seen from a distance, it will have the appearance of a weak tree of the lime species; and it will not be beautiful—at least, not as an oak.

"If, lastly, it grow upon mountainous slopes, upon poor stony soil, it will become excessively gnarled and knotty; but it will lack free development: it will become prematurely stunted, and will never attain such perfection that one can say of it, 'there is in that oak something which creates astonishment.'"

I rejoiced at these words. "I saw very beautiful oaks," said I, "when, some years ago, I made short tours from Göttingen into the valley of the Weser. I found them particularly magnificent in the neighbourhood of Höxter."

"A sandy soil, or one mixed with sand," continued Goethe, "where the oak is able to spread its strong roots in every direction, appears to be most favourable; and then it needs a situation where it has the necessary space to feel the effects on all sides of light, sun, rain, and wind. If it grows up snugly sheltered from wind and weather, it becomes nothing; but a century's struggle with the elements makes it strong and powerful, so that, at its full growth, its presence inspires us with astonishment and admiration."

"Cannot one, from these remarks of yours," returned I, "draw a conclusion and say, 'a creature is beautiful when it has attained the summit of its natural development?'"

"Certainly," returned Goethe; "but still one must first explain what one means by the summit of its natural development."

"I would by that," returned I, "signify the period of growth in which the character peculiar to any creature appears perfectly impressed on it."

"In that sense," said Goethe, "there would be nothing to object, especially if we add that, for such a perfect development of character, it is likewise requisite that the build of the different members of a creature should be conformable to its natural destination.

"In that case, a marriageable girl, whose natural destiny is to bear and

suckle children, will not be beautiful without the proper breadth of the pelvis and the necessary fulness of the breasts. Still, an excess in these respects would not be beautiful, for that would go beyond conformity to an end.

"On this account, we might call some of the saddle horses which we met a little time ago beautiful, even according to the fitness of their build. It is not merely the elegance, lightness, and gracefulness of their movements, but something more, of which a good horseman and judge of horses alone can speak, and of which we others merely receive the general impression."

"Might we not, on the other hand," said I, "call a cart-horse beautiful, like those strong specimens which we met a little time ago drawing the waggons of the Brabant carriers?"

"Certainly," said Goethe; "and why not? A painter would probably find a more varied display of all kinds of beauties in the strongly-marked character and powerful development of bone, sinew, and muscle, in such an animal, than in the softer and more equal character of an elegant saddle-horse."

"The main point is," continued Goethe, "that the race is pure, and that man has not applied his mutilating hand. A horse with his mane and tail cut, a hound with cropped ears, a tree from which the strongest branches have been lopped and the rest cut into a spherical form, and, above all, a young girl whose youthful form has been spoiled and deformed by stays, are things from which good taste revolts, and which merely occupy a place in the Philistine's catechism of beauty."

During this and similar conversations, we had returned. We walked about a little in the garden of the house before dinner. The weather was very beautiful; the spring sun had begun to grow powerful, and to bring out all sorts of leaves and blossoms on bushes and hedges. Goethe was full of thought and hopes of a delightful summer.

At dinner we were very cheerful. Young Goethe had read his father's "Helena," and spoke upon it with much judgment and natural intelligence. He showed decided delight at the part conceived in the antique spirit, while we could see that he had not fully entered into the operatic, romantic half.

"You are right," said Goethe; "it is something peculiar. One cannot say that the rational is always beautiful; but the beautiful is always rational, or at least, ought to be so. The antique part pleases you because it is comprehensible, because you can take a survey of the details, and approach my reason with your own. In the second half, all sorts of understanding and reason are likewise employed and expended; but it is difficult, and requires some study, before the reader can approach the meaning, and with his own reason discover the reason of the author."

Goethe then spoke with much praise and acknowledgment of the poems of Madame Tastu, with which he had been lately occupied.

When the rest had departed, and I also prepared to go, he begged of me to remain a little longer. He ordered a portfolio, with engravings and

etchings by Dutch masters, to be brought in.

"I will treat you with something good, by way of dessert," said he. With these words, he placed before me a landscape by Rubens.

"You have," said he, "already seen this picture; but one cannot look often enough at anything really excellent;—besides, there is something very particular attached to this. Will you tell me what you see?"

"I begin from the distance," said I. "I see in the remotest background a very clear sky, as if after sunset. Then, still in the extreme distance, a village and a town, in the light of evening. In the middle of the picture there is a road, along which a flock of sheep is hastening to the village. At the right hand of the picture are several haystacks, and a waggon which appears well laden. Unharnessed[1] horses are grazing near. On one side, among the bushes, are several mares with their foals, which appear as if they were going to remain out of doors all night. Then, nearer to the foreground, there is a group of large trees; and lastly, quite in the foreground to the left, there are various labourers returning homewards."

"Good," said Goethe, "that is apparently all. But the principal point is still wanting. All these things, which we see represented, the flock of sheep, the waggon with hay, the horses, the returning labourers,—on which side are they lighted?"

"They receive light," said I, "from the side turned to us, and the shadow is thrown into the picture. The returning labourers in the foreground are especially in the light, which produces an excellent effect."

"But how has Rubens produced this beautiful effect?"

"By making these light figures appear on a dark ground," said I.

"But this dark ground," said Goethe, "whence does it arise?"

"It is the powerful shadow," said I, "thrown by the group of trees towards the figures. But how?" continued I, with surprise, "the figures cast their shadows into the picture; the group of trees, on the contrary, cast their's towards the spectator. We have, thus, light from two different sides, which is quite contrary to Nature."

"That is the point," returned Goethe, with a smile. "It is by this that Rubens proves himself great, and shows to the world that he, with a free spirit, stands above Nature, and treats her conformably to his high purposes. The double light is certainly a violent expedient, and you certainly say that it is contrary to nature. But if it is contrary to nature, I still say it is higher than nature; I say it is the bold stroke of the master, by which he, in a genial manner, proclaims to the world that art is not entirely subject to natural necessities, but has laws of its own.

"The artist," continued Goethe, "must, indeed, in his details faithfully and reverently copy nature; he must not, arbitrarily, change the structure of the bones, or the position of the muscles and sinews of an animal,

1 The original says "harnessed" (angeschirrt), but as this is evidently the same engraving as the one mentioned, where the horses are described as "unharnessed" (abgespannt), I assume that "angeschirrt" is a misprint for "abgeschirrt."—Trans.

so that the peculiar character is destroyed. This would be annihilating nature. But in the higher regions of artistical production, by which a picture really becomes a picture, he has freer play, and here he may have recourse to fictions, as Rubens has done with the double light in this landscape.

"The artist has a twofold relation to nature; he is at once her master and her slave. He is her slave, inasmuch as he must work with earthly things, in order to be understood; but he is her master, inasmuch as he subjects these earthly means to his higher intentions, and renders them subservient.

"The artist would speak to the world through an entirety; however, he does not find this entirety in nature; but it is the fruit of his own mind, or, if you like it, of the aspiration of a fructifying divine breath.

"If we observe this landscape by Rubens only slightly, everything appears as natural to us as if it had been copied exactly from nature. But this is not the case. So beautiful a picture has never been seen in nature, any more than a landscape by Poussin or Claude Lorraine, which appears very natural to us, but which we vainly seek in the actual world."

"Are there not," said I, "bold strokes of artistic fiction similar to this double light of Rubens, to be found in literature?"

"We need not go far," said Goethe, after some reflection; "I could show you a dozen of them in Shakspeare. Only take Macbeth. When the lady would animate her husband to the deed, she says—

I have given suck, &c.

Whether this be true or not does not appear; but the lady says it, and she must say it, in order to give emphasis to her speech. But in the course of the piece, when Macduff hears of the account of the destruction of his family, he exclaims in wild rage—

He has no children!

These words of Macduff contradict those of Lady Macbeth; but this does not trouble Shakspeare. The grand point with him is the force of each speech; and as the lady, in order to give the highest emphasis to her words, must say 'I have given suck,' so, for the same purpose, Macduff must say 'he has no children.'

"Generally," continued Goethe, "we must not judge too exactly and narrowly of the pencil touches of a painter, or the words of a poet; we should rather contemplate and enjoy a work of art that has been produced in a bold and free spirit, and if possible with the same spirit.

"Thus it would be foolish, if, from the words of *Macbeth*—

Bring forth men children only! &c.,

the conclusions were drawn that the lady was a young creature who had

not yet borne any children. And it would be equally foolish if we were to go still further, and say that the lady must be represented on the stage as a very youthful person.

"Shakspeare by no means makes Macbeth say these words to show the youth of the lady; but these words, like those of Lady Macbeth and Macduff, which I quoted just now, are merely introduced for rhetorical purposes, and prove nothing more than that the poet always makes his character say whatever is proper, effective, and good in each particular place, without troubling himself to calculate whether these words may, perhaps, fall into apparent contradiction with some other passage.

"Shakspeare, in writing his pieces, could hardly have thought that they would appear in print, so as to be told over, and compared one with another; he had rather the stage in view when he wrote; he regarded his plays as a lively and moving scene, that would pass rapidly before the eyes and ears upon the stage, not as one that was to be held firmly, and carped at in detail. Hence, his only point was to be effective and significant for the moment."

(Sup.) Tues., April 24.

August Wilhelm von Schlegel is here. Before dinner, Goethe took a drive with him round the Webicht, and this evening gave a great tea-party in honour of him, at which Schlegel's fellow-traveller, Doctor Lassen, was present. All in Weimar, of any rank and name, were invited, so that the press in Goethe's room was very great. Herr von Schlegel was quite surrounded by ladies, to whom he showed thin rolled-up strips with Indian idols, as well as the whole text of two great Indian poems, of which no one but himself and Doctor Lassen probably understood anything. Schlegel was dressed with extreme neatness, and had an extremely youthful and blooming appearance, so that some of the assembled guests were pleased to maintain that he appeared not unskilled in the use of cosmetic means.

Goethe drew me to the window. "Now, how does he please you?" "Not better than I expected," returned I. "He is truly, in many respects, no true man," continued Goethe; "but still, one must bear with him a little, on account of his extensive knowledge and great deserts."

(Sup.) Wed., April 25.

Dined with Goethe and Dr. Lassen. Schlegel had once more gone to dine at the court. Here Lassen displayed great knowledge of Indian poetry, which seemed highly acceptable to Goethe, as he could thus complete his own very deficient knowledge of these things.

In the evening I again spent a few moments with Goethe. He related to me that Schlegel had been with him at twilight, and that they had carried on a very important conversation on historical and literary subjects, which had been very instructive to him. "Only," said he, "one must not expect grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles; for the rest, all is very

excellent."

(Sup.) Thurs., May 3.

The highly successful translation of Goethe's dramatic works, by Stapfer, was noticed by Monsieur J. J. Ampère in the "Parisian Globe" of last year, in a manner no less excellent, and this affected Goethe so agreeably that he very often recurred to it, and expressed his great obligations to it.

"Ampère's point of view is a very high one," said he. "When German critics on similar occasions start from philosophy, and in the consideration and discussion of a poetical production proceed in a manner that what they intend as an elucidation is only intelligible to philosophers of their own school, while for other people it is far more obscure than the work upon which they intended to throw a light, M. Ampère, on the contrary, shows himself quite practical and popular. Like one who knows his profession thoroughly, he shows the relation between the production and the producer, and judges the different poetical productions as different fruits of different epochs of the poet's life.

"He has studied most profoundly the changing course of my earthly career, and of the condition of my mind, and has had the faculty of seeing what I have not expressed, and what, so to speak, could only be read between the lines. How truly has he remarked that, during the first ten years of my official and court life at Weimar, I scarcely did anything; that despair drove me to Italy; and that I there, with new delight in producing, seized upon the history of Tasso, in order to free myself, by the treatment of this agreeable subject, from the painful and troublesome impressions and recollections of my life at Weimar. He therefore very happily calls Tasso an elevated Werther.

"Then, concerning Faust, his remarks are no less clever, since he not only notes, as part of myself, the gloomy, discontented striving of the principal character, but also the scorn and the bitter irony of Mephistophiles."

In this, and a similar spirit of acknowledgment, Goethe often spoke of M. Ampère. We took a decided interest in him; we endeavoured to picture to ourselves his personal appearance, and, if we could not succeed in this, we at least agreed that he must be a man of middle age to understand the reciprocal action of life and poetry on each other. We were, therefore, extremely surprised when M. Ampère arrived in Weimar a few days ago, and proved to be a lively youth, some twenty years old; and we were no less surprised when, in the course of further intercourse, he told us that the whole of the contributors to the "Globe," whose wisdom, moderation, and high degree of cultivation we had often admired, were only young people like himself.

"I can well comprehend," said I, "that a person may be young and may still produce something of importance—like Mérimée, for instance, who wrote excellent pieces in his twentieth year; but that any one at so early

an age should have at his command such a comprehensive view, and such deep insight, as to attain such mature judgment as the gentlemen of the 'Globe,' is to me something entirely new."

"To you, in your Heath,"[1] returned Goethe, "it has not been so easy; and we others also, in Central Germany, have been forced to buy our little wisdom dearly enough. Then we all lead a very isolated miserable sort of life! From the people, properly so called, we derive very little culture. Our talents and men of brains are scattered over the whole of Germany. One is in Vienna, another in Berlin, another in Königsberg, another in Bonn or Düsseldorf—all about a hundred miles apart from each other, so that personal contact and personal exchange of thought may be considered as rarities. I feel what this must be, when such men as Alexander von Humboldt come here, and in one single day lead me nearer to what I am seeking, and what I require to know, than I should have done for years in my own solitary way.

"But now conceive a city like Paris, where the highest talents of a great kingdom are all assembled in a single spot, and by daily intercourse, strife, and emulation, mutually instruct and advance each other; where the best works, both of nature and art, from all the kingdoms of the earth, are open to daily inspection;—conceive this metropolis of the world, I say, where every walk over a bridge or across a square recalls some mighty past, and where some historical event is connected with every corner of a street. In addition to all this, conceive not the Paris of a dull, spiritless time, but the Paris of the nineteenth century, in which, during three generations, such men as Molière, Voltaire, Diderot, and the like, have kept up such a current of intellect as cannot be found twice in a single spot on the whole world, and you will comprehend that a man of talent like Ampère, who has grown up amid such abundance, can easily be something in his four-and-twentieth year.

"You said just now," said Goethe, "that you could well understand how any one in his twentieth year could write pieces as good as those of Mérimée. I have nothing to oppose to this; and I am, on the whole, quite of your opinion that good productiveness is easier than good judgment in a youthful man. But in Germany, one had better not, when so young as Mérimée, attempt to produce anything so mature as he has done in his pieces of 'Clara Gazul.' It is true, Schiller was very young when he wrote his 'Robbers,' his 'Love and Intrigue,' his 'Fiesco;' but, to speak the truth, all three pieces are rather the utterances of an extraordinary talent than signs of mature cultivation in the author. This, however, is not Schiller's fault, but rather the result of the state of culture of his nation, and the great difficulty which we all experience in assisting ourselves on our solitary way.

"On the other hand, take up Béranger. He is the son of poor parents, the descendant of a poor tailor; at one time a poor printer's apprentice,

1 This doubtless refers to the Heath country in which Eckermann was born.—Trans.

then placed in some office with a small salary: he has never been to a classical school or university; and yet his songs are so full of mature cultivation, so full of wit and the most refined irony, and there is such artistic perfection and masterly handling of the language, that he is the admiration, not only of France, but of all civilized Europe.

"But imagine this same Béranger—instead of being born in Paris, and brought up in this metropolis of the world—the son of a poor tailor in Jena or Weimar, and let him commence his career, in an equally miserable manner, in such small places, ask yourself what fruit would have been produced by this same tree grown in such a soil and in such an atmosphere.

"Therefore, my good friend, I repeat that, if a talent is to be speedily and happily developed, the great point is that a great deal of intellect and sound culture should be current in a nation.

"We admire the tragedies of the ancient Greeks; but, to take a correct view of the case, we ought rather to admire the period and the nation in which their production was possible than the individual authors; for though these pieces differ a little from each other, and though one of these poets appears somewhat greater and more finished than the other, still, taking all things together, only one decided character runs through the whole.

"This is the character of grandeur, fitness, soundness, human perfection, elevated wisdom, sublime thought, pure strong intuition, and whatever other qualities one might enumerate. But when we find all these qualities, not only in the dramatic works that have come down to us, but also in lyrical and epic works, in the philosophers, the orators, and the historians, and in an equally high degree in the works of plastic art that have come down to us, we must feel convinced that such qualities did not merely belong to individuals, but were the current property of the nation and the whole period.

"Now, take up Burns. How is he great, except through the circumstance that the whole songs of his predecessors lived in the mouth of the people,—that they were, so to speak, sung at his cradle; that, as a boy, he grew up amongst them, and the high excellence of these models so pervaded him that he had therein a living basis on which he could proceed further? Again, why is he great, but from this, that his own songs at once found susceptible ears amongst his compatriots; that, sung by reapers and sheaf-binders, they at once greeted him in the field; and that his boon-companions sang them to welcome him at the ale-house? Something was certainly to be done this way.

"On the other hand, what a pitiful figure is made by us Germans! Of our old songs—no less important than those of Scotland—how many lived among the people in the days of my youth? Herder and his successors first began to collect them and rescue them from oblivion; then they were at least printed in the libraries. Then, more lately, what songs have not Bürger and Voss composed! Who can say that they are more insignificant or less popular than those of the excellent Burns? but

which of them so lives among us that it greets us from the mouth of the people?—they are written and printed, and they remain in the libraries, quite in accordance with the general fate of German poets. Of my own songs, how many live? Perhaps one or another of them may be sung by a pretty girl to the piano; but among the people, properly so called, they have no sound. With what sensations must I remember the time when passages from Tasso were sung to me by Italian fishermen!

"We Germans are of yesterday. We have indeed been properly cultivated for a century; but a few centuries more must still elapse before so much mind and elevated culture will become universal amongst our people that they will appreciate beauty like the Greeks, that they will be inspired by a beautiful song, and that it will be said of them 'it is long since they were barbarians.'"

(Sup.) Fri., May 4.

A grand dinner at Goethe's in honour of Ampère and his friend Stapfer. The conversation was loud, cheerful, and varied. Ampère told Goethe a great deal about Mérimée, Alfred de Vigny, and other important men of genius. A great deal also was said about Béranger, whose inimitable songs are daily in Goethe's thoughts. There was a discussion as to whether Béranger's cheerful amatory songs or his political ones merited the preference; whereupon Goethe expressed his opinion that, in general, a purely poetical subject is as superior to a political one as the pure everlasting truth of nature is to party spirit.

"However," continued he, "Béranger has, in his political poems, shown himself the benefactor of his nation. After the invasion of the allies, the French found in him the best organ for their suppressed feelings. He directed their attention by various recollections to the glory of their arms under the Emperor, whose memory still lives in every cottage, and whose great qualities the poet loved, without desiring a continuance of his despotic sway. Now, under the Bourbons, he does not seem too comfortable. They are, indeed, a degenerate race; and the Frenchman of the present day desires great qualities upon the throne, although he likes to take part in the government, and put in his own word."

After dinner the company dispersed in the garden, and Goethe beckoned me to take a drive round the wood, on the road to Tiefurt.

Whilst in the carriage he was very pleasant and affable. He was glad that he had formed so pleasant an intimacy with Ampère, promising himself, as a result, the fairest consequences with respect to the acknowledgment and diffusion of German literature in France.

"Ampère," continued he, "stands indeed so high in culture that the national prejudices, apprehensions, and narrow-mindedness of many of his countrymen lie far behind him; and in mind he is far more a citizen of the world than a citizen of Paris. But I see a time coming when there will be thousands in France who think like him."

A second dinner party at Goethe's, to which the same people came as the day before yesterday. Much was said about "Helena" and "Tasso." Goethe related to us that in the year 1797, he had formed the plan of treating the tradition concerning Tell as an epic poem in hexameters.

"In the same year," said he, "I visited the small cantons, and the lake of the four cantons, and this charming, magnificent, grand nature made once more such an impression upon me, that it induced me to represent in a poem the variety and richness of so incomparable a landscape. But, in order to throw more charm, interest, and life into my representation, I considered it good to people this highly-striking spot with equally striking human figures, for which purpose the tradition concerning Tell appeared to me admirably fitted.

"I pictured Tell to myself as a heroic man, possessed of native strength, but contented with himself, and in a state of childish unconsciousness. He traverses the canton as a carrier, and is everywhere known and beloved, everywhere ready with his assistance. He peacefully follows his calling, providing for his wife and child, and not troubling himself who is lord or who is serf.

"Gessler, on the contrary, I pictured to myself as a tyrant; but as one of the comfortable sort who occasionally does good when it suits him, and occasionally harm when it suits him, and to whom the people, with its weal and woe, is as totally indifferent as if it did not exist.

"The higher and better qualities of human nature, on the contrary, the love of native soil, the feeling of freedom and security under the protection of the laws of the country, the feeling, moreover, of the disgrace of being subjugated, and occasionally ill-treated, by a foreign debauchee, and lastly, strength of mind matured to a determination to throw of so obnoxious a yoke,—all these great and good qualities I had shared between the well-known noble-minded men, Walter Fürst, Stauffacher, Winkelried, and others; and these were my proper heroes, my higher powers, acting with consciousness, whilst Tell and Gessler, though occasionally brought into action, were, upon the whole, rather figures of a passive nature.

"I was quite full of this beautiful subject, and was already humming my hexameters. I saw the lake in the quiet moonlight, illuminated mists in the depths of the mountains. I then saw it in the light of the loveliest morning sun—a rejoicing and a life in wood and meadow. Then I described a storm—a thunder-storm, which swept from the hollows over the lake. Neither was there any lack of the stillness of night, nor of secret meetings approached by bridges.

"I related all this to Schiller, in whose soul my landscapes and my acting figures formed themselves into a drama. And as I had other things to do, and the execution of my design was deferred more and more, I gave up my subject entirely to Schiller, who thereupon wrote his admirable play."

We were pleased with this communication, which was interesting to us all. I remarked that it appeared to me as if the splendid description of sunrise, in the first scene of the second act of "Faust," written in terza rima, was founded upon the recalled impressions of the lake of the four cantons.

"I will not deny," said Goethe, "that these contemplations proceed from that source; nay, without the fresh impressions of those wonderful scenes, I could never have conceived the subject of that terza rima. But that is all which I have coined from the gold of my Tell-localities. The rest I left to Schiller, who, as we know, made the most beautiful use of it."

The conversation now turned upon "Tasso," and the idea which Goethe had endeavoured to represent by it.

"Idea!" said Goethe, "as if I knew nothing about it. I had the life of Tasso, I had my own life; and whilst I brought together two odd figures with their peculiarities, the image of Tasso arose in my mind, to which I opposed, as a prosaic contrast, that of Antonio, for whom also I did not lack models. The further particulars of court life and love affairs were at Weimar as they were in Ferrara; and I can truly say of my production, it is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh.

"The Germans are, certainly, strange people. By their deep thoughts and ideas, which they seek in everything and fix upon everything, they make life much more burdensome than is necessary. Only have the courage to give yourself up to your impressions, allow yourself to be delighted, moved, elevated, nay, instructed and inspired for something great; but do not imagine all is vanity, if it is not abstract thought and idea.

"Then they come and ask, 'What idea I meant to embody in my Faust?' as if I knew myself and could inform them. From heaven, through the world, to hell, would indeed be something; but this is no idea, only a course of action. And further, that the devil loses the wager, and that a man, continually struggling from difficult errors towards something better, should be redeemed, is an effective, and to many, a good enlightening thought; but it is no idea which lies at the foundation of the whole, and of every individual scene. It would have been a fine thing, indeed, if I had strung so rich, varied, and highly diversified a life as I have brought to view in Faust upon the slender string of one pervading idea.

"It was, in short," continued Goethe, "not in my line, as a poet, to strive to embody anything abstract. I received in my mind impressions, and those of a sensual, animated, charming, varied, hundredfold kind, just as a lively imagination presented them; and I had, as a poet, nothing more to do than artistically to round off and elaborate such views and impressions, and by means of a lively representation so to bring them forward that others might receive the same impression in hearing or reading my representation of them.

"If I still wished, as a poet, to represent any idea, I would do it in short poems, where a decided unity could prevail, and where a complete

survey would be easy, as, for instance, in the Metamorphosis of Animals, that of the plants, the poem 'Bequest' (*Vermächtniss*), and many others. The only production of greater extent, in which I am conscious of having laboured to set forth a pervading idea, is probably my 'Wahlverwandtschaften.' This novel has thus become comprehensible to the understanding; but I will not say that it is therefore better. I am rather of the opinion, that the more incommensurable, and the more incomprehensible to the understanding, a poetic production is, so much the better it is."

(Sup.) Tues., May 15.

Herr von Holtey, from Paris, has been here for some time, and has been very well received everywhere, on account of his person and talent. A very friendly intimacy has also been formed between him and Goethe, and his family.

Goethe has for some days been drawn into his garden, where he is very happy with his quiet activity. I called upon him there today, with Herr von Holtey and Count Schulenburg, the former of whom took his leave, in order to go to Berlin with Ampère.

Wed., June 20.

The family table was covered for five; the rooms were vacant and cool, which was very pleasant, considering the great heat. I went into the spacious room next the dining-hall, where are the worked carpet and the colossal bust of Juno.

After I had walked up and down alone for a short time, Goethe soon came in from his work-room, and greeted me in his cordial manner. He seated himself on a chair by the window. "Take a chair too," said he, "and sit down by me; we will talk a little before the others arrive. I am glad that you have become acquainted with Count Sternberg at my house; he has departed, and I am now once more in my wonted state of activity and repose."

"The present appearance and manner of the Count," said I, "seemed to me very remarkable, as well as his great attainments. Whatever the conversation turned on, he was always at home, and talked about everything with the greatest ease, though with profundity and circumspection."

"Yes," said Goethe, "he is a highly remarkable man, and his influence and connections in Germany are very extensive. As a botanist, he is known throughout Europe by his 'Flora Subterranea,' and he also stands high as a mineralogist. Do you know his history?"

"No," said I, "but I should like to hear something about him. I saw him as a Count and a man of the world, and also a person profoundly versed in various branches of science. This is a riddle I should like to see solved."

Goethe told me that the Count in his youth had been destined for

the priesthood, and had commenced his studies at Rome; but that afterwards, when Austria had withdrawn certain favours, he had gone to Naples. Goethe then proceeded in the most profound and interesting manner, to set forth a remarkable life, which would have adorned the "Wanderjahre," but which I do not feel I can repeat here. I was delighted to listen to him and thanked him with all my soul. The conversation now turned upon the Bohemian schools, and their great advantages, especially for a thorough æsthetic culture.

Frau von Goethe, young Goethe, and Fräulein Ulrica now came in, and we sat down to table. The conversation was gay and varied, the pietists of some cities in Northern Germany being a subject to which we often reverted. It was remarked that these pietistical separations had destroyed the harmony of whole families.

I was able to give an instance of the kind, having nearly lost an excellent friend because he could not convert me to his opinions. He, as I stated, was thoroughly convinced that good works and one's own merits are of no avail, and that man can only win favour with the divinity by the grace of Christ.

"A female friend," observed Frau von Goethe, "said something of the sort to me; but even now I scarcely know what is meant by grace and what by good works."

"According to the present course of the world, in conversing on all such topics," said Goethe, "there is nothing but a medley; and perhaps none of you know whence it comes. I will tell you. The doctrine of good works—namely, that man, by good actions, legacies, and beneficent institutions, can avoid the penalty of sin, and rise in the favour of God—is Catholic. But the reformers, out of opposition, rejected this doctrine, and declared, in lieu of it, that man must seek solely to recognize the merits of Christ, and become a partaker of his grace; which indeed leads to good works. But, nowadays, all this is mingled together, and nobody knows whence a thing comes."

I remarked, more in thought than openly, that difference of opinion in religious matters had always sown dissension among men, and made them enemies; nay, that the first murder had been caused by a difference in the mode of worshipping God. I said that I had lately been reading Byron's "Cain," and had been particularly struck by the third act, and the manner in which the murder is brought about.

"It is indeed admirable," said Goethe. "Its beauty is such as we shall not see a second time in the world."

"Cain," said I, "was at first prohibited in England; but now everybody reads it, and young English travellers usually carry a complete Byron with them."

"It was folly," said Goethe; "for, in fact, there is nothing in the whole of Cain which is not taught by the English bishops themselves."

The Chancellor was announced. He came in and sat down with us at table. Goethe's grandchildren, Walter and Wolfgang, also came in, jumping one after the other. Wolf pressed close to the Chancellor.

"Bring your album," said Goethe, "and show the Chancellor your princess, and what Count Sternberg wrote for you."

Wolf sprang up and brought the book. The Chancellor looked at the portrait of the princess, with the verses annexed by Goethe. Turning over the leaves, he came to Zelter's inscription, and read aloud, *Lerne gehorchen* ("Learn to obey").

"Those are the only rational words in the whole book," said Goethe, laughing; "as indeed, Zelter is always majestic and to the point. I am now looking over his letters with Riemer; and they contain invaluable things. Those letters which he has written me on his travels are especially of worth; for he has, as a sound architect and musician, the advantage that he can never want interesting subjects for criticism. As soon as he enters a city, the buildings stand before him, and tell him their merits and their faults.

"Then the musical societies receive him at once, and show themselves to the master with their virtues and their defects. If a short-hand writer could but have recorded his conversations with his musical scholars, we should possess something quite unique in its way. In such matters is Zelter great and genial, and always hits the nail on the head."

Thurs., July 5.

Towards evening, I met Goethe in the park, returning from a ride. As he passed he beckoned to me to come and see him. I went immediately to his house, where I found Coudray. Goethe alighted, and we went up the steps with him. We sat down to the round table in the so-called Juno-room, and had not talked long before the Chancellor came in and joined us. The conversation turned on political subjects—Wellington's embassy to St. Petersburg, and its probable consequences, Capo d'Istria, the delayed liberation of Greece, the restriction upon the Turks to Constantinople, and the like.

We talked, too, of Napoleon's times, especially about the Duke d'Enghien, whose incautious revolutionary conduct was much discussed.

We then came to more pacific topics, and Wieland's tomb at Osmannstedt was a fruitful subject of discourse. Coudray told us that he was engaged with an iron enclosure of the tomb. He gave us a clear notion of his intention by drawing the form of the iron-railing on a piece of paper.

When the Chancellor and Coudray departed, Goethe asked me to stay with him a little while. "For one who, like me, lives through ages," said he, "it always seems odd when I hear about statues and monuments. I can never think of a statue erected in honour of a distinguished man without already seeing it cast down and trampled upon by future warriors. Already I see Coudray's iron-railing about Wieland's grave forged into horse-shoes, and shining under the feet of future cavalry; and I may even say that I have witnessed such a case at Frankfort. Wieland's

grave is, besides, much too near the Ilm; the stream in less than a hundred years will have so worn the shore by its sudden turn, that it will have reached the body."

We had some good-humoured jests about the terrible inconstancy of earthly things, and then, returning to Coudray's drawing, were delighted with the delicate and strong strokes of the English pencils, which are so obedient to the draughtsman, that the thought is conveyed immediately to the paper, without the slightest loss. This led the conversation to drawing, and Goethe showed me a fine one, by an Italian master, representing the boy Jesus in the temple with the doctors; he then showed me an engraving after the finished picture on this subject; and many remarks were made, all in favour of drawings.

"I have lately been so fortunate," said he, "as to buy, at a reasonable rate, many excellent drawings by celebrated masters. Such drawings are invaluable, not only because they give, in its purity, the mental intention of the artist, but because they bring immediately before us the mood of his mind at the moment of creation. In every stroke of this drawing of the boy Jesus in the temple, we perceive the great clearness, and quiet, serene resolution, in the mind of the artist; and this beneficial mood is extended to us while we contemplate the work. The arts of painting and sculpture have, moreover, the great advantage that they are purely objective, and attract us without violently exciting our feelings. Such a work either speaks to us not at all, or in a very decided manner. A poem, on the other hand, makes a far more vague impression, exciting in each hearer different emotions, according to his nature and capacity."

"I have," said I, "been lately reading Smollett's excellent novel of 'Roderick Random.' It gave me almost the same impression as a good drawing. It is a direct representation of the subject, without a trace of a leaning towards the sentimental; actual life stands before us as it is, often repulsive and detestable enough, yet, as a whole, giving a pleasant impression on account of the decided reality."

"I have often heard the praises of 'Roderick Random,' and believe what you say of it, but have never read it. Do you know Johnson's 'Rasselas?' Just read it, and tell me what you think of it."

I promised to do so.

"In Lord Byron," said I, "I frequently find passages which merely bring objects before us, without affecting our feelings otherwise than the drawing of a good painter. 'Don Juan' is, especially, rich in such passages."

"Yes," said Goethe, "here Lord Byron was great; his pictures have an air of reality, as lightly thrown off as if they were improvised. I know but little of 'Don Juan,' but I remember passages from his other poems, especially sea scenes, with a sail peeping out here and there, which are quite invaluable, for they make us seem to feel the sea-breeze blowing."

"In his 'Don Juan,'" said I, "I have particularly admired the representation of London, which his careless verses bring before our very eyes. He is not very scrupulous whether an object is poetical or not; but

he seizes and uses all just as they come before him, down to the wigs in the haircutter's window, and the men who fill the street-lamps with oil."

"Our German æsthetical people," said Goethe, "are always talking about poetical and unpoetical objects; and, in one respect, they are not quite wrong; yet, at bottom, no real object is unpoetical, if the poet knows how to use it properly."

"True," said I; "and I wish this view were adopted as a general maxim."

We then spoke of the "Two Foscari," and I remarked that Byron drew excellent women.

"His women," said Goethe, "are good. Indeed, this is the only vase into which we moderns can pour our ideality; nothing can be done with the men. Homer has got all beforehand in Achilles and Ulysses, the bravest and the most prudent."

"There is something terrible in the 'Foscari,'" I continued, "on account of the frequent recurrence of the rack. One can hardly conceive how Lord Byron could dwell so long on this torturing subject, for the sake of the piece."

"That sort of thing," said Goethe, "was Byron's element; he was always a self-tormentor; and hence such subjects were his darling theme, as you see in all his works, scarce one of which has a cheerful subject. But the execution of the 'Foscari' is worthy of great praise—is it not?"

"Admirable!" said I; "every word is strong, significant, and subservient to the aim; indeed, generally speaking, I have hitherto found no weak lines in Byron. I always fancy I see him issuing from the sea-waves, fresh, and full of creative power. The more I read him, the more I admire the greatness of his talent; and I think you were quite right to present him with that immortal monument of love in 'Helena.'"

"I could not," said Goethe, "make use of any man as the representative of the modern poetical era except him, who undoubtedly is to be regarded as the greatest genius of our century. Again, Byron is neither antique nor romantic, but like the present day itself. This was the sort of man I required. Then he suited me on account of his unsatisfied nature and his warlike tendency, which led to his death at Missolonghi. A treatise upon Byron would be neither convenient nor advisable; but I shall not fail to pay him honour and to point him out at proper times."

Goethe spoke further of "Helena" now it had again become a subject of discourse. "I at first intended a very different close," said he. "I modified it in various ways, and once very well, but I will not tell you how. Then this conclusion with Lord Byron and Missolonghi was suggested to me by the events of the day, and I gave up all the rest. You have observed the character of the chorus is quite destroyed by the mourning song: until this time it has remained thoroughly antique, or has never belied its girlish nature; but here of a sudden it becomes nobly reflecting, and says things such as it has never thought or could think.

"Certainly," said I, "I remarked it; but, since I have seen Rubens's landscape with the double shadow, and have got an insight into the

idea of fiction, such things do not disturb me. These little inconsistencies are of no consequence, if by their means a higher degree of beauty is obtained. The song had to be sung, somehow or other; and as there was no other chorus present, the girls were forced to sing it."

"I wonder," said Goethe, laughing, "what the German critics will say? Will they have freedom and boldness enough to get over this? Understanding will be in the way of the French; they will not consider that the imagination has its own laws, to which the understanding cannot, and should not, penetrate.

"If imagination did not originate things which must ever be problems to the understanding, there would be but little for the imagination to do. It is this which separates poetry from prose; in which latter understanding always is, and always should be, at home."

I was pleased with this important remark, which I treasured up. I now took leave, for it was ten o'clock. We had been sitting without candles; the clear summer evening shining from the north over the Ettersberg.

Mon. evening, July 9.

I found Goethe alone, examining the plaster casts which had been taken from the Stosch cabinet. "My Berlin friends," said he, "have had the kindness to send me this whole collection to look at. I am already acquainted with most of these fine things; but now I see them in the instructive arrangement of Winckelmann. I use his description, and consult him in cases where I myself am doubtful."

We had not long talked before the Chancellor came in and joined us. He told us the news from the public papers, and, among other things, the story of a keeper of a menagerie, who, out of a longing for lion's flesh, had killed a lion, and dressed a large piece of him.

"I wonder," said Goethe, "he did not rather try an ape; that would have been a tender, relishing morsel."

We talked of the ugliness of these beasts, remarking that they were the more unpleasant the more they were like men.

"I do not understand," said the Chancellor, "how princes can keep these animals near them, and, indeed, take pleasure in them."

"Princes," said Goethe, "are so much tormented by disagreeable men, that they regard these more disagreeable animals as a means of balancing the other unpleasant impressions. We common people naturally dislike apes and the screaming of parrots, because we see them in circumstances for which they were not made. If we could ride upon elephants among palm-trees, we should there find apes and parroquets quite in their place, perhaps pleasant. But, as I said, princes are right to drive away one repulsive thing with something still more repulsive.

"On this point," said he, "a scrap of verse occurs to me, which perhaps you do not remember:—

If men should ever beasts become,
Bring only brutes into your room,

And less disgust you'll surely feel:
We all are Adam's children still.[1]

The Chancellor turned the conversation on the present state of the opposition, and the ministerial party at Paris, repeating, almost word for word, a powerful speech, which an extremely bold democrat had made against the minister, in defending himself before a court of justice. We had an opportunity once more to marvel at the happy memory of the Chancellor. There was much conversation upon this subject, and especially upon the censure of the press, between Goethe and the Chancellor; the theme proved fertile, Goethe showing himself, as usual, a mild aristocrat, and his friend, as usual, apparently taking his ground on the side of the people.

"I have no fears for the French," said Goethe; "they stand upon such a height from a world-historical point of view, that their mind cannot by any means be suppressed. The law restraining the press, can have only a beneficial effect, especially as its limitations concern nothing essential, but are only against personalities. An opposition which has no bounds is a flat affair, while limits sharpen its wits, and this is a great advantage. To speak out an opinion directly and coarsely is only excusable when one is perfectly right; but a party, for the very reason that it is a party, cannot be wholly in the right; therefore the indirect method in which the French have ever been great models is the best. I say to my servant plainly, 'Hans, pull off my boots,' and he understands; but if I am with a friend, and wish the service from him, I must not speak so bluntly, but must find some pleasant, friendly way, to ask him to perform this kind office. This necessity excites my mind; and, for the same reason as I have said, I like some restraint upon the press. The French have always had the reputation of being the most spirituel of nations, and they ought to preserve it. We Germans speak out our opinions without ceremony, and have not acquired much skill in the indirect mode.

"The parties at Paris would be still greater than they are, if they were more liberal and free, and understood each other better then they do. They stand upon a higher grade, from a world-historical point of view than the English; whose parliament consists of strong opposing powers, which paralyze one another, and where the great penetration of an individual has a difficulty in working its way, as we see by Canning, and the many annoyances which beset that great statesman."

We rose to go, but Goethe was so full of life that the conversation was continued a while standing. At last he bid us an affectionate farewell, and I accompanied the Chancellor home to his residence. It was a beautiful evening, and we talked much of Goethe as we went along, especially repeating his remark that an unlimited opposition becomes a flat affair..

1 An anecdote which follows here is purposely omitted.—Trans.

I went at eight o'clock this evening to see Goethe, whom I found just returned from his garden.

"See what lies there?" said he; "a romance, in three volumes; and by whom, think you? by Manzoni."

I looked at the books, which were very handsomely bound, and inscribed to Goethe. "Manzoni is industrious," said I. "Yes, there is movement there," said Goethe.

"I know nothing of Manzoni," said I, "except his ode to Napoleon, which I lately read again in your translation, and have admired to a high degree. Each strophe is a picture."

"You are right," said Goethe, "the ode is excellent; but do you find any one who speaks of it in Germany? It might as well not have existed, although it is the best poem which has been made upon the subject."

Goethe continued reading the English newspapers, with which I had found him engaged when I came in. I took up that volume of Carlyle's translation of "German Romance" which contains Musæus and Fouqué. The Englishman, who is intimately acquainted with our literature, had prefixed to every translation a memoir and a criticism of the author. I read that upon Fouqué, and remarked with pleasure that the biography was written with much thought and profundity, and that the critical point of view, from which this favourite author was to be contemplated, was indicated with great understanding, and a tranquil, mild penetration into poetic merits. At one time the clever Englishman compares Fouqué to the voice of a singer, which has no great compass and but few notes, but those few are good and beautifully melodious. To illustrate his meaning further, he takes a simile from ecclesiastical polity, saying that Fouqué does not hold in the poetic church the place of a bishop or dignitary of the first rank, but rather satisfies himself with the duties of a chaplain, and looks very well in this humble station.

While I was reading this, Goethe had gone into the back chamber. He sent his servant, who invited me to come to him there.

"Sit down," said he, "and let us talk awhile. A new translation of Sophocles has just arrived. It reads well, and seems to be excellent; I will compare it with Solger. Now, what say you to Carlyle?"

I told him what I had been reading upon Fouqué.

"Is not that very good?" said Goethe. "Ay, there are clever people over the sea, who know us and can appreciate us.

"In other departments," continued Goethe, "there is no lack of good heads even among us Germans. I have been reading in the Berlin Register, the criticism of an historian upon Schlosser, which is very great. It is signed by Heinrich Leo, a person of whom I never heard, but about whom we must inquire. He stands higher than the French, which, from an historical point of view, is saying something. They stick too much to the real, and cannot get the ideal into their heads; the German has this quite at his command. Leo has admirable views upon the castes

of India. Much is said of aristocracy and democracy; but the whole affair is simply this: in youth, when we either possess nothing, or know not how to value tranquil possession, we are democrats; but, when in a long life we have acquired property, we wish not only to be secure of it ourselves, but also that our children and grandchildren shall be secure of inheriting it, and quietly enjoying it. Therefore, in old age, we are always aristocrats, to whatever opinions we may have been inclined in youth. Leo speaks with a great deal of thought upon this point.

"We are weakest in the æsthetic department, and may wait long before we meet such a man as Carlyle. It is pleasant to see that intercourse is now so close between the French, English, and Germans, that we shall be able to correct one another. This is the greatest use of a world-literature, which will show itself more and more.

"Carlyle has written a life of Schiller, and judged him as it would be difficult for a German to judge him. On the other hand, we are clear about Shakspeare and Byron, and can perhaps, appreciate their merits better than the English themselves."

Wed., July 18.

"I must announce to you," was Goethe's first salutation at dinner, "that Manzoni's novel soars far above all that we know of the kind. I need say to you nothing more, except that the interior life—all that comes from the soul of the poet, is absolutely perfect; and that the outward—the delineation of localities, and the like, is in no way inferior. That is saying something." I was astonished and pleased to hear this. "The impression in reading," continued Goethe, "is such, that we are constantly passing from emotion to admiration, and again from admiration to emotion; so that we are always subject to one of those great influences; higher than this, I think, one cannot go. In this novel we have first seen what Manzoni is. Here his perfect interior is exhibited, which he had no opportunity to display in his dramatic works. I will now read the best novel by Sir Walter Scott,—perhaps Waverley, which I do not yet know,—and I shall see how Manzoni will come out in comparison with this great English writer.

"Manzoni's internal culture here appears so high, that scarcely anything can approach it. It satisfies us like perfectly ripe fruit. Then, in his treatment and exhibition of details, he is as clear as the Italian sky itself."

"Has he any marks of sentimentality?" said I.

"None at all," replied Goethe; "he has sentiment, but is perfectly free from sentimentality; his feeling for every situation is manly and genuine; but I will say no more today. I am still in the first volume; soon you shall hear more."

Sat., July 21.

When I came into Goethe's room this evening, I found him reading

Manzoni's novel.

"I am in the third volume already," said he, as he laid aside the book, "and am thus getting many new thoughts. You know Aristotle says of tragedy, 'It must excite fear, if it is to be good.' This is true, no only of tragedy, but of many other sorts of poetry. You find it in my 'Gott und die Bayadere.' You find it in very good comedy, even in the 'Sieben Mädchen in Uniform' (*Seven Girls in Uniform*), as we do not know how the joke will turn out for the dear creatures.

"This fear may be of two sorts; it may exist in the shape of alarm (Angst), or in that of uneasiness (Bangigkeit). The latter feeling is awakened when we see a moral evil threatening, and gradually overshadowing, the personages, as, for instance, in the 'Elective Affinities;' but alarm is awakened, in reader or spectator, when the personages are threatened with physical danger, as, for instance, in the 'Galley Slave,' and in 'Der Freyschütz;'—nay, in the scene of the Wolf's-glen, not only alarm, but a sense of annihilation, is awakened in the spectators. Now, Manzoni makes use of this alarm with wonderful felicity, by resolving it into emotion, and thus leading us to admiration. The feeling of alarm is necessarily of a material character, and will be excited in every reader; but that of admiration is excited by a recognition of the writer's skill, and only the connoisseur will be blessed with this feeling. What say you to these æsthetics of mine? If I were younger, I would write something according to this theory, though perhaps not so extensive a work as this of Manzoni.

"I am now really curious to know what the gentlemen of the 'Globe' will say to this novel. They are clever enough to perceive its excellencies; and the whole tendency of the work is so much grist to the mill of these liberals, although Manzoni has shown himself very moderate. Nevertheless, the French seldom receive a work with such pure kindliness as we; they cannot readily adapt themselves to the author's point of view, but, even in the best, always find something which is not to their mind, and which the author should have done otherwise."

Goethe then described to me some parts of the novel, in order to show me in what spirit it was written.

"There are four things," said he, "which have contributed especially to the excellence of Manzoni's works. First, he is an excellent historian, and consequently gives his inventions a depth and dignity which raise them far above what are commonly called novels. Secondly, the Catholic religion is favourable to him, giving him many poetical relations, which he could not have had as a Protestant. Thirdly, it is to the advantage of the book that the author has suffered much in revolutionary collisions, which, if they did not affect him, have wounded his friends, and sometimes ruined them. Fourthly, it is in favour of this novel that the scene is laid in the charming country near Lake Como, which has been stamped on the poet's mind, from youth upwards, and which he therefore knows by heart. Hence arises also that distinguishing merit of the work—its distinctness and wonderful accuracy in describing

localities."

Mon., 23rd July.

When I asked for Goethe, about eight o'clock this evening, I heard that he had not yet returned from the garden. I therefore went to meet him, and found him in the park, sitting on a bench in the shade of the lindens; his grandson, Wolfgang, at his side. He seemed glad to see me, and motioned me to sit down by him. We had no sooner exchanged salutations, than the conversation again turned upon Manzoni.

"I told you lately," Goethe began, "that the historian had been of great use to the port in this novel; but now, in the third volume, I find that the historian hurts the poet, for Signor Manzoni throws off at once the poet's mantle, and stands for some time as a naked historian. This happens in his descriptions of war, famine, and pestilence—things which are repulsive, and are now made insufferable by the circumstantial details of a dry chronicle.

"The German translator must seek to avoid this fault; he must get rid of a great part of the war and famine, and two-thirds of the plague, so as only to leave what is necessary to carry on the action. If Manzoni had had at his side a friendly adviser, he might easily have shunned this fault; but, as a historian, he had too great a respect for reality. This gives him trouble even in his dramatic works, where, however, he helps himself through by adding the superfluous historical matter in the shape of notes. Here, however, he could not get rid of his historical furniture in the same manner. This is very remarkable. Nevertheless, as soon as the persons of the romance reappear, the poet stands once more before us in all his glory, and compels us to our accustomed admiration."

We rose and directed our steps towards the house.

"You will hardly understand," said Goethe, "how a poet like Manzoni, capable of such admirable compositions, could even for a moment sin against poetry. Yet the cause is simple—it is this: Manzoni, like Schiller, was born a poet; but our times are so bad, that the poet can find no nature fit for his use in the human life which surrounds him. To build himself up, Schiller seized on two great subjects, philosophy and history; Manzoni, on history alone. Schiller's 'Wallenstein' is so great, that there is nothing else like it of the same sort; yet you will find that even these two powerful helpers—history and philosophy—have injured various parts of the work, and hinder a purely poetical success. And so Manzoni suffers from too great a load of history."

"Your excellency," said I, "speaks great things, and I am happy in hearing you."

"Manzoni," said Goethe, "helps us to good thoughts."

He was proceeding with his remarks, when the Chancellor met us at the gate of Goethe's house-garden, and the conversation was then interrupted. He joined us as a welcome friend, and we accompanied Goethe up the little stairs, through the chamber of busts, into the long

saloon, where the curtains were let down, and two lights were burning on the table near the window. We sat down by the table, and Goethe and the Chancellor talked upon subjects of another kind.

(Sup.) Wed., July 25.

Goethe has lately received a letter from Walter Scott, which has given him great pleasure. He showed it to me today, and as the English handwriting was very illegible to him, he begged me to translate the contents to him. It appears that Goethe had first written to the renowned English poet, and that this letter was in reply.

"I feel myself highly honoured," writes Walter Scott, *"that any of my productions should have been so fortunate as to attract the attention of Goethe, to the number of whose admirers I have belonged since the year 1798, when, notwithstanding my slight knowledge of the German language, I was bold enough to translate into English the 'Götz von Berlichingen.' In this youthful undertaking, I had quite forgotten that it is not enough to feel the beauty of a work of genius, but that one must also thoroughly understand the language in which it is written before one can succeed in making such beauty apparent to others. Nevertheless, I still set some value on that youthful effort, because it at least shows that I knew how to choose a subject which was worthy of admiration.*

"I have often heard of you, through my son-in-law, Lockhart, a young man of literary eminence, who, some years before he became connected with my family, had the honour of being introduced to the father of German literature. It is impossible that you should recollect every individual of the great number of those who feel themselves urged to pay you their respects; but I believe no one is more heartily devoted to you than that young member of my family.

"My friend Sir John Hope, of Pinkie, has lately had the honour of seeing you, and I hoped to write to you by him; I afterwards took this liberty through two of his relations, who designed to travel over Germany; but illness prevented them putting their project into execution, so that after two or three months my letter returned to me. I also, at an earlier period, dared to seek Goethe's acquaintance, and that before the flattering notice which he has been so kind as to take of me.

"It is highly gratifying to all admirers of genius to know that one of the greatest European models enjoys a fortunate and honourable retreat, at an age when he sees himself respected in so remarkable a manner. Poor Lord Byron's destiny did not grant him so fortunate a lot, since it carried him off in the prime of life, and cut short all that had been hoped and expected from him. He esteemed himself fortunate in the honour which you paid him, and felt how much he was indebted to a poet to whom all the writers of the present generation owe so much, that they feel themselves bound to look up to him with childlike veneration.

"I have taken the liberty of requesting MM. Treuttel and Würtz to send to you my attempt at a biography of that remarkable man who for so many years had so terrible an influence in the world which he governed. Besides, I do not know whether I am not under some obligation to him, insasmuch as he made me carry

arms for 12 years, during which time I served in a corps of our militia, and, in spite of a long standing lameness, became a good horseman, huntsman, and shot. These good qualities have latterly a little forsaken me; rheumatism, that sad torment of our northern climate, having affected my limbs. However, I do not complain; for I see my sons join in the pleasures of the chase, since I have been obliged to give them up.

"My eldest son has a squadron of hussars, which is a great deal for a young man of five-and-twenty. My younger son has lately taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Oxford, and is now going to spend some months at home, before he enters into the world. As it has pleased God to take their mother from me, my youngest daughter manages my domestic affairs. My eldest daughter is married, and has a family of her own.

"This is the domestic condition of a man concerning whom you have so kindly inquired. For the rest, I possess enough to live quite as I wish, notwithstanding some very heavy losses. I inhabit a stately old mansion, where every friend of Goethe's will at all times be welcome. The hall is filled with armour, which would even have suited Jaxthausen; a large bloodhound guards the entrance.

"I have, however, forgotten him who contrived that people should not forget him while alive. I hope you will pardon the faults of the work, whilst you consider that the author was animated by the wish to treat the memory of this extraordinary man as sincerely as his island prejudices would allow.

"As this opportunity of writing to you has suddenly and accidentally been afforded me by a traveller, and admits of no delay, I have not time to say more, excepting that I wish you a continuance of good health and repose, and subscribe myself, with the most sincere and deepest esteem, WALTER SCOTT.

"Edinburgh, July 9, 1827."

Goethe was, as I said, delighted with this letter. He was, however, of opinion that it paid him so much respect that he must put a great deal to the account of the courtesy of a man of rank and refined cultivation.

He then mentioned the good and affectionate manner in which Walter Scott spoke of his family connections, which pleased him highly, as a sign of brotherly confidence.

"I am really quite impatient," continued he, "for his 'Life of Napoleon,' which he announces to me. I hear so many contradictions and vehement protestations concerning the book, that I am already certain it will, in any case, be very remarkable."

I asked about Lockhart, and whether he still recollected him.

"Perfectly well!" returned Goethe. "His personal appearance makes so decided an impression that one cannot easily forget him. From all I hear from Englishmen, and from my daughter-in-law, he must be a young man from whom great things in literature are to be expected.

"I almost wonder that Walter Scott does not say a word about Carlyle, who has so decided a German tendency that he must certainly be known to him.

"It is admirable in Carlyle that, in his judgment of our German authors, he has especially in view the mental and moral core as

that which is really influential. Carlyle is a moral force of great importance. There is in him much for the future, and we cannot foresee what he will produce and effect."

Mon., Sep. 24.

I went with Goethe to Berka. We drove off soon after eight o'clock; the morning was very beautiful. The road is up-hill at first, and, as there was nothing in the scenery worth looking at, Goethe talked on literary subjects. A well-known German poet had lately passed through Weimar, and shown Goethe his album.

"You cannot imagine what stuff it contains," said Goethe. "All the poets write as if they were ill, and the whole world were a lazaretto. They all speak of the woe and the misery of this earth, and of the joys of a hereafter; all are discontented, and one draws the other into a state of still greater discontent. This is a real abuse of poetry, which was given to us to hide the little discords of life, and to make man contented with the world and his condition. But the present generation is afraid of all such strength, and only feels poetical when it has weakness to deal with.

"I have hit on a good word," continued Goethe, "to tease these gentlemen. I will call their poetry 'Lazaretto-poetry,' and I will give the name of Tyrtæan-poetry to that which not only sings war-songs, but also arms men with courage to undergo the conflicts of life."

Goethe's words received my full assent.

At the bottom of the carriage lay a basket made of rushes, with two handles, which attracted my attention. "I brought it with me from Marienbad," said Goethe, "where there are baskets of the sort of every variety of size, and I am so accustomed to it that I cannot travel without it. You see when it is empty it folds up, and occupies but little room, but when it is full it stretches out very wide, and holds more than you would imagine. It is soft and pliant, and at the same time so tough and strong, that the heaviest things can be carried in it."

"It has a very picturesque and even an antique appearance," said I.

"You are right," said Goethe; "it does approach the antique character, since it is not only as fit for its purpose as possible; but it has the simplest and most pleasing form, so that we may say it stands on the highest point of perfection. During my mineralogical excursions in the Bohemian mountains, I have found it especially serviceable; now, it contains our breakfast. If I had a hammer, I should not lack an opportunity today to knock off a piece here and there, and bring home the basket full of stones."

We had now reached the heights, and had a free prospect towards the hills behind which Berka lies. A little to the left we saw into the valley which leads to Hetschburg, and where, on the other side of the Ilm, is a hill, which now turned towards us its shadowy side, and, on account of the vapours of the valley which hovered before it, seemed blue to my eye. I looked at the same spot through my glass, and the blue was

obviously diminished. I observed this to Goethe. "Thus you see," said I, "what a great part the subject plays with these purely objective colours; a weak eye increases the density, while a sharpened one drives it away, or, at any rate, makes it diminish."

"Your remark is perfectly just," said Goethe; "a good telescope dispels the blue tint of the most distant mountains. The subject is, in all the phenomena, far more important than is supposed. Even Wieland knew this very well, for he was wont to say, 'One could easily amuse people, if they were only amusable.'"

We laughed at the pleasant meaning of these words. We had, in the meanwhile, descended the little valley where the road passes over a roofed wooden bridge, under which the rain torrents, which flow down to Hetschburg, had made a channel, which was now dry. Highway labourers were employed in setting up against the bridge some reddish sandstones, which attracted Goethe's attention. At about a stone's throw over the bridge, where the road goes gradually up the hill which separates the traveller from Berka, Goethe bade the coachman stop.

"We will get out here," said he, "and see whether we shall not relish a little breakfast in the open air."

We got out and looked about us. The servant spread a napkin upon a four-cornered pile of stones, such as usually lie by the road-side, and brought the osier basket from the carriage, out of which he took roast partridges, new wheaten rolls, and pickled cucumbers. Goethe cut a partridge, and gave me half; I ate, standing up and walking about. Goethe had seated himself on the corner of a heap of stones. The coldness of the stones, on which the night-dew was still resting, must hurt him, I thought, and I expressed my anxiety. Goethe, however, assured me it would not hurt him at all, and then I felt quite tranquil, regarding it as a new token of the inward strength he must feel. In the meanwhile, the servant had brought a bottle of wine from the carriage, and filled for us.

"Our friend Schütze," said Goethe, "is quite right to fly to the country every week; we will take pattern by him, and if this fine weather continues for a while, this shall not be our last excursion."

I was rejoiced by this assurance.

I passed, afterwards, with Goethe, a most interesting day, partly in Berka, partly in Tonndorf. He was inexhaustible in intellectual communications, and talked much of the second part of "Faust," on which he was just beginning to work in earnest; I therefore lament so much the more, that nothing is noted down in my journal beyond this introduction.

(Sup.) Wed., Sep. 26.

Goethe had invited me to take a drive this morning to the Hottelstedt Ecke, the most western summit of the Ettersberg, and thence to the Ettersberg hunting lodge. The day was very fine, and we drove early out of the Jacob's gate. Behind Lützendorf, where the journey was up-hill,

and we could only drive leisurely, we had an opportunity for various observations. Goethe observed in the hedges a number of birds, and asked me if they were larks. Thou great and beloved one, thought I, though thou hast investigated nature as few others have, in ornithology thou appearest a mere child.

"These are yellow-hammers and sparrows," returned I, "and some late grasmücken,[1] which, after moulting, come from the thicket of the Ettersberg down to the gardens and fields, and prepare for their migration; but there are no larks. It is not in the nature of larks to settle upon bushes. The field or sky-larks, rise upwards into the air, and dart down again to the earth; they also, in the autumn, fly through the air in flocks, and settle themselves somewhere in a stubble-field; but they do not settle upon hedges and bushes. The tree-lark, on the contrary, lives on the summit of high trees, whence it rises singing into the air, and then drops down again to its tree-top. There is still another lark, which is found in woodland glades, and which has a soft, flute-like, but rather melancholy, song. It is not found on the Ettersberg, which is too lively, and too near the dwellings of man; neither does it perch upon bushes."

"Humph!" said Goethe, "you appear to be no novice in these things."

"I have pursued the subject with ardour from my youth," returned I, "and have always had my eyes and ears open to it. In the whole wood of the Ettersberg, there are few spots through which I have not repeatedly rambled. Now, when I hear any note, I can venture to say from what bird it proceeds. I have also gone so far that, if any one brings me a bird that has lost its feathers in captivity through bad treatment, I will undertake very soon to restore it to health and full feather."

"That certainly shows," returned Goethe, "that you have already made much progress in these matters; I would advise you to pursue the study earnestly; it must, with your decided inclination, lead to very good results. But tell me something about moulting. You just now spoke of grasmücken, which, after the completion of their moulting, come down into the fields from the thickets of the Ettersberg. Is moulting, then, confined to a certain time, and do all birds moult at once?"

"Most birds," returned I, "commence at the end of the breeding season; that is to say, as soon as the young of the last brood are so far advanced as to be able to take care of themselves. But now the question is, whether the bird has time to moult between this period and that of its migration? If it has, it moults, and migrates with fresh feathers; but if it has not, it migrates with its old feathers, and moults later, in the warm south. Birds do not all return to us at the same time in the spring, neither do they migrate at the same time in the autumn. And this proceeds from the circumstance that some are less affected by cold and rough weather, and can bear it better than others. But a bird which comes to us early migrates late, and a bird which comes to us late, migrates early.

1 A kind of small singing bird.—Trans.

"Thus, even amongst the grasmücken, though they belong to one class, there is a great difference. The chattering grasmücke, or the müllerchen,[1] are heard at the end of March; a fortnight after comes the black-headed one, or the monk (Mönch); then, a week afterwards, the nightingale; and quite at the end of April, or the beginning of May, the grey one. All these birds moult in August with us, as well as the young of the first brood; wherefore, at the end of August, young monks are caught, which have already black heads. The young of the last brood, however, migrate with their first feathers, and moult later in the southern countries, for which reason young monks are caught at the beginning of September, especially young male birds, which have red heads like their mother."

"Is, then," asked Goethe, "the grey grasmücke the latest bird that returns to us, or are there others later?"

"The so-called yellow spottvogel (mocking-bird), and the magnificent golden pirol (yellow thrush)," returned I, "do not appear till about Whitsuntide. Both migrate in the middle of August, after the breeding season, and moult, with their young, in the south. If they are kept in cages, they moult with us in the winter; on which account they are very difficult to rear. They require much warmth, yet if we hang them near the stove they pine from the want of fresh air; while if, on the contrary, we place them near the window, they pine in the cold of the long nights."

"It is supposed, then," said Goethe, "that moulting is a disease, or at least is attended by bodily weakness."

"I would not say that," said I. "It is a state of increased productiveness, which is gone through without difficulty in the open air, and with somewhat strong birds perfectly well in a room. I have had grasmücken which have not ceased singing during their moulting, a sign that they were thoroughly well. But if a bird kept in a room appears at all sickly during its moulting, it may be concluded that it has not been properly treated, with respect either to food, water, or fresh air. If, in the course of time, a bird kept in a room has grown so weak from want of air and freedom, that it has not the productive power to moult, and if it is then taken into the fruitful, fresh air, the moulting will go on as well as possible. With a bird at liberty, on the other hand, it passes off so gently and gradually that it is scarcely felt."

"But, still, you just now seemed to hint," added Goethe, "that during their moulting the grasmücken retire into the depths of the forest."

"During that time," returned I, "they certainly need shelter; and in this case nature proceeds with such wisdom and moderation, that a bird during its moulting never loses so many feathers at once as to render it incapable of flying sufficiently to reach its food. But it may still happen that it loses, for instance, at the same time the fourth, fifth, and sixth principal feathers of the left wing, and the fourth, fifth, and sixth feathers of the right one, so that, although it can still fly very well, it cannot fly

1 Literally, "little miller."—Trans.

well enough to escape from the pursuing birds of prey—especially the swift and active tree falcon—and then a bushy thicket is very useful."

"Good," returned Goethe. "But," continued he, "does the moulting take place in both wings equally and symmetrically?"

"As far as my observation extends, quite so," returned I; "and that is very beneficial. For if a bird lost, for instance, three principal feathers from the left wing and not so many from the right, the wings would be without equilibrium, and the bird would have no proper control over itself or its movements. It would be like a ship, the sails of which are too heavy on one side, and too light on the other."

"I see," returned Goethe, "we may penetrate into nature on whatever side we please, and always come to some wisdom."

We were, meantime, continually going up-hill, and were now on the edge of a pine wood. We came to a place where some stones had been broken, and lay in a heap. Goethe ordered the coachman to stop, and begged me to alight and see if I could discover any petrifactions. I found some shells, and also some broken ammonites, which I handed to him when I again took my seat. We drove on.

"Always the old story," said Goethe; "always the old bed of the sea! When one looks down from this height upon Weimar, and upon the numerous villages around, it appears wonderful when one thinks that there was a time when whales sported in the broad valley below. And yet there was such a time—at least it is highly probable. But the mew that flew over the sea which then covered this mountain certainly never thought that we two should drive here today. And who knows whether, in some thousands of years, the mew may not again fly over this mountain."

We were now upon the height, and drove quickly along. On our right were oaks, beeches, and other leafy trees: Weimar was behind us, but out of sight. We had reached the western height;—the broad valley of the Unstrut with many villages and small towns, lay before us, in the clearest morning sun.

"This is a good resting-place," said Goethe, as he ordered the coachman to stop. "I think we may as well try how a little breakfast would suit us in this good air."

We alighted, and walked up and down for a few minutes upon the dry earth, at the foot of some half-grown oaks, stunted by many storms, whilst Frederick unpacked the breakfast we had brought with us, and spread it upon a turfy hillock. The view from this spot, in the clear morning light of the autumn sun, was truly magnificent. On the south and south-west we saw the whole range of the Thüringer-wald mountains; on the west, beyond Erfut, the towering Castle Gotha and the Inselsberg; farther north, the mountains behind Langensalza and Mühlhausen, until the view was bounded on the north by the blue Hartz Mountains. I thought of the verses—

Far, high, splendid the view,

Around into life!
From mountain to mountain,
Soars the eternal spirit,
Presaging endless life.

We seated ourselves with our backs against the oak; so that, during breakfast, we had constantly before us the extensive view over half Thüringia. In the meanwhile we demolished a brace of roast partridges, with new white bread, and drank a flask of very good wine, out of a cup of pure gold which Goethe always carried with him on such excursions in a yellow leather case.

"I have very often been in this spot," said he, "and of late years I have often thought it would be the last time that I should look down hence on the kingdoms of the world, and their glories; but it has happened still once again, and I hope that even this is not the last time that we shall both spend a pleasant day here. We will, for the future, often come hither. One shrinks in the narrow confinement of the house. Here one feels great and free, as the great nature which one has before one's eyes, and as one ought, properly, always to be."

"From this spot," continued Goethe, "I look down upon many points which are bound up with the richest recollections of a long life. What have I not, in my youth, gone through yonder in the mountains of Ilmenau? Then, how many adventures have I had down below there, in dear Erfut! In early times, too, I often liked to be at Gotha; but for many years I have scarcely been there at all."

"Since I have been in Weimar," remarked I, "I do not recollect you going there."

"There is a reason for that," returned Goethe, laughing, "I am not in the best favour there. I will tell you the story. When the mother of the present ruler was in the bloom of youth, I was very often there. I was sitting one evening alone with her at the tea-table, when the two princes, of ten and twelve years of age, two pretty, fair-haired boys, burst in and came to the table. With great audacity, I put a hand through the hair of each prince, with the words—'Now, you floury heads, what do you want?' The boys stared in the greatest astonishment at my boldness, and they have never forgotten the affair! I will not boast of it now; but so it was, and it lay deep in my nature. I never had much respect for mere princely rank as such, when there was not behind it sound human nature, and sound human worth. Nay, I felt so satisfied with myself, that if I had been made a prince I should not have thought the change so very remarkable. When the diploma of nobility was given me, many thought that I should feel elevated by it; but, between ourselves, it was nothing to me—really nothing! We Frankfort patricians always considered ourselves equal to the nobility; and when I held the diploma in my hands I had nothing more, in my own opinion, than I had possessed long ago."

We took another good draught from the golden cup, and then drove round the northern side of the Ettersberg to the Ettersberg hunting-lodge.

Goethe had all the chambers opened, which were hung with beautiful tapestry and pictures. He told me that Schiller had for some time inhabited the chamber at the western angle of the first story.

"In early times," continued he, "we have here spent many a good day, and wasted many a good day. We were all young and wanton: in the summer we had impromptu comedies, and in the winter many a dance and sledge-race by torch-light."

We returned into the open air, and Goethe led me, in a westerly direction, along a footpath into the wood.

"I will show you the beech," said he, "on which we cut our names fifty years ago. But how it has altered, and how everything has grown! That must be the tree; you see that it is still in the fullest vigour. Even our names are still to be traced; but they are so confused and distorted that they are scarcely to be made out. This beech then stood upon a dry, open spot. It was quite sunny and pleasant around it, and here, in the beautiful summer evenings, we played our impromptu farces. Now the spot is damp and cheerless. What were then only low bushes have now grown up into shady trees, so that one can scarcely distinguish in the thicket the magnificent beech of one's youth."

We returned to the lodge, and after we had seen the tolerably rich collection of arms, we drove back to Weimar.

(Sup.) Thurs., Sept. 27.

This afternoon spent a short time with Goethe, when I made the acquaintance of Privy-councillor Streckfuss, of Berlin, who had taken a drive with him in the forenoon, and had then stayed to dinner. When Streckfuss went, I accompanied him, and took a walk through the park. On my return across the market-place, I met the Chancellor and Raupach, with whom I went into the "Elephant." In the evening I returned to Goethe, who talked with me about a new number of "Kunst und Alterthum" (Art and Antiquity), and also about a dozen pencil-drawings, in which the brothers Riepenhausen endeavoured to represent the painting of Polygnotus, in the Lesche at Delphi, according to the description of Pausanias, an attempt which Goethe could not sufficiently praise.

(Sup.) Mon., Oct. 1.

At the theatre, "Das Bild" (*The Picture*), by Houwald. I saw two acts, and then went to Goethe, who read to me the second scene of his new Faust.

"In the emperor," said he, "I have endeavoured to represent a prince who has all the necessary qualities for losing his land, and at last succeeds in so doing.

"He does not concern himself about the welfare of his kingdom and his subjects; he only thinks of himself, and how he can amuse himself from day to day with something new. The land is without law

and justice; the judge himself is on the side of the criminals; the most atrocious crimes are committed without check and with impunity. The army is without pay, without discipline, and roams about plundering, in order to provide its own pay, and help itself as it can. The state treasury is without money, and without hope of replenishment. In the emperor's own household, things are no better; there is scarcity both in kitchen and cellar. The marshal, who cannot devise means how to get on from day to day, is already in the hands of usurious Jews, to whom everything is pawned, so that bread already eaten comes to the emperor's table.

"The councillor of state wishes to remonstrate with his Majesty upon all these evils, and advises as to their remedy; but the gracious sovereign is very unwilling to lend his sublime ear to anything so disagreeable; he prefers amusing himself. Here now is the true element for Mephisto, who quickly supplants the former fool, and is at once at the side of the emperor as new fool and counsellor."

Goethe read the scene and the interspersed murmuring of the crowd excellently, and I had a very pleasant evening.

(Sup.) Sun., Oct. 7.

This morning, the weather being very beautiful, I found myself in the chariot with Goethe before eight o'clock, and on the road to Jena, where he intended to stay until the next evening.

Having arrived there early we first called at the botanical garden, where Goethe surveyed all the shrubs and plants, and found them all thriving and in beautiful order. We also looked over the mineralogical cabinets, and some other collections of natural objects, and then drove to Herr von Knebel's, who expected us to dinner.

Knebel, who had attained a great age, almost stumbled towards Goethe at the door, to fold him in his arms. At dinner all were very lively and hearty, although there was no conversation of any importance. The two old friends were quite enough occupied with the pleasure of their friendly meeting. After dinner we took a drive in a southerly direction, up the Saale. I had known this charming region in earlier times, but everything appeared as fresh as if I had never seen it before.

When we returned into the streets of Jena, Goethe gave orders to drive along a brook, and to stop at a house the external appearance of which was not very striking.

"This was the dwelling of Voss," said he, "and I will conduct you on this classic ground." We walked through the house, and entered the garden. There were but few traces of flowers and the finer species of culture; we walked on the turf completely under fruit trees.

"This was something for Ernestine," said Goethe, "who could not even here forget her excellent Eutiner apples, which she praised to me as incomparable. But they were the apples of her childhood, there was the charm! I have spent many pleasant evenings here with Voss and his excellent Ernestine, and I still like to think of the old time. Such a man

as Voss will not soon come again. There are few who have had such influence as he upon the higher German culture. With him everything was sound and solid; and on this account he had no artificial, but a purely natural relation to the Greeks, which produced the noblest fruits for us. One who is so penetrated with his worth as I am scarcely knows how to honour his memory sufficiently."

It was by this time about six o'clock, and Goethe considered it time to go to our night quarters, which he had bespoken at the "Bear."

We were accommodated with a roomy chamber, together with an alcove containing two beds. The sun had not long set—the evening light reposed upon our windows, and it was pleasant to sit for some time without a candle.

Goethe brought the conversation back to Voss. "He was very valuable to me," said he, "and I would willingly have retained him for the University and myself; but the advantages offered from Heidelberg were too important for us, with our limited means, to be able to outweigh them. I was obliged, with mournful resignation, to let him go. It was, however, fortunate for me at that time," continued Goethe, "that I had Schiller; for, different as our natures were, our tendencies were still towards one point, which made our connection so intimate that one really could not live without the other."

Goethe related me some anecdotes of his friend, which appeared to me very characteristic.

"Schiller was, as you may imagine from his high character," said he, "a decided enemy to all the hollow reverence, and all the vain idolatry, which people paid him, or wished to pay him. When Kotzebue proposed to get up a public demonstration in his house, it was so distasteful to him that he was almost ill with inward disgust. It was also repulsive to him when a stranger was announced. If he were hindered for a moment from seeing him, and made an appointment for four o'clock in the afternoon, it generally happened that at the appointed hour he was ill from mere apprehension. On these occasions he could now and then be very impatient, and sometimes even rude. I was witness of his impetuous conduct toward a foreign surgeon, who entered unannounced to pay him a visit. The poor man, quite put out of countenance, did not know how he could retreat rapidly enough.

"However, as I have said, and as we all know," continued Goethe, "we were, in spite of the similarity of our tendencies, very different in our natures, and that not merely in mental but also in physical matters. An air that was beneficial to Schiller acted on me like poison. I called on him one day, and as I did not find him at home, and his wife told me that he would soon return, I seated myself at his work-table to note down various matters. I had not been seated long before I felt a strange indisposition steal over me, which gradually increased, until at last I nearly fainted. At first I did not know to what cause I should ascribe this wretched and, to me, unusual state, until I discovered that a dreadful odour issued from a drawer near me. When I opened it, I found to my

astonishment that it was full of rotten apples. I immediately went to the window and inhaled the fresh air, by which I felt myself instantly restored. In the mean time his wife had re-entered, and told me that the drawer was always filled with rotten apples, because the scent was beneficial to Schiller, and he could not live or work without it.

"Tomorrow morning," continued Goethe, "I will also show you where Schiller lived in Jena."

In the mean time lights were brought in; we took a little supper, and afterwards sat for a little time engaged in various conversations and recollections.

I related to Goethe a wonderful dream of my boyish years, which was literally fulfilled the next morning.

"I had," said I, "brought up three young linnets, to which I devoted my whole heart, and which I loved above all things. They flew freely about my chamber, and came towards me and settled on my hand as soon as I entered at the door. One day at noon, I had the misfortune, that, on my entrance into the chamber, one of the birds flew over me, out of the house—I knew not whither. I sought it the whole afternoon, on all the roofs, and was inconsolable when evening came and I had discovered no traces of it. I went to sleep with sad thoughts in my heart, and towards morning I had the following dream:—Methought I roamed about the neighbouring houses in search of my lost bird. All at once I heard the sound of its voice, and saw it behind the garden of our cottage, seated upon the roof of a neighbour's house. I called to it, and it approached me, moved its wings towards me as if asking for food, but still it could not venture to fly down to my hand. I ran quickly through our garden into my chamber, and returned with a cup of soaked rape seed! I held the favourite food towards it, and it perched upon my hand, when, full of joy, I carried it back into my chamber to the other two.

"With this dream I awoke; and as it was then broad daylight, I quickly put on my clothes, and with the utmost haste ran down through our little garden to the house where I had seen the bird. But how great was my astonishment when the bird was really there! Everything happened literally as I had seen it in the dream. I called the bird, it approached, but it hesitated to fly to my hand. I ran back and brought the food, when it flew upon my hand, and I took it back to the others."

"This boyish adventure of yours," said Goethe, "is certainly very remarkable. But there are many such things in nature, though we have not the right key to them. We all walk in mysteries. We are surrounded by an atmosphere of which we do not know what is stirring in it, or how it is connected with our own spirit. So much is certain,—that in particular cases we can put out the feelers of our soul beyond its bodily limits, and that a presentiment, nay, an actual insight into the immediate future, is accorded to it."

"I have lately experienced something similar," returned I. "As I was returning from a walk along the Erfurt road, about ten minutes before I reached Weimar, I had the mental impression that a person whom I

had not seen, and of whom I had not even thought for a length of time, would meet me at the corner of the theatre. It troubled me to think that this person might meet me, and great was my surprise when, as I was about to turn the corner, this very person actually met me, in the same place which I had seen in my imagination ten minutes before."

"That is also very wonderful, and more than chance," returned Goethe. "As I said, we are all groping among mysteries and wonders. Besides, one soul may have a decided influence upon another, merely by means of its silent presence, of which I could relate many instances. It has often happened to me that, when I have been walking with an acquaintance, and have had a living image of something in my mind, he has at once begun to speak of that very thing. I have also known a man who, without saying a word, could suddenly silence a party engaged in cheerful conversation, by the mere power of his mind. Nay, he could also introduce a tone which would make everybody feel uncomfortable. We have all something of electrical and magnetic forces within us, and we put forth, like the magnet itself, an attractive or repulsive power, accordingly as we come in contact with something similar or dissimilar. It is possible, nay, even probable, that if a young girl were, without knowing it, to find herself in a dark chamber with a man who designed to murder her, she would have an uneasy sense of his unknown presence, and that an anguish would come over her, which would drive her from the room to the rest of the household."

"I know a scene in an opera," returned I, "in which two lovers, who had long been separated by a great distance, find themselves together in a dark room without knowing it; but they do not remain long together before the magnetic power begins to work! one feels the proximity of the other—they are involuntarily attracted towards each other—and it is not long before the young girl is clasped in the arms of the youth."

"With lovers," answered Goethe, "this magnetic power is particularly strong, and acts even at a distance. In my younger days I have experienced cases enough, when, during solitary walks, I have felt a great desire for the company of a beloved girl, and have thought of her till she has really come to meet me. 'I was so restless in my room,' she has said, 'that I could not help coming here.'

"I recollect an instance during the first years of my residence here, where I soon fell in love again. I had taken a long journey, and had returned some days; but, being detained late at night by court affairs, I had not been able to visit my mistress; besides, our mutual affection had already attracted attention, and I was afraid to pay my visits by day, lest I should increase the common talk. On the fourth or fifth evening, however, I could resist no longer, and I was on the road to her, and stood before her house, before I had thought of it. I went softly upstairs, and was upon the point of entering her room, when I heard, by the different voices, that she was not alone. I went down again unnoticed, and was quickly in the dark streets, which at that time were not lighted. In an impassioned and angry mood I roamed about the town in all directions,

for about an hour, and passed the house once more, full of passionate thoughts of my beloved. At last I was on the point of returning to my solitary room, when I once more went past her house, and remarked that she had no light. 'She must have gone out,' said I to myself, 'but whither, in this dark night? and where shall I meet her?' I afterwards went through many streets—I met many people, and was often deceived, inasmuch as I often fancied I saw her form and size; but, on nearer approach invariably found that it was not she. I then firmly believed in a strong mutual influence, and that I could attract her to me by a strong desire. I also believed myself surrounded by invisible beings of a higher order, whom I entreated to direct her steps to me, or mine to her. 'But what a fool thou art!' I then said to myself; 'thou wilt not seek her and go to her again, and yet thou desirest signs and wonders!'

"In the mean time I had gone down the esplanade, and had reached the small house in which Schiller afterwards lived, when it occurred to me to turn back towards the palace, and then go down a little street to the right. I had scarcely taken a hundred steps in this direction, when I saw a female form coming towards me which perfectly resembled her I expected. The street was faintly lighted by the weak rays which now and then shone from a window, and since I had been already often deceived in the course of the evening with an apparent resemblance, I did not feel courage to speak to her in doubt. We passed quite close to each other, so that our arms touched. I stood still and looked about me; she did the same. 'Is it you?' said she, and I recognised her beloved voice. 'At last!' said I, and was enraptured even to tears. Our hands clasped each other. 'Now,' said I, 'my hopes have not deceived me; I have sought you with the greatest eagerness; my feelings told me that I should certainly find you; now I am happy, and I thank God that my forebodings have proved true.' 'But, you wicked one!' said she, 'why did you not come? I heard today, by chance, that you had been back three days, and I have wept the whole afternoon, because I thought you had forgotten me. Then, an hour ago, I was seized with a longing and uneasiness on your account, such as I cannot describe. There were two female friends with me, whose visit appeared interminable. At last, when they were gone, I involuntarily seized my hat and cloak, and was impelled to go out into the air and darkness, I knew not whither; you were constantly in my mind, and I could not help thinking that I should meet you.' Whilst she thus spoke truly from her heart, we still held each other's hands, and pressed them, and gave each other to understand that absence had not cooled our love. I accompanied her to her door, and into the house. She went up the dark stairs before me, holding my hand and drawing me after her. My happiness was indescribable; both because I at last saw her again, and also because my belief had not deceived me, and I had not been deluded in my sense of an invisible influence."

Goethe was in a most amiable mood; I could have listened to him for hours; but he seemed to be gradually growing tired, and so we very soon went to bed in our alcove.

We arose early. Whilst we were dressing, Goethe related to me a dream of the previous night, in which he imagined himself at Göttingen, where he had various pleasant conversations with the professors of his acquaintance.

We drank a few cups of coffee, and then drove to the building which contains a collection of natural objects. We saw the anatomical cabinet, various skeletons of animals, modern and primeval, as well as skeletons of men of former ages, on which Goethe remarked that their teeth showed them to have been a very moral race. We then drove to the observatory, where Dr. Schrön showed and explained to us the most important instruments. We also examined the adjacent meteorological cabinet with great interest, and Goethe praised Dr. Schrön, on account of the great order which prevailed in all these things.

We then went down into the garden, where Goethe had caused a little breakfast to be laid out upon a stone table in an arbour. "You scarcely know," said Goethe, "in what a remarkable place we are now seated. Here it was that Schiller dwelt. In this arbour, upon these benches, which are now almost broken, we have often sat at this old stone table, and have exchanged many good and great words. He was then in the thirties, I in the forties; both were full of aspirations, and indeed it was something. Everything passes away; I am no more what I was; but the old earth still remains, and air, water, and land are still the same.

"Afterwards you shall go upstairs with Schrön, who will show you the room in the mansarde, which Schiller occupied."

In the mean time we relished our breakfast very much in this pleasant air, and on this delightful spot. Schiller was present, at least in our minds; and Goethe devoted to him many kind words of affectionate remembrance.

I then went with Schrön to the mansarde, and enjoyed the magnificent prospect from Schiller's windows. The direction was due south, so that one might see the beautiful stream, interrupted by thickets and windings, flowing along for miles. There was also a wide expanse of sky. One could admirably observe the rising and setting of the planets; and it could not be denied that this locality was very favourable for the conception of the astronomical and astrological part of Wallenstein.

I returned to Goethe, who drove to Hofrath Döbereiner, whom he highly esteems, and who showed him some new chemical experiments.

It was by this time noon. We were again seated in the carriage.

"I think," said Goethe, "we will not return to 'The Bear,' to dinner, but will enjoy the splendid day in the open air. I think we will go to Burgau. We have wine with us, and, in any case, we shall find there some good fish, which can be either boiled or broiled."

We did so, and the plan proved splendid. We drove along the bank of the Saale, by the thickets and the windings, the pleasantest way, as I had already seen from Schiller's mansarde. We were soon in Burgau. We

alighted at the little inn near the river, and the bridge, where there is a crossing to Lobeda, a little town which was close before our eyes across the meadows.

At the little inn we found all as Goethe had said. The hostess apologized for having nothing prepared; but said we should have some soup and some good fish.

In the mean time we walked in the sunshine, up and down the bridge, amusing ourselves by looking at the river, which was animated by raftmen, who, upon planks of pine-wood bound together, glided under the bridge from time to time, and were very noisy and merry over their troublesome, wet occupation.

We ate our fish in the open air, and then remained sitting over a little wine, and had all sorts of pleasant conversation. A small hawk flew past, which in its flight and its form bore a strong resemblance to the cuckoo.

"There was a time," said Goethe, "when the study of natural history was so much behindhand that the opinion was universally spread that the cuckoo was a cuckoo only in summer, but in winter a bird of prey."

"This opinion still exists amongst the people," returned I. "And it is also laid to the charge of this good bird, that as soon as it is full grown, it devours its own parents. It is, therefore, used as a simile of shameful ingratitude. I know people at the present moment who will not allow themselves to be talked out of these absurdities, and who cling to them as firmly as to any article of their Christian belief."

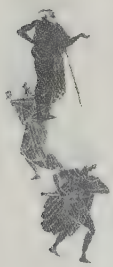
"As far as I know," said Goethe, "the cuckoo is classed with the woodpecker."

"That is sometimes done," returned I, "probably because two of the toes of its weak feet have a backward inclination. I, however, should not so class it. For the woodpecker's life it has neither the strong beak, capable of breaking the decayed bark of a tree, nor the sharp and very strong feathers in the tail, which are fit to support it during the operation. Its toes, also, want the sharp claws necessary to sustain it; and I, therefore, consider its small feet as not actually, but only apparently, made for climbing."

"The ornithologists," added Goethe, "are probably delighted when they have brought any peculiar bird under some head; but still nature carries on her own free sport, without troubling herself with the classes marked out by limited men."

"The nightingale, too," continued I, "is numbered amongst the grasmücken, whilst in the energy of its nature, its movements, and its mode of life, it bears far more resemblance to the thrush. But still, I would not class it among the thrushes. It is a bird between the two; a bird by itself, as the cuckoo is a bird by itself, with a strongly expressed individuality."

"All that I have heard concerning the cuckoo," said Goethe, "excites in me a great interest in this wonderful bird. It is of a highly problematical nature, a manifest mystery, but not the less difficult to interpret because it is so manifest. And with how many things do we not find ourselves



in the same predicament? We stand in mere wonderment, and the best part of things is closed to us. Let us take the bees. We see them fly for miles after honey, and always in a different direction. Now they fly westward for a week, to a field of blooming rape-seed; then, for a long time, northward, to a blooming heath; then in another direction to the blossom of the buckwheat; then somewhere else, to a blooming clover-field; and at last, in some other direction, to a blossoming lime. But who has said to them, 'Now fly thither, there is something for you?' and 'now thither, there is something fresh?' And who has led them back to their village and their cell? They go hither and thither, as if in invisible leading-strings; but what these really are we do not know. It is the same with the lark. She rises, singing, from a cornfield; she soars over a sea of corn, which the wind blows backwards and forwards, and in which one wave looks like the other; she then returns to her young, and drops down, without fail, upon the little spot where her nest is placed. All these outward things are as clear as the day to us; but their inward, spiritual tie is concealed."

"With the cuckoo," said I, "it is not otherwise. We know that it does not brood itself, but lays its egg in the nest of some other bird. We know, furthermore, that it lays it in the nest of the grasmücke, the yellow wagtail, the monk; also in the nests of the braunelle, the robin, and the wren. This we know. We also know that these are all insect-eating birds; and must be so, because the cuckoo itself is an insect-eating bird, and the young cuckoo cannot be brought up by a seed-eating bird. But how does the cuckoo find out that these are all actually insect-eating birds? For all the above-mentioned birds differ extremely from each other, both in form and colour; and also in their song and their call-note. Further, how comes it that the cuckoo can trust its egg and its tender young to nests which are as different as possible with respect to structure, temperature, dryness, and moisture? The nest of the grasmücke is built so lightly, with dry hay and horse-hair, that all cold penetrates into it, and every breeze blows through it; it is also open at the top, and without shelter; still, the young cuckoo thrives in it excellently. The nest of the wren, on the other hand, is on the outside built firmly and thickly, with moss, straw, and leaves, and carefully lined within with all sorts of wool and feathers; so that not a breeze can pierce through it. It is also covered at the top, and arched over, only a small aperture being left for the very small birds to slip in and out. One would think that in the hot days of June, the heat in such an enclosed hole must be suffocating; but the young cuckoo thrives there best. Then how different is the nest of the yellow-wagtail. This bird lives by the water, by brooks, and in various damp places. It builds its nest upon damp commons, in a tuft of rushes. It scrapes a hole in the moist earth, and lines it scantily with some blades of grass, so that the young cuckoo is hatched, and must grow up in the damp and cold; and still it thrives excellently. But what a bird this must be, to which, at the most tender age, varieties of heat and cold, dryness and damp, which would be fatal to any other bird, are indifferent. And how does the old

cuckoo know that they are so, when it is so susceptible to damp and cold at an advanced age."

"This is a mystery," returned Goethe; "but tell me, if you have observed it, how the cuckoo places its egg in the nest of the wren, when this has so small an opening that she cannot enter, and sit upon it."

"The cuckoo lays it upon a dry spot," returned I, "and takes it to the nest with her beak. I believe, too, that she does this not only with the wren's nest, but with every other. For the nests of the other insect-eating birds, even when they are open at the top, are still so small or so closely surrounded by twigs, that the great long-tailed cuckoo cannot sit upon them. This can well be imagined; but how it happens that the cuckoo lays so unusually small an egg, nay, so small that it might be the egg of a small insect-eating bird, is a new riddle which one may silently admire without being able to unravel. The egg of the cuckoo is only a little larger than that of the grasmücke; and, indeed, it ought not to be larger, as it has to be hatched by the small insect-eating birds. This is good and rational; but that nature, to be wise in a particular instance, should deviate from a great pervading law, according to which there exists a certain proportion between the size of the egg and that of the bird, from the hummingbird to the ostrich, this arbitrary proceeding, I say, is enough to inspire us with astonishment."

"It certainly astonishes us," said Goethe, "because our point of view is too small for us to comprehend it. If more were revealed to us, we should probably find that these apparent deviations are really within the compass of the law. But go on, and tell me something more. Is it known how many eggs the cuckoo lays?"

"Whoever tried to say anything definite on that point would be a great blockhead. The bird is very fleeting. She is now here, now there; there is never more than one of her eggs found in a single nest. She certainly lays several; but who knows where these are, and who could look for them? But, supposing that she lays five eggs, and that all these are properly hatched, and brought up by affectionate foster-parents, we must still wonder that nature can resolve to sacrifice at least fifty of the young of our best singing birds for five young cuckoos."

"In such things, as well as others," returned Goethe, "nature does not appear to be very scrupulous. She has a good fund of life to lavish, and she does so now and then without much hesitation. But how does it happen that so many young singing birds are lost for a single young cuckoo?"

"In the first place," I replied, "the first brood is generally lost; for even if it should happen that the eggs of the singing bird are hatched at the same time with that of the cuckoo, which is very probable, the parents are so much delighted with the larger bird, and show it such fondness, that they think of and feed that alone, whilst their own young are neglected, and vanish from the nest. Besides, the young cuckoo is always greedy, and demands as much nourishment as the little insect-eating birds can procure. It is a very long time before it attains its full size and plumage, and before it is capable of leaving the nest, and soaring to the top of a

tree. And even long after it has flown it requires to be fed continually, so that the whole summer passes away, while the affectionate foster-parents constantly attend upon their great child, and do not think of a second brood. It is on this account that a single young cuckoo causes the loss of so many other young birds."

"That is very convincing," said Goethe. "But tell me, is the young cuckoo, as soon as it has flown, fed also by other birds which have not hatched it? I fancy I have heard something of the kind."

"It is so," answered I. "As soon as the young cuckoo has left its lower nest, and has taken its seat on the top of a tall oak, it utters a loud sound, which says that it is there. Then all the small birds in the neighbourhood, which have heard it, come up to greet it. The grasmücke and the monk come, the yellow wagtail flies up, and even the wren, whose nature it is constantly to slip into low hedges and thick bushes, conquers its nature, and rises towards the beloved stranger to the top of the tall oak. But the pair which has reared it is more constant with food, whilst the rest only occasionally fly to it with a choice morsel."

"There also appears to be," said Goethe, "a great affection between the young cuckoo and the small insect-eating birds."

"The affection of the small insect-eating birds for the young cuckoo," returned I, "is so great, that if one approaches a nest in which there is a young cuckoo, the little foster-parents do not know how to contain themselves for terror or anxiety. The monk especially expresses the deepest despair, and flutters on the ground almost as if it were in convulsions."

"This is wonderful enough," returned Goethe; "but it can be readily conceived. Still it appears very problematical to me, that a pair of grasmücken, for instance, on the point of hatching their own eggs, should allow the old cuckoo to approach their nest, and lay her egg in it."

"That is truly very enigmatical," returned I; "but not quite inexplicable. For, from the very circumstance that all small insect-eating birds feed the cuckoo after it has flown, and that even those feed it which did not hatch it; from this circumstance, I say, arises a sort of affinity between the two, so that they continue to know each other, and to consider each other members of one large family. Indeed, it may happen that the same cuckoo which was hatched and reared by a pair of grasmücken last year, may this year bring her egg to them."

"There is something in that," returned Goethe, "little as one can comprehend it. But it still appears to me a wonder, that the young cuckoo is fed by those birds which have neither hatched it nor reared it."

"That is, indeed, a wonder," returned I; "but still it is not without analogy. I foresee, in this inclination, a great law which pervades all nature.

"I had once caught a young linnet, which was too big to be fed by man, but still too young to eat by itself. I took a great deal of trouble about it for half a day; but as it would not eat anything at all, I placed it with an old linnet, a good singer, which I had kept for some time in

a cage, and which hung outside my window. I thought to myself, if the young bird sees how the old one eats, perhaps it will go to its food and imitate it. However, it did not do so, but opened its beak towards the old one, and fluttered its wings, uttering a beseeching cry; whereupon the old linnet at once took compassion on it, and adopting it as a child, fed it as if it had been its own.

"Afterwards, some one brought me a grey grasmücke and three young ones, which I put together in a large cage, and which the old one fed. On the following day, some one brought me two young nightingales already fledged, which I put in with the grasmücke, and which the mother bird likewise adopted and fed. Some days afterwards, I added a nest of young müllerchen nearly fledged, and then a nest with five young plattmönchen. The grasmücke adopted all these and fed them, and tended them like a true mother. She had her beak always full of ant's eggs, and was now in one corner of the roomy cage, and now in the other, so that whenever a hungry throat opened, there she was. Nay, still more. One of the young grasmücken, which had grown up in the mean time, began to feed some of the less ones. This was, indeed, done in rather a playful, childish manner; but still with a decided inclination to imitate the excellent mother."

"There is certainly something divine in this," said Goethe, "which creates in me a pleasing sense of wonder. If it were a fact that this feeding by strangers was an universal law of nature, it would unravel many enigmas, and one could say with certainty, that God pities the deserted young ravens that call upon him."

"It certainly appears to be an universal law," returned I; "for I have observed this assistance in feeding, and this pity for the forlorn, even in a wild state.

"Last summer, in the neighbourhood of Tiefurt, I took two young wrens, which had probably only just left their nest, for they sat upon a bush on a twig with seven other young ones in a row, and the old bird was feeding them. I put the young birds in my silk pocket-handkerchief, and went towards Weimar, as far as the shooting house; I then turned to the right towards the meadow, down along the Ilm, and passed the bathing-place, and then again to the left to the little wood. Here I thought I had a quiet spot to look once more at the wrens. But when I opened my handkerchief they both slipped out, and disappeared in the bushes and grass, so that I sought them in vain. Three days afterwards, I returned by chance to the same place, and hearing the note of a robin, guessed there was a nest in the neighbourhood, which, after looking about for some time, I really found. But how great was my astonishment, when I saw in this nest, besides some young robins nearly fledged, my two young wrens, which had established themselves very comfortably, and allowed themselves to be fed by the old robins. I was highly delighted at this very remarkable discovery. Since you are so cunning, thought I to myself, and have managed to help yourselves so nicely, and since the good robins have taken such care of you, I should be very sorry to destroy this hospitable

intimacy; on the contrary, I wish you the greatest possible prosperity."

"That is one of the best ornithological stories I have ever heard," said Goethe. "I drink success to you, and good luck to your investigations. Whoever hears that, and does not believe in God, will not be aided by Moses and the prophets. That is what I call the omnipresence of the Deity, who has everywhere spread and implanted a portion of his endless love, and has intimated even in the brute as a germ, that which only blossoms to perfection in noble man. Continue your observations and your studies! You appear to be particularly successful with them, and may arrive at invaluable results."

Whilst we thus conversed on good and deep matters over our dinner in the open air, the sun had declined towards the summit of the western hills, and Goethe thought it time to retrace our steps. We drove quickly through Jena, and after we had settled our account at "The Bear," and had paid a short visit to Fromman, we drove at a rapid rate to Weimar.

(Sup.) Thurs., Oct. 18.

Hegel is here, whom Goethe personally esteems very highly, though he does not much relish some of the fruits produced by his philosophy. Goethe gave a tea-party in honour of him this evening, at which Zelter was also present, who intended to take his departure again to-night.

A great deal was said about Hamann, with respect to whom Hegel was chief spokesman, displaying a deep insight into this extraordinary mind, such as could only have arisen from a most earnest and scrupulous study of the subject.

The discourse then turned upon the nature of dialectics. "They are, in fact," said Hegel, "nothing more than the regulated, methodically-cultivated spirit of contradiction which is innate in all men, and which shows itself great as a talent in the distinction between the true and the false."

"Let us only hope," interposed Goethe, "that these intellectual arts and dexterities are not frequently misused, and employed to make the false true, and the true false."

"That certainly happens," returned Hegel; "but only with people who are mentally diseased."

"I therefore congratulate myself," said Goethe, "upon the study of nature, which preserves me from such a disease. For here we have to deal with the infinitely and eternally true, which throws off as incapable every one who does not proceed purely and honestly with the treatment and observation of his subject. I am also certain that many a dialectic disease would find a wholesome remedy in the study of nature."

We were still discussing in the most cheerful manner, when Zelter arose and went out, without saying a word. We knew that it grieved him to take leave of Goethe, and that he chose this delicate expedient for avoiding a painful moment.

(Sup.) Tues., March 11.

FOR several weeks I have not been quite well. I sleep badly, and have the most harassing dreams from night to morning, in which I see myself in the most various states, carry on all sorts of conversation with known and unknown persons, get into disputes and quarrels, and all this in such a vivid manner, that I am perfectly conscious of every particular next morning. But this dreamy life consumes the powers of my brain, so that I feel weak and unnerved in the day-time, and without thought or pleasure for any intellectual activity.

I had frequently complained of my condition to Goethe, and he had repeatedly urged me to consult my physician. "Your malady," said he, "is certainly not very serious; it is probably nothing but a little stagnation, which a glass or two of mineral water or a little salts would remove. But do not let it linger any longer; attack it at once."

Goethe may have been right, and I said to myself that he was right; but my indecision and disinclination operated in this case, so that I again allowed many restless nights and wretched days to pass, without making the least effort to remove the indisposition.

As I did not appear to Goethe very gay and cheerful today after dinner, he lost his patience, and could not refrain from smiling at me ironically, and bantering me a little.

"You are a second Shandy," said he, "the father of that renowned Tristram, who was annoyed half of his life by a creaking door, and who could not come to the resolution of removing the daily annoyance with a few drops of oil.

"But so it is with us all! The darkness and enlightenment of man make his destiny. The demon ought to lead us every day in leading strings, and tell us and direct us what we ought to do on every occasion. But the good spirit leaves us in the lurch, and we grope about in the dark.

"Napoleon was the man! Always enlightened, always clear and decided, and endowed at every hour with sufficient energy to carry into effect whatever he considered advantageous and necessary. His life was the stride of a demi-god, from battle to battle, and from victory to victory. It might well be said of him, that he was found in a state of continual enlightenment. On this account, his destiny was more brilliant than any the world had seen before him, or perhaps will ever see after him.

"Yes, yes, my good friend, that was a fellow whom we cannot imitate."

Goethe paced up and down the room. I had placed myself at the table, which had been already cleared, but upon which there was left some wine with some biscuits and fruit. Goethe filled for me, and compelled me to partake of both. "You have, indeed," said he, "not condescended to be our guest at dinner today, but still a glass of this present from good friends ought to do you good."

I did not refuse these good things, and Goethe continued to walk up and down the room, murmuring to himself in an excited state of mind, and from time to time uttering unintelligible words.

What he had just said about Napoleon was in my mind, and I endeavoured to lead the conversation back to that subject. "Still it appears to me," I began, "that Napoleon was especially in that state of continued enlightenment when he was young, and his powers were yet on the increase,—when, indeed, we see at his side divine protection and a constant fortune. In later years, on the contrary, this enlightenment appears to have forsaken him, as well as his fortune and his good star."

"What would you have?" returned Goethe. "I did not write my 'love songs,' or my 'Werther,' a second time. That divine enlightenment, whence everything proceeds, we shall always find in connection with youth and productiveness, as in the case of Napoleon, who was one of the most productive men that ever lived.

"Yes, yes, my good friend, one need not write poems and plays to be productive; there is also a productiveness of deeds, which in many cases stands an important degree higher. The physician himself must be productive, if he really intends to heal; if he is not so, he will only succeed now and then, as if by chance; but, on the whole, he will be only a bungler."

"You appear," added I, "in this case, to call productiveness that which is usually called genius."

"One lies very near the other," returned Goethe. "For what is genius but that productive power by which deeds arise that can display themselves before God and nature, and are therefore permanent, and produce results. All Mozart's works are of this kind; there lies in them a productive power which operates upon generation after generation, and still is not wasted or consumed.

"It is the same with other great composers and artists. What an influence have Phidias and Raphael had upon succeeding centuries, and Dürer and Holbein also. He who first invented the forms and proportions of the old German architecture, so that in the course of time a Strasburg minster and cathedral of Cologne were possible, was also a genius; for his thoughts have a power continually productive, and operate even to the present hour. Luther was a genius of a very important kind; he has already gone on with influence for many a long day, and we cannot count the days when he will cease to be productive in future ages. Lessing would not allow himself the lofty title of a genius; but his permanent influence bears witness against him. On the other

hand, we have, in literature, other names, and those of importance, the possessors of which, whilst they lived, were deemed great geniuses, but whose influence ended with their life, and who were therefore less than they and others thought. For, as I said before, there is no genius without a productive power of permanent influence; and furthermore, genius does not depend upon the business, the art, or the trade which one follows, but may be alike in all. Whether one shows oneself a man of genius in science, like Oken and Humboldt, or in war and statesmanship, like Frederick, Peter the Great, and Napoleon, or whether one composes a song like Béranger, it all comes to the same thing; the only point is, whether the thought, the discovery, the deed, is living, and can live on.

"Then I must add, it is not the mass of creations and deeds which proceed from a person, that indicates the productive man. We have, in literature, poets who are considered very productive, because volume after volume of their poems has appeared. But, in my opinion, these people ought to be called thoroughly unproductive; for what they have written is without life and durability. Goldsmith, on the contrary, has written so few poems that their number is not worth mentioning; but, nevertheless, I must pronounce him to be a thoroughly productive poet, and, indeed, even on that account, because the little that he has written has an inherent life which can sustain itself."

A pause ensued, during which Goethe continued to pace up and down the room. In the mean time, I was desirous of hearing something more on this weighty point, and therefore endeavoured to arouse Goethe once more.

"Does this productiveness of genius," said I, "lie merely in the mind of an important man, or does it also lie in the body?"

"The body has, at least," said Goethe, "the greatest influence upon it. There was indeed a time when, in Germany, a genius was always thought of as short, weak, or hunch-backed; but commend me to a genius who has a well-proportioned body.

"When it was said of Napoleon that he was a man of granite, this applied particularly to his body. What was it, then, which he could not and did not venture? From the burning sands of the Syrian deserts, to the snowy plains of Moscow, what an incalculable amount of marches, battles, and nightly bivouacs did he go through? And what fatigues and bodily privations was he forced to endure? Little sleep, little nourishment, and yet always in the highest mental activity. After the awful exertion and excitement of the eighteenth Brumaire, it was midnight, and he had not tasted anything during the whole day, and yet, without thinking of strengthening his body, he felt power enough in the depth of the night to draw up the well-known proclamation to the French people. When one considers what he accomplished and endured, one might imagine that when he was in his fortieth year not a sound particle was left in him; but even at that age he still occupied the position of a perfect hero.

"But you are quite right: the real focus of his lustre belongs to his

youth. And it is something to say that one of obscure origin, and at a time which set all capacities in motion, so distinguished himself as to become, in his seven-and-twentieth year, the idol of a nation of thirty millions! Yes, yes, my good friend, one must be young to do great things. And Napoleon is not the only one!"

"His brother Lucien," remarked I, "also did a great deal at an early age. We see him as president of the five hundred, and afterwards as minister of the interior, when he had scarcely completed his five-and-twentieth year."

"Why name Lucien?" interposed Goethe. "History presents to us hundreds of clever people, who, whilst still young, have, both in the cabinet and in the field, superintended the most important matters with great renown.

"If I were a prince," continued he, with animation, "I would never place in the highest offices people who have gradually risen by mere birth and seniority, and who in their old age move on leisurely in their accustomed track, for in this way but little talent is brought to light. I would have young men; but they must have capacities, and be endowed with clearness and energy, and also with the best will and the noblest character. Then there would be pleasure in governing and improving one's people. But where is there a prince who would like this, and who would be so well served?

"I have great hopes of the present Crown Prince of Prussia. From all that I hear and know of him, he is a very distinguished man; and this is essential to recognize and choose qualified and clever people. For, say what we will, like can only be recognized by like; and only a prince who himself possesses great abilities can properly acknowledge and value great abilities in his subjects and servants. 'Let the path be open to talent' was the well-known maxim of Napoleon, who really had a particular tact in the choice of his people, who knew how to place every important power where it appeared in its proper sphere, and who, therefore, during his lifetime, was served in all his great undertakings as scarcely any one was served before him."

Goethe delighted me particularly this evening. The noblest part of his nature appeared alive in him, while the sound of his voice and the fire of his eyes were of such power, as if he were inspired by a fresh gleam of the best days of youth.

It was remarkable to me that he, who at so great an age himself superintended an important post, should speak so decidedly in favour of youth, and should desire the first offices in the state to be filled, if not by youths, at least by men still young. I could not forbear mentioning some Germans of high standing, who at an advanced age did not appear to want the necessary energy and youthful activity for the direction of the most important and most various affairs.

"Such men are natural geniuses," returned Goethe, "whose case is peculiar; they experience a renewed puberty, whilst other people are young but once.

"Every Entelechia[1] is a piece of eternity, and the few years during which it is bound to the earthly body does not make it old. If this Entelechia is of a trivial kind, it will exercise but little sway during its bodily confinement; on the contrary, the body will predominate, and when this grows old the Entelechia will not hold and restrain it. But if the Entelechia is of a powerful kind, as is the case with all men of natural genius, then with its animating penetration of the body it will not only act with strengthening and ennobling power upon the organization, but it will also endeavour with its spiritual superiority to confer the privilege of perpetual youth. Thence it comes that in men of superior endowments, even during their old age, we constantly perceive fresh epochs of singular productiveness; they seem constantly to grow young again for a time, and that is what I call a repeated puberty. Still youth is youth, and however powerful an Entelechia may prove, it will never become quite master of the corporeal, and it makes a wonderful difference whether it finds in the body an ally or an adversary.

"There was a time in my life when I had to furnish a printed sheet every day, and I accomplished it with facility. I wrote my 'Geschwister' (*Brother and Sister*) in three days; my 'Clavigo,' as you know, in a week. Now it seems I can do nothing of the kind, and still I can by no means complain of want of productiveness even at my advanced age. But whereas in my youth I succeeded daily and under all circumstances, I now succeed only periodically and under certain favourable conditions. When ten or twelve years ago, in the happy time after the war of independence, the poems of the 'Divan' had me in their power, I was often productive enough to compose two or three in a day, and it was all the same to me whether I was in the open air, in the chariot, or in an inn. Now, I can only work at the second part of my 'Faust' during the early part of the day, when I feel refreshed and revived by sleep, and have not been perplexed by the trifles of daily life. And, after all, what is it I achieve? Under the most favourable circumstances, a page of writing, but generally only so much as one could write in the space of a hand-breadth, and often, when in an unproductive humour, still less."

"Are there, then, no means," said I, "to call forth a productive mood, or, if it is not powerful enough, of increasing it?"

"That is a curious point," said Goethe, "and a great deal might be thought and talked about it.

"No productiveness of the highest kind, no remarkable discovery, no great thought which bears fruit and has results, is in the power of any one; but such things are elevated above all earthly control. Man must consider them as an unexpected gift from above, as pure children of God, which he must receive and venerate with joyful thanks. They are akin to the demon, which does with him what it pleases, and to

1 If for this Aristotelian word the reader substitutes the popular expression "soul," he will not go far wrong as far as this passage is concerned.—Trans.

which he unconsciously resigns himself, whilst he believes he is acting from his own impulse. In such cases, man may often be considered as an instrument in a higher government of the world,—as a vessel found worthy for the reception of a divine influence. I say this, whilst I consider how often a single thought has given a different form to whole centuries, and how individual men have, by their expressions, imprinted a stamp upon their age, which has remained uneffaced, and has operated beneficially upon succeeding generations.

"There is, however, a productiveness of another kind subjected to earthly influences, and which man has more in his power, although he here also finds cause to bow before something divine. Under this category I place all that appertains to the execution of a plan, all the links of a chain of thought, the ends of which already shine forth; I also place there all that constitutes the visible body of a work of art.

"Thus, Shakspeare was inspired with the first thought of his Hamlet, when the spirit of the whole presented itself to his mind as an unexpected impression, and he surveyed the several situations, characters, and conclusion, in an elevated mood, as a pure gift from above, on which he had no immediate influence, although the possibility of conceiving such a thought certainly presupposed a mind such as his. But the individual scenes, and the dialogue of the characters, he had completely in his power, so that he might produce them daily and hourly, and work at them for weeks if he liked. And, indeed, we see in all that he has achieved, constantly the same power of production; and in all his plays we never come to a passage of which it could be said 'this was not written in the proper humour, or with the most perfect faculty.' Whilst we read him, we receive the impression of a man thoroughly strong and healthy, both in mind and body.

"Supposing, however, that the bodily constitution of a dramatic poet were not so strong and excellent, and that he were, on the contrary, subject to frequent illness and weakness, the productiveness necessary for the daily construction of his scenes would very frequently cease, and would often fail him for whole days. If now, by some spirituous drink, he tried to force his failing productiveness, and supply its deficiencies, the method would certainly answer, but it would be discoverable in all the scenes which he had written under such an influence, to their great disadvantage. My counsel is, therefore, to force nothing, and rather to trifle and sleep away all unproductive days and hours, than on such days to compose something which will afterwards give one no pleasure."

"You express," returned I, "what I myself have very often experienced and felt, and what one must respect as thoroughly true and just. But still it appears to me that a person might, by natural means, heighten his productive mood, without exactly forcing it. It has often been the case in my life to be unable to arrive at any right conclusion in certain complicated circumstances. But if, in such a case, I have drunk a few glasses of wine, I have at once seen clearly what was to be done, and have come to a resolution on the spot. The adoption of a resolution is,

after all, a species of productiveness, and if a glass or two of wine will bring about this good effect, such means are surely not to be rejected altogether."

"I will not contradict your remark," returned Goethe; "but what I said before is also correct, by which you see that truth may be compared to a diamond, the rays of which dart not to one side, but to many. Since you know my 'Divan' so well, you know also that I myself have said—

When we have drunk
We know what's right;

and therefore that I perfectly agree with you. Productive-making powers of a very important kind certainly are contained in wine; but still, all depends upon time and circumstances, and what is useful to one is prejudicial to another. Productive-making powers are also contained in sleep and repose; but they are also contained in movement. Such powers lie in the water, and particularly in the atmosphere. The fresh air of the open country is the proper place to which we belong; it is as if the breath of God were there wafted immediately to men, and a divine power exerted its influence. Lord Byron, who daily passed several hours in the open air, now riding on horseback along the sea-shore, now sailing or rowing in a boat, now bathing in the sea, and exercising his physical powers in swimming, was one of the most productive men who ever lived."

Goethe had seated himself opposite to me, and we spoke about all sorts of subjects. Then we again dwelt upon Lord Byron, and touched upon the many misfortunes which had embittered his later life, until at last a noble will, but an unhappy destiny, drove him into Greece, and entirely destroyed him.

"You will generally find," continued Goethe, "that in his middle age a man frequently experiences a change; and that, while in his youth everything has favoured him, and has prospered with him, all is now completely reversed, and misfortunes and disasters are heaped one upon another.

"But do you know my opinion on this matter? Man must be ruined again! Every extraordinary man has a certain mission which he is called upon to accomplish. If he has fulfilled it, he is no longer needed upon earth in the same form, and Providence uses him for something else. But as everything here below happens in a natural way, the demons keep tripping him up till he falls at last. Thus it was with Napoleon and many others. Mozart died in his six-and-thirtieth year. Raphael at the same age. Byron only a little older. But all these had perfectly fulfilled their missions, and it was time for them to depart, that other people might still have something to do in a world made to last a long while."

It was now late; Goethe gave me his dear hand, and I departed.

(Sup.) Wed., March 12.

After I had quitted Goethe yesterday evening, the important conversation I had carried on with him remained constantly in my mind.

The discourse had also been upon the sea and sea air; and Goethe had expressed the opinion, that he considered all islanders and inhabitants of the sea-shore in temperate climates far more productive, and possessed of more active force, than the people in the interior of large continents.

Whether or not it was that I had fallen asleep with these thoughts, and with a certain longing for the inspiring powers of the sea; suffice it to say, I had in the night the following pleasant, and to me very remarkable, dream:—

I saw myself in an unknown region, amongst strange men, thoroughly cheerful and happy. The most beautiful summer day surrounded me in a charming scene, such as might be witnessed somewhere on the shores of the Mediterranean, in the south of Spain or France, or in the neighbourhood of Genoa. We had been drinking at noon round a merry table, and I went with some others, rather young people, to make another party for the afternoon.

We had loitered along through bushy and pleasant low lands, when we suddenly found ourselves in the sea, upon the smallest of islands, on a jutting rock, where there was scarcely room for five or six men, and where one could not stir for fear of slipping into the water. Behind us, whence we had come, there was nothing to be seen but sea; but before us lay the shore at about a quarter of an hour's distance, spread out most invitingly. The shore was in some places flat, in others rocky and somewhat elevated; and one might observe, between green leaves and white tents, a crowd of joyous men in light-coloured clothes, recreating themselves with music, which sounded from the tents. "There is nothing else to be done," said one of us to the other, "we must undress and swim over." "It is all very well to say so," said I, "you are young, handsome fellows, and good swimmers; but I swim badly, and I do not possess a shape fine enough to appear, with pleasure and comfort, before the strange people on shore." "You are a fool," said one of the handsomest, "undress yourself, give me your form, and you shall have mine." At these words I undressed myself quickly, and was soon in the water, and immediately found myself in the body of the other as a powerful swimmer. I soon reached the shore, and, naked and dripping, stepped with the most easy confidence amongst the men. I was happy in the sensation of these fine limbs; my deportment was unconstrained, and I at once became intimate with the strangers, at a table before an arbour, where there was a great deal of mirth. My comrades had now reached land one by one, and had joined us, and the only one missing was the youth with my form, in whose limbs I found myself so comfortable. At last he also approached the shore, and I was asked if I was not glad to see my former self? At these words I experienced a certain discomfort, partly because I did not expect any great joy from myself, and partly because I feared that my young friend would ask for his own body back again. However, I turned to the water, and saw my second self swimming close up to me, and laughing at me with his head turned a little on one side. "There is no swimming with those limbs of yours," exclaimed he,

"I have had a fine struggle against waves and breakers, and it is not to be wondered at that I have come so late, and am last of all." I at once recognized the countenance; it was my own, but grown young, and rather fuller and broader, with the freshest complexion. He now came to land, and whilst he raised himself, and first stepped along the sand, I had a view of his back and legs, and was delighted with the perfection of the form. He came up the rocky shore to us, and as he came up to me he had completely my new stature. "How is it," thought I to myself, "that your little body has grown so handsome. Have the primeval powers of the sea operated so wonderfully upon it, or is it because the youthful spirit of my friend has penetrated the limbs?" Whilst we enjoyed ourselves together for some time, I silently wondered that my friend did not show any inclination to resume his own body. "Truly," thought I, "he looks bravely, and it may be a matter of indifference to him in which body he is placed, but it is not the same thing to me; for I am not sure whether in that body I may not shrink and become as diminutive as before." In order to satisfy myself on this point, I took my friend aside, and asked him how he felt in my limbs? "Perfectly well," said he; "I have the same sensation of my own natural power as before; I do not know what you have to complain of in your limbs. They are quite right with me; and you see one only has to make the best of oneself. Remain in my body as long as you please; for I am perfectly contented to remain in yours through all futurity." I was much pleased by this explanation, and as in all my sensations, thoughts, and recollections, I felt quite as usual, my dream gave me the impression of a perfect independence of the soul, and the possibility of a future existence in another body.

"That is a very pretty dream," said Goethe, when, after dinner today, I imparted to him the principal features. "We see," continued he, "that the muses visit you even in sleep, and, indeed, with particular favour; for you must confess that it would be difficult for you to invent anything so peculiar and pretty in your waking moments."

"I can scarcely conceive how it happened to me," returned I; "for I had felt so dejected all day, that the contemplation of so fresh a life was far from my mind."

"Human nature possesses wonderful powers," returned Goethe, "and has something good in readiness for us when we least hope for it. There have been times in my life when I have fallen asleep in tears; but in my dreams the most charming forms have come to console and to cheer me, and I have risen the next morning fresh and joyful.

"There is something more or less wrong among us old Europeans; our relations are far too artificial and complicated, our nutriment and mode of life are without their proper nature, and our social intercourse is without proper love and good will. Every one is polished and courteous; but no one has the courage to be hearty and true, so that an honest man, with natural views and feelings, stands in a very bad position. Often one cannot help wishing that one had been born upon one of the South Sea Islands, a so-called savage, so as to have thoroughly enjoyed human

existence in all its purity, without any adulteration.

"If in a depressed mood one reflects deeply upon the wretchedness of our age, it often occurs to one that the world is gradually approaching the last day. And the evil accumulates from generation to generation! For it is not enough that we have to suffer for the sins of our fathers, but we hand down to posterity these inherited vices increased by our own."

"Similar thoughts often occur to me," answered I; "but if, at such a time, I see a regiment of German dragoons ride by me, and observe the beauty and power of these young people, I again derive some consolation, and say to myself, that the durability of mankind is after all not in such a desperate plight."

"Our country people," returned Goethe, "have certainly kept up their strength, and will, I hope, long be able not only to furnish us with good horsemen, but also to secure us from total decay and destruction. The rural population may be regarded as a magazine, from which the forces of declining mankind are always recruited and refreshed. But just go into our great towns, and you will feel quite differently. Just take a turn by the side of a second diable boiteux, or a physician with a large practice, and he will whisper to you tales which will horrify you at the misery, and astonish you at the vice with which human nature is visited, and from which society suffers.

"But let us banish these hypochondriacal thoughts. How are you going on? What are you doing? What else have you seen today? Tell me, and inspire me with good thoughts."

"I have been reading Sterne." returned I, "where Yorick is sauntering about the streets of Paris, and makes the remark that every tenth man is a dwarf. I thought of that when you mentioned the vices of great towns. I also remember to have seen, in Napoleon's time, among the French infantry, one battalion which consisted entirely of Parisians, who were all such puny, diminutive people, that one could not comprehend what could be done with them in battle."

"The Scotch Highlanders under the Duke of Wellington," rejoined Goethe, "were doubtless heroes of another description."

"I saw them in Brussels a year before the battle of Waterloo," returned I. "They were, indeed, fine men; all strong, fresh, and active, as if just from the hand of their Maker. They all carried their heads so freely and gallantly, and stepped so lightly along with their strong bare legs, that it seemed as if there were no original sin, and no ancestral failing, as far as they were concerned."

"There is something peculiar in this," said Goethe. "Whether it lies in the race, in the soil, in the free political constitution, or in the healthy tone of education,—certainly the English in general appear to have certain advantages over many others. Here in Weimar, we see only a few of them, and, probably, by no means the best; but what fine, handsome people they are. And however young they come here, they feel themselves by no means strange or embarrassed in this foreign atmosphere; on the contrary, their deportment in society is as full of

confidence, and as easy as if they were lords everywhere, and the whole world belonged to them. This it is which pleases our women, and by which they make such havoc in the hearts of our young ladies. As a German father of a family, who is concerned for the tranquillity of his household, I often feel a slight shudder, when my daughter-in-law announces to me the expected arrival of some fresh, young islander. I already see in my mind's eye, the tears which will one day flow when he takes his departure. They are dangerous young people; but this very quality of being dangerous is their virtue."

"Still, I would not assert," answered I, "that the young Englishmen in Weimar are more clever, more intelligent, better informed, or more excellent at heart than other people."

"The secret does not lie in these things, my good friend," returned Goethe, "Neither does it lie in birth and riches; it lies in the courage which they have to be that for which nature has made them. There is nothing vitiated or spoilt about them, there is nothing halfway or crooked; but such as they are, they are thoroughly complete men. That they are also sometimes complete fools, I allow with all my heart; but that is still something, and has still always some weight in the scale of nature.

"The happiness of personal freedom, the consciousness of an English name, and of the importance attached to it by other nations, is an advantage even to the children; for in their own family, as well as in scholastic establishments, they are treated with far more respect, and enjoy a far freer development, than is the case with us Germans.

"In our own dear Weimar, I need only look out of the window to discover how matters stand with us. Lately, when the snow was lying upon the ground, and my neighbour's children were trying their little sledges in the street, the police was immediately at hand, and I saw the poor little things fly as quickly as they could. Now, when the spring sun tempts them from the houses, and they would like to play with their companions before the door, I see them always constrained, as if they were not safe, and feared the approach of some despot of the police. Not a boy may crack a whip, or sing or shout; the police is immediately at hand to forbid it. This has the effect with us all of taming youth prematurely, and of driving out all originality and all wildness, so that in the end nothing remains but the Philistine.

"You know that scarcely a day passes in which I am not visited by some travelling foreigner. But if I were to say that I took great pleasure, in the personal appearance, especially of young, learned Germans from a certain north-eastern quarter, I should tell a falsehood.

"Short-sighted, pale, narrow-chested, young without youth; that is a picture of most of them as they appear to me. And if I enter into a conversation with any of them, I immediately observe that the things in which one of us takes pleasure seem to them vain and trivial, that they are entirely absorbed in the Idea, and that only the highest problems of speculation are fitted to interest them. Of sound senses or delight in the sensual, there is no trace; all youthful feeling and all youthful pleasure

are driven out of them, and that irrecoverably; for if a man is not young in his twentieth year, how can he be so in his fortieth?"

Goethe sighed and was silent.

I thought of the happy time in the last century, in which Goethe's youth fell; the summer air of Sesenheim passed before my soul, and I reminded him of the verses—

In the afternoon we sat,
Young people, in the cool.

"Ah," sighed Goethe, "those were, indeed, happy times. But we will drive them from our minds, that the dark foggy days of the present may not become quite insupportable."

"A second Redeemer," said I, "would be required to remove from us the seriousness, the discomfort, and the monstrous oppressiveness of the present state of things."

"If he came," answered Goethe, "he would be crucified a second time. Still, we by no means need anything so great. If we could only alter the Germans after the model of the English, if we could only have less philosophy and more power of action, less theory and more practice, we might obtain a good share of redemption, without waiting for the personal majesty of a second Christ. Much may be done from below by the people by means of schools and domestic education; much from above by the rulers and those in immediate connection with them.

"Thus, for instance, I cannot approve the requisition, in the studies of future statesmen, of so much theoretically-learned knowledge, by which young people are ruined before their time, both in mind and body. When they enter into practical service, they possess, indeed, an immense stock of philosophical and learned matters; but in the narrow circle of their calling, this cannot be practically applied, and must therefore be forgotten as useless. On the other hand, what they most needed they have lost; they are deficient in the necessary mental and bodily energy, which is quite indispensable when one would enter properly into practical life.

"And then, are not love and benevolence also needed in the life of a statesman,—in the management of men? And how can any one feel and exercise benevolence towards another, when he is ill at ease with himself?

"But all these people are in a dreadfully bad case. The third part of the learned men and statesmen, shackled to the desk are ruined in body, and consigned to the demon of hypochondria. Here there should be action from above, that future generations may at least be preserved from a like destruction.

"In the mean time," continued Goethe, smiling, "let us remain in a state of hopeful expectation as to the condition of us Germans a century hence, and whether we shall then have advanced so far as to be no longer savants and philosophers, but men."

(Sup.[1]) Fri., May 16.

I took a drive with Goethe. He amused himself with recollections of his disputes with Kotzebue and Co., and recited some very lively epigrams against the former, which were certainly more jocular than cutting. I asked him why he had not included them in his works.

"I have a whole collection of such little poems," returned Goethe, "which I keep secret, and only show occasionally to my most intimate friends. This was the only innocent weapon which I had at command against the attacks of my enemies. I thus quietly found a vent by which I freed and purified myself from the horrid feeling of malevolence which I must otherwise have felt and fostered against the public and often malicious cavillings of my opponents. I have, therefore, by these little poems done myself an essential and personal service; but I do not want to occupy the public with my private squabbles, or to injure any living person. In later times, some of these things may be brought out without hesitation."

The King of Bavaria, some time ago, sent his court painter, Stieler, to Weimar, in order to take Goethe's portrait. Stieler brought with him, as a sort of letter of introduction, and as a proof of his skill, a finished portrait, the size of life, of a very beautiful young lady, namely, the young Munich actress, Fräulein von Hagen. Goethe gave Stieler all the necessary sittings, and his portrait had now been finished for some days.

Today, I dined with him alone. At dessert he rose, and conducting me into the cabinet adjoining the dining-room, showed me Stieler's newly completed work. Then, very cautiously, he led me further on into the so-called Majolica chamber, where we saw the portrait of the beautiful actress. "That is worth something," said he, after we had observed it for some time, "is it not? Stieler was no fool. He employed this beautiful morsel as a bait for me, and whilst by such arts he induced me to sit, he flattered me with the hope that, under his pencil, another angel would appear, whilst he was only painting the head of an old man."

Sun., June 15.

We had not been long at table before Herr Seidel was announced, accompanied by the Tyrolese. The singers remained in the garden-room, so that we could see them perfectly through the open doors, and their song was heard to advantage from that distance. Herr Seidel sat down with us. These songs and the Gejodel[2] of the cheerful Tyrolese, with their peculiar burden, delighted us young people. Fräulein Ulrica and I were particularly pleased with the "Strauss," and "Du, du liegst mir im Herzen," and asked for a copy of them. Goethe seemed by no means so much delighted as we.

"One must ask children and birds," said he, "how cherries and

1 (Sup.*) Fri., June 6.

2 The peculiar Tyrolese burden.—Trans.

strawberries taste."

Between the songs the Tyrolese played various national dances, on a sort of horizontal guitar, accompanied by a clear-toned German flute.

Young Goethe was called out, but soon returned and dismissed the Tyrolese. He sat down with us again. We talked of "Oberon," and the great concourse of people who had come together from all quarters to see that opera; so that even at noon there were no more tickets to be got. Young Goethe proposed that we should leave the table.

"Dear father," said he, "our friends will wish to go somewhat earlier to the theatre this evening."

Goethe thought such haste very odd, as it was scarcely four o'clock; however, he made no opposition, and we dispersed through the apartments. Seidel came to me and some others, and said softly, and with a troubled brow,

"You need anticipate no pleasure at the theatre; there will be no performance; the Grand Duke is dead; he died on his journey hither from Berlin."

A general shock went through the company. Goethe came in; we went on as if nothing had happened, and talked of different things. Goethe called me to the window, and talked about the Tyrolese and the theatre.

"You have my box today," said he, "and need not go till six; stay after the others, that we may have a little chat."

Young Goethe was trying to send the guests away, that he might break the news to his father before the return of the Chancellor, who had brought it to him. Goethe could not understand his son's strange conduct, and seemed annoyed.

"Will you not stay for coffee?" said he; "it is scarcely four o'clock."

The others all departed; and I, too, took my hat.

"What! are you going too?" said he, astonished.

"Yes," said young Goethe; "Eckermann has something to do before going to the theatre." "Yes," said I, "I have something to do." "Go along, then," said Goethe, shaking his head with a suspicious air; "still, I do not understand you."

We went with Fräulein Ulrica into the upper rooms, while young Goethe remained below, and communicated the sad tidings to his father.

I saw Goethe late in the evening. Before I entered his chamber, I heard him sighing and talking aloud to himself: he seemed to feel that an irreparable rent had been torn in his existence. All consolation he refused, and would hear nothing of the sort.

"I thought," said he, "that I should depart before him; but God disposes as he thinks best; and all that we poor mortals have to do, is to endure and keep ourselves upright as well and as long as we can."

The Dowager Grand Duchess received the melancholy news at her summer residence of Wilhelmsthal, the younger members of the family received it in Russia. Goethe went soon to Dornburg, to withdraw

himself from daily saddening impressions, and to restore himself by fresh activity in a new scene.

By important literary incitements on the part of the French, he had been once more impelled to his theory of plants; and this rural abode, where, at every step into the pure air, he was surrounded by the most luxurious vegetation, in the shape of twining vines and sprouting flowers, was very favourable to such studies.

I sometimes visited him there, in company with his daughter-in-law and grandchildren. He seemed very happy, and could not refrain from repeatedly expressing his delight at the beautiful situation of the castle and gardens.

And, indeed, there was, from windows at such a height, an enchanting prospect. Beneath was the variegated valley, with the Saale meandering through the meadows. On the opposite side, toward the east, were woody hills, over which the eye could wander afar, so that one felt that this situation was, in the day time, favourable to the observation of passing showers losing themselves in the distance, and at night to the contemplation of the eastern stars and the rising sun.

"I enjoy here," said Goethe, "both good days and good nights. Often before dawn I am already awake, and lie down by the open window, to enjoy the splendour of the three planets, which are at present to be seen together, and to refresh myself with the increasing brilliancy of the morning-red. I then pass almost the whole day in the open air, and hold spiritual communion with the tendrils of the vine, which say good things to me, and of which I could tell you winders. I also write poems again, which are not bad, and, if it were permitted me, I should like always to remain in this situation."

Thurs., Sep. 11.

At two o'clock today, in the very finest weather, Goethe returned from Dornburg. He looked very well, and was quite browned by the sun. We soon sat down to dinner, in the chamber next the garden, the doors of which stood open. He told us of many visits and presents which he had received; and seemed to take pleasure in interspersing his conversation with light jests. If, however, one looked deeper, one could not but perceive a certain embarrassment, such as a person feels who returns to a former situation, conditioned by manifold relations, views, and requisitions.

During the first course, a message came from the Dowager Grand Duchess, expressing her pleasure at Goethe's return, and announcing that she would have the pleasure of visiting him on the following Tuesday.

Since the death of the Grand Duke, Goethe had seen no member of the reigning family. He had, indeed, corresponded constantly with the Dowager Grand Duchess, so that they had sufficiently expressed their feelings upon their common loss. Still, the personal interview could

not but awake painful emotions, and could not be anticipated without some apprehension. Neither had Goethe yet seen the young Duke and Duchess, nor paid his homage to them as new rulers of the land. All this he had now to undergo, and even, though it could not disturb him as an accomplished man of the world, it was an impediment to his talent, which always loved to move in its innate directions, and in its own activity. Visits, too, threatened him from all parts. The meeting at Berlin, of celebrated natural philosophers, had set in motion many important personages, who, passing through Weimar on their way, had, some of them, announced themselves, and were soon expected. Whole weeks of disturbance, which would take the inner sense out of its usual track, and other annoyances connected with visits otherwise so valuable;—all this was foreseen like a coming spectre by Goethe, when he again set his foot on the threshold, and paced his rooms. What made all these coming evils still worse, was a circumstance which I cannot pass over. The fifth section of his works, which was to contain the "Wanderjahre," had been promised for the press at Christmas. Goethe had begun entirely to remodel this novel, which originally appeared in one volume, combining so much new matter with the old, that in the new edition it would occupy three volumes.

Much is done, but there is also much to do. The manuscript has everywhere gaps of white paper, which are yet to be filled up. Here something is wanting to the introduction; here is to be found a suitable link to render the reader less sensible that this is a collective work; here are fragments of great interest, some of which want a beginning, others an end; so that altogether there is much to do to all the three volumes, to make the important work at once attractive and graceful.

Last spring Goethe gave me this manuscript to look over. We then both in words and writing discussed the subject at great length. I advised him to devote the whole summer to the completion of this work, and to lay aside all others for the time. He was likewise convinced of the necessity of the case, and had resolved to do so; but the death of the Grand Duke had caused a gap in his existence; the tranquillity and cheerfulness necessary to such a composition were not now to be thought of, and he needed all his strength merely to sustain the blow and revive from it. Now, when with the commencement of autumn, returning from Dornburg, he again paced the rooms of his Weimar residence, the thought of completing his "Wanderjahre," for which he had now only the space of a few months, came vividly before his mind, in conflict with the various interruptions which awaited him, and impeded the free action of his talent. When all these matters are taken into consideration, I shall be understood when I say that Goethe was ill at ease within himself, although he jested lightly at dinner. I have another reason for mentioning these circumstances, they are connected with an observation of Goethe's, which appeared to me very remarkable, which expressed his situation and peculiar character, and of which I will now speak.

Professor Abeken of Osnaburg had sent me, shortly before the 28th of

August, an enclosure, requesting me to give it to Goethe on his birth-day, and saying it was a memorial relating to Schiller, which would certainly give him pleasure. When Goethe was speaking today at dinner, of the various presents which had been sent to him at Dornburg in honour of his birth-day, I asked him what Abeken's packet contained.

"It was a remarkable present," said Goethe, "which really gave me great pleasure. An amiable lady, with whom Schiller took tea, conceived the happy idea of writing down all he said. She comprehended it well, and related it with accuracy, and after so long a time, it still reads well, inasmuch as one is transplanted immediately into a situation which is now passed by with a thousand others as interesting, while the living spirit of this one only has been felicitously caught and fixed upon paper.

"Schiller appears here, as always, in perfect possession of his sublime nature. He is as great at the tea-table as he would have been in a council of state. Nothing constrains him, nothing narrows him, nothing draws downward the flight of his thoughts; the great views which lie within him are ever expressed freely and fearlessly. He was a true man, such as one ought to be. We others always feel ourselves subject to conditions. The persons, the objects that surround us have their influence upon us. The tea-spoon constrains us, if it is of gold, when it should be of silver, and so, paralyzed by a thousand considerations, we do not succeed in expressing freely whatever may be great in our nature. We are the slaves of objects round us, and appear little or important according as these contract or give us room to expand."

Goethe was silent. The conversation turned on other subjects; but I continued to meditate on these important words, which had touched and expressed my own inmost soul.

(Sup.*) Fri., Sept. 26.

Goethe showed me today his rich collection of fossils, which he keeps in the detached pavilion in his garden. The collection was begun by himself; but his son has greatly increased it; and it is particularly remarkable for a long series of petrified bones, all of which were found in the neighbourhood of Weimar.

Wed., Oct. 1.

Herr Hönninghausen of Crefeld, head of a great mercantile house, and also an amateur of natural science, especially mineralogy,—a man possessed of varied information, through extensive travels and studies—dined with Goethe today. He had returned from the meeting of natural philosophers at Berlin, and a great deal was said about things connected with the subject, especially mineralogical matters.

There was also some talk about the Vulcanists, and the way in which men arrive at views and hypotheses about nature. On this occasion, several great natural philosophers were mentioned, including Aristotle, concerning whom Goethe spoke thus:—

"Aristotle observed nature better than any modern, but he was too hasty in his opinions. We must go slowly and gently to work with nature, if we would get anything out of her.

"If, on investigating natural objects, I formed an opinion I did not expect nature to concede the point at once, but I pursued her with observations and experiments, and was satisfied if she were kind enough to confirm my opinion when occasion offered. If she did not do this, she at any rate brought me to some other view, which I followed out, and which I perhaps found her more willing to confirm."

Fri., Oct. 3.

Today, at dinner, I talked with Goethe about Fouqué's "Sängerkrieg auf der Wartburg,"[1] which I had read, in compliance with his wish. We agreed that this poet had spent his life in old-German studies, without drawing from them any real culture in the end.

"From these old-German gloomy times," said Goethe, "we can obtain as little as from the Servian songs, and similar barbaric popular poetry. We can read it and be interested about it for a while, but merely to cast it aside, and let it lie behind us. Generally speaking, a man is quite sufficiently saddened by his own passions and destiny, and need not make himself more so by the darkness of a barbaric past. He needs enlightening and cheering influences, and should therefore turn to those eras in art and literature, during which remarkable men obtained perfect culture, so that they were satisfied with themselves, and able to impart to others the blessings of their culture.

"But if you would have a good opinion of Fouqué, read his 'Undine,' which is really charming. The subject is, indeed, very good, and one cannot even say that the writer has done with it all that was possible; however, 'Undine' is good, and will give you pleasure."

"I have been unfortunate in my acquaintance with the most modern German literature," said I. "I came to the poems of Egon Ebert from Voltaire, whose acquaintance I had just made by those little poems which are addressed to individuals, and which certainly belong to the best he ever wrote. And now, I have fared no better with Fouqué. While deeply engaged in Walter Scott's 'Fair Maid of Perth,' the first work of this great writer which I had ever read, I am induced to put it aside, and give myself up to the 'Sängerkrieg auf der Wartburg.'"

"Against these great foreigners," said Goethe, "the modern Germans certainly cannot keep their ground; but it is desirable that you should, by degrees, make yourself acquainted with all writers, foreign and domestic, that you may see how that higher world-culture, which the poet needs, is really to be obtained."

Frau von Goethe came in, and sat down to the table with us.

1 The "War of the Singers of the Wartburg" was a famous poetical contest in the days of the old Minnesängers.—Trans.

"But," continued Goethe, with animation, "Walter Scott's 'Fair maid of Perth' is excellent, is it not? There is finish! there is a hand! What a firm foundation for the whole, and in particulars not a touch which does not lead to the catastrophe! Then, what details of dialogue and description, both of which are excellent.

"His scenes and situations are like pictures by Teniers; in the arrangement they show the summit of art, the individual figures have a speaking truth, and the execution is extended with artistical love to the minutest details, so that not a stroke is lost. How far have you read?"

"I have come," said I, "to the passage where Henry Smith carries the pretty minstrel girl home through the streets, and round about lanes; and where, to his great vexation, Proudfoot and Dwining met him."

"Ah," said Goethe, "that is excellent; that the obstinate, honest blacksmith should be brought at last to take with him not only the suspicious maiden, but even the little dog, is one of the finest things to be found in any novel. It shows a knowledge of human nature, to which the deepest mysteries are revealed."

"It was also," said I, "an admirable notion to make the heroine's father a glover, who, by his trade in skins, must have been long in communication with the Highlanders."

"Yes," said Goethe, "that is a touch of the highest order. From this circumstance spring the relations and situations most favourable for the whole book, and these by this means also obtain a real basis, so that they have an air of the most convincing truth. You find everywhere in Walter Scott a remarkable security and thoroughness in his delineation, which proceeds from his comprehensive knowledge of the real world, obtained by life-long studies and observations, and a daily discussion of the most important relations. Then come his great talent and his comprehensive nature. You remember the English critic, who compares the poets to the voices of male singers, of which some can command only a few fine tones, while others have the whole compass, from the highest to the lowest, completely in their power. Walter Scott is one of this last sort. In the 'Fair Maid of Perth' you will not find a single weak passage to make you feel as if his knowledge and talent were insufficient. He is equal to his subject in every direction in which it takes him; the king, the royal brother, the prince, the head of the clergy, the nobles, the magistracy, the citizens and mechanics, the Highlanders, are all drawn with the same sure hand, and hit off with equal truth."

"The English," said Frau von Goethe, "particularly like the character of Henry Smith, and Walter Scott seems to have made him the hero of the book; however, he is not my favourite; I like the Prince."

"The Prince," said I, "is, indeed, amiable enough with all his wildness, and is as well drawn as any of the rest."

"The passage," said Goethe, "where, sitting on horseback, he makes the pretty minstrel girl step upon his foot, that he may raise her up for a kiss, is in the boldest English style. But you ladies are wrong always to take sides. Usually, you read a book to find nutrition for the heart; to find

a hero whom you could love. This is not the way to read; the great point is, not whether this or that character pleases, but whether the whole book pleases."

"We women were made so, dear father," said she, affectionately leaning over the table to press his hand.

"Well, we must let you have your own way in your amiability," replied Goethe.

The last number of the "Globe" lay by him, and he took it up. I talked, in the mean while, with Frau von Goethe, about some young Englishmen, whose acquaintance I had made at the theatre.

"What men these writers in the 'Globe' are!" resumed Goethe, with animation. "One has scarcely a notion how it is they become greater and more remarkable every day, and how much, as it were, they are imbued with one spirit. Such a paper would be utterly impossible in Germany. We are mere individuals; harmony and concert are not to be thought of; each has the opinions of his province, his city, and his own idiosyncracy; and it will be a long while before we have attained an universal culture."

(Sup.*) Mon., Oct. 6.

Dined with Goethe, in company with Herr von Martius, who has been here for some days, and who spoke with Goethe on botanical subjects. It is especially the spiral tendency of plants, about which Herr von Martius has made important discoveries; these he imparted to Goethe, to whom they open a new field. Goethe appeared to take up his friend's idea with a sort of youthful ardour. "For the physiology of plants," said he, "much is gained by it. The new discovery of the spiral tendency is thoroughly conformable to my doctrine of metamorphoses; it has been found on the same path, but is a considerable step in advance of it."

Tues., Oct. 7.

There was the most lively party at dinner today. Besides the Weimar friends, there were some natural philosophers returned from Berlin, among whom, Herr von Martius, from Munich, who sat next Goethe, was known to me. There was joking and conversations on the most various subjects. Goethe was particularly good-humoured and communicative. The theatre was then talked about, and much was said of the opera last given—Rossini's "Moses." They found fault with the subject, and both praised and found fault with the music.

Goethe said, "I do not understand how you can separate the subject from the music, and enjoy each by itself. You say the subject is not a good one; but you can set that aside, and enjoy the excellent music. I really admire this arrangement in your natures, by which your ears are able to listen to pleasant sounds, while the most powerful sense, vision, is tormented by the absurdest objects. And that this 'Moses' is absurd you will not deny. When the curtain rises you see the people standing at prayer. This is very wrong. It is written 'When thou prayest, go into thy

closet, and shut the door.' But there ought to be no praying on the stage.

"I would have made a wholly different 'Moses,' and have begun the piece quite otherwise. I would have first shown you how the children of Israel in their hard bondage suffered from the tyranny of the Egyptian task-masters, in order to render more conspicuous the merit of Moses in freeing his people from this shameful oppression."

Goethe then cheerfully went through the whole opera step by step, through all the scenes and acts, full of life and intelligence, and with a historical feeling for the subject, to the delighted astonishment of the whole company, who could not but admire the irrepressible flow of his thoughts, and the wealth of his invention. It passed before me too quickly for me to seize it; but I remember the dance of the Egyptians, which Goethe introduced to express their joy at the return of light, after the darkness had been overcome.

The conversation turned from Moses to the deluge, and took a scientific turn.

"It is said," observed Herr von Martius, "they have found on Ararat a petrified piece of Noah's ark, and I shall be surprised if they do not also find petrified skulls of the first men."

This remark led to others of a similar kind, and the conversation turned upon the various races of men—how as black, brown, yellow, and white, they inhabit the different countries of the earth. The question finally arose whether we ought to assume that all men are descended from the single pair, Adam and Eve.

Von Martius was for the biblical account, which he sought to confirm by the maxim, that nature goes to work as economically as possible in her productions.

"I cannot agree to that opinion," said Goethe; "I maintain rather that nature is always lavish, even prodigal; and that it would show more acquaintance with her to believe she has, instead of one paltry pair, produced men by dozens or hundreds.

"When the earth had arrived at a certain point of maturity, the water had ebbed away, and the dry land was sufficiently verdant, came the epoch for the creation of man, and men rose, through the omnipotence of God, wherever the ground permitted; perhaps on the heights first.

"To believe that this happened I esteem reasonable; but to attempt to decide how it happened I deem an useless trouble, which we will leave to those who like to busy themselves with insolvable problems, and have nothing better to do."

"Even," said Herr von Martius, archly, "if I could, as a naturalist, willingly yield to your excellency's opinion, I should, as a good Christian, find some difficulty in adopting a view which cannot well be reconciled with the account given us in the Bible."

"Holy writ," replied Goethe, "speaks, certainly, only of one pair of human beings, whom God made on the sixth day; but the gifted men who wrote down the Word of God, as recorded in the Bible, had first in view their own chosen people; and as far as that people is concerned,

we will not dispute the honour of a descent from Adam and Eve. But we, as well as the Negroes and Laplanders, and slender men, who are handsomer than any of us, had certainly different ancestors; and this worthy company must confess that we at present differ in a variety of particulars from the genuine descendants of Adam, and that they, especially where money is concerned, are superior to us all."

We laughed; the conversation became general. Goethe, excited by Von Martius to argument, said many interesting things, which, under the appearance of jesting, had a deeper meaning at bottom.

After dinner, the Prussian minister, Herr Von Jordan, was announced, and we went into the next room.

Wed., Oct. 8.

Tieck, returning from a journey to the Rhine, with his wife, his daughters, and Countess Finkenstein, was expected to dine with Goethe today. I met them in the anteroom. Tieck looked very well; the Rhine baths seemed to have had a favourable effect upon him. I told him that since I had seen him I had been reading Sir Walter Scott's new novel, and what pleasure this extraordinary genius had given me.

"I suspect," said Tieck, "that this last novel of Scott's, which I have not yet read, is the best he has ever written; however, he is so great a writer, that the first work of his which you read always excites astonishment, approach him on what side you will."

Professor Göttling came in, just fresh from his Italian tour. I was extremely glad to see him again, and drew him to a window that he might tell me what he had seen.

"To Rome!" said he; "you must to Rome, if you would become anything! That is indeed a city! that is a life! that is a world! Whatever is small in our nature cannot be eradicated while we are in Germany, but as soon as we enter Rome a transformation takes place in us, and we feel ourselves great, like the objects which surround us."

"Why," said I, "did you not stay there longer?"

"My money and my leave of absence were at an end," he replied, "but I felt very uncomfortable when I again crossed the Alps, leaving fair Italy behind me."

Goethe came in, and greeted his guests. He talked on various subjects with Tieck and his family, and then offered the countess his arm to take her to the dining-room. We followed, and when we took our seats at the table made a motley group. The conversation was lively and unconstrained, but I remember little of what was said.

After dinner, the Princes von Oldenburg were announced. We then went up to Frau von Goethe's apartment, where Fräulein Agnes Tieck seated herself at the piano, and gave us the song "Im Felde schleich ich still und wild," with a fine alto voice, and so thoroughly in the spirit of the situation, that it made quite an ineffaceable impression on the mind.

I dined today with Goethe and Frau von Goethe alone; and as it often happens that a conversation begun on one day is continued on another, so was it on this occasion. Rossini's "Moses" was again spoken of, and we recalled with pleasure Goethe's lively invention the day before yesterday.

"What I said, in the merriment and good-humour of the moment, about 'Moses,'" said he, "I cannot recall; for such things are done quite unconsciously. But of this I am certain, that I cannot enjoy an opera unless the story is as perfect as the music, so that the two may keep pace one with another. If you ask what opera I consider good, I would name the 'Wasserträger' (Water-Carrier); for here the subject is so perfect, that, if given as a mere drama, without music, it could be seen with pleasure. Composers either do not understand the importance of a good foundation, or they have not intelligent poets who know to assist them with good stories. If 'Der Freischütz' had not been so good a subject, the mere music would hardly have drawn such crowds; and therefore Herr Kind should have some share in the honour."

After various discussion on this subject, we spoke of Professor Göttling, and his travels in Italy.

"I cannot blame the good man," said Goethe, "for speaking of Italy with such enthusiasm; I well know what I experienced myself. Indeed, I may say that only in Rome have I felt what it really is to be a man. To this elevation, to this happiness of feeling, I have never since arisen; indeed, compared with my situation at Rome, I have never since felt real gladness.

"But," continued Goethe, after a pause, "we will not give ourselves up to melancholy thoughts. How do you get on with your 'Fair Maid of Perth?' How far have you read? Tell me all about it."

"I read slowly," said I. "However, I am now as far as the scene where Proudfoot, when in Henry Smith's armour he imitates his walk and whistle, is slain, and on the following morning is found in the streets of Perth by the citizens, who, taking him for Smith, raise a great alarm through the city."

"Ay," said Goethe, "that scene is remarkable; it is one of the best."

"I have been particularly struck," said I, "with Walter Scott's great talent for disentangling confused situations, so that the whole separates itself into masses and quiet pictures, which leave on our minds an impression as if, like omniscient beings, we had looked down and seen events which were occurring at the same time in various places."

"Generally," said Goethe, "he shows great understanding of art; for which reason we, and those like us, who always particularly look to see how things are done, find a double interest and the greatest profit in his works.

"I will not anticipate, but you will find in the third volume and admirable contrivance. You have already seen how the prince in council

makes the wise proposal to let the rebel Highlanders destroy one another in combat, and how Palm Sunday is appointed for the day when the hostile clans are to come down to Perth, and to fight for life or death, thirty against thirty. You will see with admiration how Scott manages to make one man fail on one side on the decisive day, and with what art he contrives to bring his hero Smith from a distance into the vacant place among the combatants. This is admirably done; and you will be delighted when you come to it.

"But, when you have finished the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' you must at once read 'Waverley,' which is indeed from a quite different point of view, but which may, without hesitation, be set beside the best works that have ever been written in this world. We see that it is the same man who wrote the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' but that he has yet to gain the favour of the public, and therefore collects his forces so that he may not give a touch that is short of excellence. The 'Fair Maid of Perth,' on the other hand, is from a freer pen; the author is now sure of his public, and he proceeds more at liberty. After reading 'Waverley,' you will understand why Walter Scott still designates himself the author of that work; for there he showed what he could do, and he has never since written anything to surpass, or even equal, that first published novel."

Thurs. evening, Oct. 9.

In honour of Tieck, a very pleasant tea-party was given this evening in the apartments of Frau von Goethe. I made the acquaintance of Count and Countess Medem. The latter told me that she had seen Goethe today, and had been highly delighted by the impression he had made. The count was especially interested about "Faust" and its continuation, and conversed with me about it for some time with much animation.

We had hoped that Tieck would read something aloud, and he did so. The party retired into a more remote room, and after all had comfortably seated themselves in a wide circle on chairs and sofas, he read "Clavigo."

I had often read and felt this drama; but now it appeared to me quite new, and produced an effect such as I had scarcely experienced before. It seemed as if I heard it from the stage, only better; every character and situation was more perfectly felt: it produced the impression of a theatrical representation in which each part is well performed.

It would be hard to say what parts Tieck read best; whether those in which the powers and passions of the male characters are developed; or the quiet clear scenes addressed to the understanding; or the moments of tortured love. For giving expression to passages of this last sort, he had especial qualifications. The scene between Marie and Clavigo is still ringing in my ears; the oppressed bosom; the faltering and trembling of the voice; the broken half-stifled words and sounds; the panting and sighing of a hot breath accompanied with tears;—all this is still present with me, and will never be forgotten. Every one was absorbed in listening, and wholly carried away. The lights burned dim; nobody

thought of that, or ventured to snuff them, for fear of the slightest interruption. Tears constantly dropping from the eyes of the ladies showed the deep effect of the piece, and were the most hearty tribute that could be paid to the reader of the poet.

Tieck had finished, and rose, wiping the perspiration from his forehead; but the hearers seemed still fettered to their chairs. Each man appeared too deeply engaged with what had just been passing through his soul, to have ready the suitable words of gratitude for him who had produced so wonderful an effect upon us all. Gradually, however, we recovered ourselves. The company arose, and talked cheerfully with one another. Then we partook of a supper which stood ready on little tables in the adjoining rooms.

Goethe himself was not present this evening; but his spirit and a remembrance of him were living among us all. He sent an apology to Tieck; and to his daughters, Agnes and Dorothea, two handkerchief-pins, with his own picture and red ribbons, which Frau von Goethe gave them, and fastened to their dresses like little orders.

Fri., Oct. 10.

From Mr. William Frazer, of London, editor of the "Foreign Review," I received, this morning, two copies of the third number of that periodical, and gave one of them to Goethe at dinner.

I found again a pleasant dinner party, invited in honour of Tieck and the Countess, who, at the urgent request of Goethe and their other friends, had remained another day, the rest of the family having set off in the morning for Dresden.

At table a special subject of conversation was English literature, and particularly Walter Scott, on which occasion Tieck said, that he brought to Germany the first copy of Waverley ten years ago.

Sat., Oct. 11.

The above-mentioned number of the "Foreign Review" contained, with a variety of other important and interesting articles, a very fine essay by Carlyle, upon Goethe, which I studied this morning.

I went to Goethe a little earlier to dinner, that I might have an opportunity of talking this over with him before the arrival of the other guests. I found him, as I wished, still alone, expecting the company. He wore his black coat and star, with which I so much like to see him. He appeared today in quite youthful spirits, and we began immediately to speak on topics interesting to both. Goethe told me that he likewise had been looking at Carlyle's article this morning, and thus we were both in a position to exchange commendations of these foreign attempts.

"It is pleasant to see," said Goethe, "how the earlier pedantry of the Scotch has changed into earnestness and profundity. When I recollect how the 'Edinburgh Reviewers' treated my works not many years since, and when I now consider Carlyle's merits with respect to German

literature, I am astonished at the important step for the better."

"In Carlyle," said I, "I venerate most of all the mind and character which lie at the foundation of his tendencies. The chief point with him is the culture of his own nation; and, in the literary productions of other countries, which he wishes to make known to his contemporaries, he pays less attention to the arts of talent, than to the moral elevation which can be attained through such works."

"Yes," said Goethe, "the temper in which he works is always admirable. What an earnest man he is! and how he has studied us Germans! He is almost more at home in our literature than ourselves. At any rate, we cannot vie with him in our researches in English literature."

"The article," said I, "is written with a fire and impressiveness which show that there are many prejudices and contradictions to contend with in England. 'Wilhelm Meister' especially seems to have been placed in an unfavourable light by malevolent critics and bad translators. Carlyle, on the contrary, behaves very well. To the stupid objection that no virtuous lady could read 'Wilhelm Meister,' he opposes the example of the late Queen of Prussia, who made herself familiar with the book, and was rightly esteemed one of the first women of her time."

Some of the guests came in now, whom Goethe received. He then turned to me again, and I continued.

"Carlyle has, indeed," said I, "studied 'Meister,' and, being so thoroughly penetrated with its value, he would like to see it universally circulated,—would like to see every cultivated mind receive similar profit and enjoyment."

Goethe drew me to a window to answer me.

"My dear young friend," said he, "I will confide to you something which may help you on a great deal. My works cannot be popular. He who thinks and strives to make them so is in error. They are not written for the multitude, but only for individuals who desire something congenial, and whose aims are like my own."

He wished to say more; but a young lady who came up interrupted him, and drew him into conversation. I turned to the others, and soon afterwards we sat down to table.

I could pay no attention to the conversation that was going on; Goethe's words were impressed upon me, and entirely occupied my mind.

"Really," thought I, "a writer like him, an intellect so exalted, a nature so comprehensive, how can he be popular? Can even a small part of him be popular? even those songs which convivial companies or enamoured maidens sing, and which again are not for others?

"And, rightly regarded, is not this the case with everything extraordinary? Is Mozart, is Raphael popular? and is not the relation of the world towards these great fountains of overflowing spiritual life like that of some dainty person, who is pleased now and then to snatch up a little that may for a while afford higher enjoyment.

"Yes," I continued, in my own mind, "Goethe is right. He cannot be

popular to his full extent; his works are only for individuals who desire something congenial, and whose pursuits are like his own. They are for contemplative natures, who wish to penetrate into the depths of the world and human nature, and follow in his path. They are for those susceptible of passionate enjoyment, who seek in the poet the bliss and woe of the heart. They are for young poets who would learn how to express their feelings, and how to treat a subject artistically. They are for critics, who find there a model for the best rules of judgment, and also for the means of making a criticism interesting and attractive, so that it may be read with pleasure.

"His works are for the artist, inasmuch as they enlighten his mind generally, and teach him particularly what subjects are suited to works of art; what he should use, and what leave aside. They are for the observer of nature, not only because great laws are discovered and taught him, but, still more, because they give him the method by which the intellect must proceed with nature to make her reveal her mysteries.

"In short, all those who are making efforts in science or art, may be guests at the richly-provided banquet of his works, and in their productions bear witness to the great general source of light and life from which they have drawn."

These and similar thoughts were in my head all dinner-time. I thought of individuals, of many a good German artist, of natural philosophers, poets, and critics, who owed to Goethe a great part of their culture. I thought of intellectual Italians, Frenchmen, and Englishmen, who have their eyes upon him, and who have worked in his spirit.

In the mean while, all around me were jesting and talking, and partaking of the good fare. I spoke now and then a word, but without exactly knowing what I said. A lady put a question to me, to which, it seems, I did not render a very appropriate answer: they all laughed at me.

"Let Eckermann alone," said Goethe. "He is always absent, except when he is at the theatre."

They laughed at me again; but I did not regard it. I felt myself, today, peculiarly happy. I blessed my fate, which, after many singular dispensations, had associated me with the few who enjoy the conversation and intimacy of a man whose greatness I had deeply felt only a few moments since, and whom I now had personally before my eyes, in all his amiability.

Biscuits and some very fine grapes were brought for dessert. The latter had been sent from a distance, and Goethe would not say whence they came. He divided them, and handed me a very ripe branch across the table.

"Here, my good friend," said he, "eat these sweets, and much good may they do you."

I highly enjoyed the grapes from Goethe's hand, and was now quite near him both in body and soul.

They talked of the theatre, and of Wolff's great merits, and of what

had been done by that excellent artist.

"I know very well," said Goethe, "that our earlier actors learned much from me, but I can properly call none but Wolff my pupil. I will give you an instance, which I am very fond of repeating, to show how thoroughly he was penetrated with my principles, and how fully he acted in my spirit. I was once very angry with Wolff for various reasons. He played one evening, and I was sitting in my box. 'Now,' thought I to myself, 'you can keep a sharp look out upon him; for there is not, today, a spark of affection within you, which can speak out for him and excuse him. Wolff acted, and I kept my sharp eye fixed upon him. And how did he act! How safe—how firm he was! It was impossible to find out in him even the shadow of an offence against the rules which I had implanted in him, and I saw that a reconciliation with him was inevitable.'"

(Sup.*) Fri., Oct. 17.

Goethe has, for some time past been reading the "Globe" very eagerly, and he often makes this paper the subject of his conversation. The endeavours of Cousin and his school appear to him especially important.

"These men," said he, "are quite on the way to effect an approximation between France and Germany, inasmuch as they form a language which is entirely fitted to facilitate the interchange of ideas between the two nations."

The "Globe" has also a particular interest for Goethe, because the newest productions in French belles-lettres are reviewed, and the freedom of the romantic school, or rather the emancipation from the fetters of unmeaning rules, is often defended in a very animated manner.

"What is the use of the whole lumber of rules belonging to a stiff antiquated time," said he today, "and what is the use of all the noise about classical and romantic! The point is for a work to be thoroughly good and then it is sure to be classical."

Mon., Oct. 20.

Oberbergrath[1] Nœggerath of Bonn, on his return from the meeting of natural philosophers at Berlin, was a very welcome guest today at Goethe's table. There was much talk about mineralogy, and the worthy stranger gave us some profound information about the mineralogical phenomena in the neighbourhood of Bonn.

After dinner we went into the room where there is the colossal bust of Juno. Goethe showed the guests a long slip of paper, with outlines of the frieze of the temple at Phigalia. While we were looking at these, the remark was made that the Greeks, in representing animals, adhered less to nature than to certain conventional rules, and there was an attempt to prove, that in representations of this kind they are inferior to nature, and that their

1 Literally, "Upper-Mine-Councillor"—a superior officer in a mining office.—Trans.

rams, oxen, and horses, as they appear in bas-relief, are often very stiff, shapeless, and imperfect creatures.

"I will not dispute with you about that point," said Goethe; "but before all things, we must distinguish the time and the artist from which such works proceed. For numbers of masterpieces have been found, in which the Greek artists, in representing animals, have not only equalled, but even far surpassed nature. The English, who understand horses better than any nation in the world, are now compelled to acknowledge that two antique heads of horses are more perfect in their forms than those of any race now existing upon earth.

"These heads are from the best Greek period, and while we are astonished at such works, we should not so much infer that the artists have copied from a more perfect nature than we now possess, as that they themselves had become of some value in the progress of art, so that they turned to nature with their own personal greatness."

While all this was said, I stood on one side, looking at an engraving with a lady, at one of the tables, and could only lend half an ear to Goethe's words; but so much the deeper did they sink into my mind.

After the company had gradually departed, and I was alone with Goethe, who stood by the stove, I approached him.

"Your excellency," said I, "made an excellent remark a little while ago, when you said that the Greeks turned to nature with their own greatness, and I think that we cannot be too deeply penetrated with this maxim."

"Yes, my good friend," said Goethe, "all depends upon this; one must be something in order to do something. Dante seems to us great; but he had the culture of centuries behind him. The house of Rothschild is rich; but it has taken more than one generation to accumulate such treasures. All these things lie deeper than is thought.

"Our worthy artists who imitate the old German school know nothing of all this; they proceed to the imitation of nature with their own personal weakness and artistic incapacity, and fancy they are doing something. They stand below nature. But whoever will produce anything great, must so improve his culture that, like the Greeks, he will be able to elevate the mere trivial actualities of nature to the level of his own mind, and really carry out that which, in natural phenomena, either from internal weakness or external obstacles, remains a mere intention."

Wed., Oct. 22.

Today at dinner we talked about ladies, and Goethe expressed himself very beautifully. "Women," said he, "are silver dishes into which we put golden apples. My idea of women is not abstracted from the phenomena of actual life, but has been born with me, or arisen in me, God knows how. The female characters which I have drawn have therefore all turned out well; they are all better than could be found in reality."

Goethe spoke today with great respect of a little paper of the Chancellor's, on the subject of the Grand-Duke Charles Augustus, which reviews, in a short compass, the active life of this remarkable prince.

"He has been very happy with this little work," said Goethe; "the materials are brought together with great circumspection and care; then all is animated with the breath of the heartiest love, while at the same time the style is so close, that one act follows immediately upon another, and we almost feel a mental giddiness in the contemplation of such fulness of life and action. The Chancellor has also sent his work to Berlin, and received some time ago a highly remarkable letter from Alexander von Humboldt, which I could not read without deep emotion. Humboldt was on the most intimate terms with the Grand-Duke during a long life; which certainly is not to be wondered at, since the profound and highly endowed nature of the Prince was always athirst for fresh knowledge, and Humboldt, with his great universality, was just the man to be always ready with the best and profoundest answer to every question.

"Now, it is a singular fact that the Grand-Duke passed the very last days before his death at Berlin, in almost constant intercourse with Humboldt, and that he was at last able to obtain from his friend the solution of many important problems which lay upon his heart. Further, the circumstance that one of the greatest princes whom Germany had ever possessed had such a man as Humboldt to witness his last days and hours, could not fail of producing a favourable effect. I have made a copy of the letter, and will impart some passages to you."

Goethe rose and went to his desk, whence he took the letter, and then reseated himself at the table. He read for some time in silence. I saw tears in his eyes. "Read it for yourself," said he, whilst he handed it to me. He rose and walked up and down the room whilst I read:—

"Who could have been more shocked at the sudden departure of the illustrious deceased," writes Humboldt, "than I, whom he treated during thirty years with such kind distinction, I may say with such sincere predilection. Even here he would have me near him almost every hour; and as if this great brightness, as with the lofty snow capped Alps, were the forerunner of departing light, never have I seen the great humane prince more animated, more intelligent, more mild, more sympathizing with the further development of the people, than in the last days when we had him here. I frequently said to my friends, anxiously and full of misgivings, that this animation, this mysterious clearness of intellect, combined with so much bodily weakness, was to me a fearful phenomenon. He himself evidently vacillated between hope of recovery and expectation of the great catastrophe.

"When I saw him at breakfast four-and-twenty hours previously to this, though he was ill and without appetite, he still questioned me cheerfully upon the granite of the shores of the Baltic which had just been brought from Sweden, upon the tails of the comets which might dim our atmosphere, and upon the cause of the extreme severity of the winter on all the eastern coasts.

"When I saw him for the last time, he pressed my hand at my departure, and cheerfully said—'Do you believe, Humboldt, that Töplitz and all the warm springs are like water artificially heated? We will discuss that at Töplitz, when you come there with the king. You will see that your old kitchen fire will still make me hold together for a while.' Strange! for with such a man everything is of importance.

"In Potsdam, I sat many hours alone with him upon his couch; he drank and slept alternately, then drank again, then rose to write to his consort, and then slept again. He was cheerful, but much exhausted. In the intervals, he overpowered me with the most difficult questions upon physics, astronomy, meteorology, and geognosy; upon the transparency of the nucleus of a comet; upon the atmosphere of the moon; upon the coloured double stars; upon the influence of the spots in the sun upon temperature; upon the appearance of organized forms in the primitive world; and upon the internal warmth of the earth. He slept at intervals during his discourse and mine, was often restless, and then said, mildly and kindly excusing his apparent inattention, 'You see, Humboldt, it is all over with me!'

"Suddenly, he began to talk desultorily upon religious matters. He regretted the increase of pietism, and the connection of this species of fanaticism with a tendency towards political absolutism, and a suppression of all free mental action. 'Then,' he exclaimed, 'there are false-hearted fellows who think that by means of pietism they can make themselves agreeable to princes, and obtain places and ribbons. They have smuggled themselves in with a poetical predilection for the middle ages.'

"His anger soon abated, and he said that he now found much consolation in the Christian religion. 'It is a human doctrine,' said he, 'but has been distorted from the beginning. The first Christians were the free-thinkers among the ultras.'"

I expressed to Goethe my delight at this noble letter. "You see," said Goethe, "what an extraordinary man he was. But how good it is of Humboldt to have taken up these last few traits, which may certainly serve as a symbol in which the whole nature of this eminent prince is reflected. Yes, such he was! —I can say it better than any one, for no one knew him so thoroughly as I did. But is it not lamentable that there is no distinction, and that such a man must depart from us so early! Had he staid with us only a poor century more, how, in his high position, could he have advanced his age! But mark this. The world will not attain its goal so speedily as we expect and desire. There are always retarding demons, who start in opposition at every point, so that although the whole progresses, it is but slowly. Only live on, and you will find that I am right."

"The development of mankind," said I, "appears to be laid out as a work for thousands of years."

"Perhaps millions," said Goethe—"who knows? But let mankind last as long as it may, it will never lack obstacles to give it trouble, and never lack the pressure of necessity to develop its powers.

"Men will become more clever and more acute, but not better, happier, and stronger in action, or at least only at epochs. I foresee the time when God will have no more joy in them, but will break up everything for a renewed creation. I am certain that everything is planned to this end, and that the time and hour are already fixed in the distant future for the occurrence of this renovating epoch. But a long time will elapse first, and we may still for thousands and thousands of years amuse ourselves in all sorts of ways on this dear old surface."

Goethe was in a particularly good and elevated mood. He ordered a bottle of wine, and filled for himself and me. Our conversation again turned upon the Grand Duke Charles Augustus.

"You see," said Goethe, "how his extraordinary mind embraced the whole kingdom of nature. Physics, astronomy, geognosy, meteorology, vegetable and animal formations of the primitive world, and everything of the sort;—he had a mind for all and took interest in them all. He was eighteen years of age when I came to Weimar; but even then the buds showed what the tree would one day become. He soon attached himself most intimately to me, and took a deep interest in all that I did. It was advantageous to our intercourse that I was ten years older than he. He sat whole evenings with me, in earnest conversation on the subjects of art and nature, and other excellent topics. We often sat together deep into the night, and not unfrequently we both fell asleep on one sofa. We worked together for fifty years, and it is no wonder that we at last achieved something."

"So thorough a cultivation as the Grand Duke seems to have received is probably rare among princes."

"Very seldom!" returned Goethe. "There are, indeed, many who are capable of conversing very cleverly on every subject, but they have it not at heart, and only dabble upon the surface. And it is no wonder, if one considers the frightful dissipations and distractions which accompany a court life, and to which a young prince is exposed. He must take notice of everything; he must know a bit of this and a bit of that. Under such circumstances, nothing can take root; and it requires a strong natural foundation not to end in smoke in the face of such constant demands. The Grand-Duke was indeed a born great man; and in this all is said, and all is done."

"With all his highly scientific and intellectual tendencies," said I, "he appears to have understood the art of government."

"He was a man of one piece," returned Goethe, "and with him everything flowed from one single great source. And as the whole was good, so the individual parts were good, let him do as he might. But he possessed three especially useful qualities for carrying on a government. He had the talent of discriminating between minds and characters, and of placing every one in his proper place. That was a great point. Then he possessed another gift as great, if not greater: he was animated by the noblest benevolence, by the purest philanthropy, and with his whole soul aimed only at what was best. He always thought first of the happiness

of his country, and only at last a little of himself. His hand was always ready and open to meet noble men, and to assist in promoting worthy objects. There was a great deal that was divine in him. He would have liked to promote the happiness of all mankind. Love engenders love, and one who is loved can easily govern.

"Thirdly, he was greater than those who surrounded him. After ten voices which he heard on a certain occasion, he perceived an eleventh, and that a better one, in himself. Strange whispers passed him unheeded, and he was not easily led to commit anything unprincely, by setting aside real merit on which a doubt had been cast, and taking worthless ragamuffins under his protection. He surveyed everything himself, judged for himself, and had in all cases the surest basis in himself. Moreover, he was of a silent nature, and his words were always followed by action."

"How it grieves me," said I, "that I knew nothing of him but his exterior; still that made a deep impression upon me. I see him still in his old drosky, in a worn-out grey cloak and military cap, smoking a cigar, as he drove to the chase, with his favourite hound by his side. I have never seen him ride otherwise than in this ugly old drosky. And never with more than two horses. An equipage with six horses, and coats with orders, do not seem to have been much according to his taste."

"That sort of thing," returned Goethe, "is now almost out of date with princes generally. The only point now is what a man weighs in the scale of humanity; all the rest is nought. A coat with a star, and a chariot with six horses, at all events, imposes on the rudest multitude only, and scarcely that. Then the Grand Duke's old drosky barely hung upon springs. Whoever rode with him had to put up with some desperate shocks. But that was in his way; he liked the rough and inconvenient, and was an enemy to all effeminacy."

"We see traces of that in your poem of 'Ilmenau,'" said I, "in which you appear to have drawn him to the life."

"He was then very young," returned Goethe, "and we certainly led rather a mad life. He was like a fine wine, still in a high state of fermentation. He did not know how to expend his powers, and we often nearly broke our necks. Fagging all day long on horseback, over hedges and ditches, through rivers, up hill and down hill; and then at night encamping in the open air, by a fire in the wood;—this was what he liked. To have inherited a dukedom was in him nothing; but to have taken one by storm, he would have considered something.

"The poem of 'Ilmenau,'" continued Goethe, "contains, as an episode, an epoch which, in the year 1783, when I wrote it, had happened many years before, so that I could describe myself in it as an historical personage, and could hold a conversation with the self of former years. There occurs in it, as you know, a nightly scene after one of the break-neck chases in the mountain. We had built ourselves at the foot of a rock some little huts, and covered them with fir branches, that we might pass the night on dry ground. Before the huts we burned several fires, and we

cooked and spread out the produce of the chase. Knebel, whose tobacco pipe was not then cold, sat next to the fire, and enlivened the company with various dry jokes, whilst the wine-flask passed from hand to hand. Seckendorf the slender, with his long thin limbs, had comfortably stretched himself out by the trunk of a tree, and was humming all sorts of poetics. On one side, in a similar little hut, lay the Grand Duke, in a deep slumber. I myself sat before him, by the glimmering light of the coals, absorbed in various grave thoughts, suffering accessions of regret for the mischief which had been done by my writings. Knebel and Seckendorf do not appear to me to be badly drawn, neither is the young prince, in the gloomy impetuosity of his twentieth year.

He hurries onwards, inconsiderate,
No rock appears too steep, no bridge too small,
Ghastly mischances ever on him wait,
And into Pain's hard arms he oft must fall.
The wild unruly impulse in his breast,
Now here, now there, still sets him roving;
At last he takes his gloomy rest,
When weary of his gloomy moving.
Joyless, though feeling no control,
Sullen, though wild in happiest days,
Wounded and fagged in body and in soul,
On a hard couch his frame he lays.

"That is he exactly. Not the slightest touch is exaggerated. Nevertheless, the Duke soon worked himself out of this 'storm-and-stress period,'[1] into a state of useful clearness, so that on his birthday, in the year 1783, I could well remind him of this image of his earlier days.

"I will not deny that in the beginning he caused me much trouble and anxiety. Yet his noble nature soon cleared itself, and formed itself to the highest degree of perfection, so that it was a pleasure to live and act with him."

"In these early times you made a tour with him through Switzerland," remarked I.

"He was fond of travelling altogether," returned Goethe, "not so much for the sake of amusing himself as to have his eyes and ears open, and notice whatever was good and useful, in order to introduce it into his own country. On this account, agriculture, cattle-breeding, and industry altogether, are infinitely indebted to him. His tendencies were not generally personal or egotistical, but of a purely productive kind; and, indeed, productive for the general good. He has thus acquired a name

1 The "storm-and-stress (Sturm und Drang) period" of German literature, which takes its name from one of Klinger's plays, is that period of unfettered impulse which is particularly represented by Schiller's "Robbers."—Trans.

which has extended far beyond this little country."

"His careless, simple exterior," said I, "appeared to intimate that he did not seek renown, and that he set little store by it. It seemed as if he had become renowned without any effort of his own, merely by means of his own passive excellence."

"There is something peculiar in that," returned Goethe. "Wood burns because it has the proper stuff for that purpose in it; and a man becomes renowned because he has the necessary stuff in him. Renown is not to be sought, and all pursuit of it is vain. A person may, indeed, by skilful conduct and various artificial means, make a sort of name for himself. But if the inner jewel is wanting, all is vanity, and will not last a day. Just the same is it with popular favour. He did not seek it, and he by no means flattered people; but the nation loved him, because it felt that he had a heart for it."

Goethe then mentioned the other members of the Grand Duke's family, and how the mark of a noble character ran through them all. He spoke of the benevolence of the present Regent, and of the great hopes which were entertained of the young Prince, and expatiated with evident love upon the rare qualities of the now reigning Princess, who, in the noblest spirit, was applying great means to alleviate sufferings and to bring forth germs of goodness. "She has at all times been a good angel to her country," said he, "and she becomes so more and more the longer she is united to it. I have known the Grand Duchess since the year 1805, and have had many opportunities of admiring her mind and character. She is one of the best and most distinguished women of our time, and would be so if she were not a princess. And this is the great point, that even when the purple has been laid aside, much that is great, nay, what is really the best, still remains."

We then spoke of the unity of Germany, and in what sense it was possible and desirable.

"I am not uneasy," said Goethe, "about the unity of Germany; our good high roads and future railroads will of themselves do their part. But, above all, may Germany be one in love! and may it always be one against the foreign foe! May it be one, so that German dollars and groschen may be of equal value throughout the whole empire! one, so that my travelling-chest may pass unopened through all the six-and-thirty states! May it be one, so that the town passport of a citizen of Weimar may not be considered insufficient, like that of a mere foreigner, by the frontier officer of a large neighbouring state! May there be no more talk about inland and outland among the German states! In fine, may Germany be one in weight and measure, in trade and commerce, and a hundred similar things which I will not name!

"But if we imagine that the unity of Germany consists in this, that the very great empire should have a single great capital, and that this one great capital would conduce to the development of great individual talent, or to the welfare of the great mass of the people, we are in error.

"A state has been justly compared to a living body with many limbs,

and thus the capital of a state may be compared to the heart, from which life and prosperity flow to the individual members, near and far. But if the members be very distant from the heart, the life that flows to them will become weaker and weaker. A clever Frenchman, I think Dupin, has sketched a chart of the state of culture in France, and has exhibited the greater or less enlightenment of the different departments by a lighter or darker colour. Now, some departments, particularly in the southern provinces remote from the capital, are represented by a perfectly black colour, as a sign of the great darkness which prevails there. But would that be the case if la belle France, instead of one great focus, had ten foci, whence life and light might proceed?

"Whence is Germany great, but by the admirable culture of the people, which equally pervades all parts of the kingdom? But does not this proceed from the various seats of government, and do not these foster and support it? Suppose, for centuries past, we had had in Germany only the two capitals, Vienna and Berlin, or only one of these, I should like to see how it would have fared with German culture, or even with that generally diffused opulence which goes hand in hand with culture. Germany has about twenty universities distributed about the whole empire, and about a hundred public libraries similarly distributed. There is also a great number of collections of art, and collections of objects belonging to all the kingdoms of nature; for every prince has taken care to bring around him these useful and beautiful objects. There are gymnasia and schools for arts and industry in abundance,—nay, there is scarcely a German village without its school. And how does France stand with respect to this last point!

"Then look at the quantity of German theatres, the number of which exceeds seventy, and which are not to be despised as supporters and promoters of a higher cultivation of the people. In no country is the taste for music and singing, and the practice of it so widely spread, as in Germany; and even that is something!

"And now think of such cities as Dresden, Munich, Stuttgard, Cassel, Brunswick, Hanover, and the like; think of the great elements of life comprised within these cities; think of the effect which they have upon the neighbouring provinces; and ask yourself if all this would have been the case if they had not for a long time been the residences of princes?

"Frankfort, Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck, are great and brilliant; their effect upon the prosperity of Germany is incalculable. But would they remain what they are, if they lost their own sovereignty and became incorporated with any great German kingdom as a provincial town? I see reason to doubt this."

Tues., Nov. 18.

Goethe spoke of a new article in the "Edinburgh Review." "It is a pleasure to me," said he, "to see the elevation and excellence to which the English critics now rise. There is not a trace of their former

pedantry, but its place is occupied by great qualities. In the last article—the one on German literature—you will find the following remarks:—'There are people among poets who have a tendency always to occupy themselves with things which another likes to drive from his mind.' What say you to this? There we know at once where we are, and how we have to classify a great number of our most modern literati."

(Sup.*) Wed., Dec. 3.

Today, I had with Goethe a pleasant joke of a very particular kind. Madame Duval, of Centigny, in the Canton of Geneva, who is very skilful in preserving, had sent me, as the produce of her art, some citrons, for the Grand Duchess and Goethe, fully convinced that her preserves as far surpassed all others as Goethe's poems did those of most of his German contemporaries.

The eldest daughter of this lady had long wished for Goethe's autograph; it therefore occurred to me that it would be a good plan to decoy Goethe into writing a poem for my young friend, by using the citrons as a sweet bait.

With the air of a diplomatist charged with an important mission I went to him, and treated with him as one power with another, stipulating for an original poem in his own handwriting, as the price of the offered citrons. Goethe laughed at this joke, which he took in very good part, and immediately asked for the citrons, which he found excellent. A few hours afterwards, I was much surprised to see the following verses arrive as a Christmas present to my young friend:—

That must be a land of bliss
Where the citrons grow like this!
And where ladies find employment
Sweetening them for our enjoyment, &c.

When I saw him again he joked about the great advantages which he could now derive from his poetic profession, whereas in his youth he could not find a purchaser for his "Goetz von Berlichingen." "I adopt your treaty of commerce," said he; "when my citrons are eaten up do not forget to order some more; I will be punctual with my poetic payment."

Tues., Dec. 16.

I dined today with Goethe alone, in his work-room. We talked on various literary topics.

"The Germans," said he, "cannot cease to be Philistines. They are now squabbling about some verses, which are printed both in Schiller's works and mine, and fancy it is important to ascertain which really belong to Schiller and which to me; as if anything could be gained by such investigation—as if the existence of such things were not enough.

Friends, such as Schiller and I, intimate for years, with the same interests, in habits of daily intercourse, and under reciprocal obligations, live so completely into one another, that it is hardly possible to decide to which of the two the particular thoughts belong.

"We have made many distiches together; sometimes I gave the thought, and Schiller made the verse; sometimes the contrary was the case; sometimes he made one line, and I the other. What matters the mine and thine? One must be a thorough Philistine, indeed, to attach the slightest importance to the solution of such questions."

"Something similar," said I, "often happens in the literary world, when people, for instance, doubt the originality of this or that celebrated man, and seek to trace out the sources from whence he obtained his cultivation."

"That is very ridiculous," said Goethe; "we might as well question a strong man about the oxen, sheep and swine, which he has eaten, and which have given him strength.

"We are indeed born with faculties; but we owe our development to a thousand influences of the great world, from which we appropriate to ourselves what we can, and what is suitable to us. I owe much to the Greeks and French; I am infinitely indebted to Shakspeare, Sterne, and Goldsmith; but in saying this I do not show the sources of my culture; that would be an endless as well as an unnecessary task. What is important is to have a soul which loves truth, and receives it wherever it finds it.

"Besides, the world is now so old, so many eminent men have lived and thought for thousands of years, that there is little new to be discovered or expressed. Even my theory of colours is not entirely new. Plato, Leonardo da Vinci, and many other excellent men, have before me found and expressed the same thing in a detached form: my merit is, that I have found it also, that I have said it again, and that I have striven to bring the truth once more into a confused world.

"The truth must be repeated over and over again, because error is repeatedly preached among us, not only by individuals, but by the masses. In periodicals and cyclopædias, in schools and universities; everywhere, in fact, error prevails, and is quite easy in the feeling that it has a decided majority on its side.

"Often, too, people teach truth and error together, and stick to the latter. Thus, a short time ago, I read in an English cyclopædia the doctrine of the origin of Blue. First came the correct view of Leonardo da Vinci, but then followed, as quietly as possible, the error of Newton, coupled with remarks that this was to be adhered to because it was the view generally adopted."

I could not help laughing with surprise when I heard this. "Every wax-taper," I said, "every illuminated cloud of smoke from the kitchen, that has anything dark behind it, every morning mist, when it lies before a steady spot, daily convinces me of the origin of blue colour, and makes me comprehend the blueness of the sky. What the Newtonians mean

when they say that the air has the property of absorbing other colours, and of repelling blue alone, I cannot at all understand, nor do I see what use or pleasure is to be derived from a doctrine in which all thought stands still, and all sound observation completely vanishes."

"My good innocent friend," said Goethe, "these people do not care a jot about thoughts and observations. They are satisfied if they have only words which they can pass as current, as was well shown, and not ill-expressed by my own Mephistophiles:—

Mind, above all, you stick to words,
Thus through the safe gate you will go
Into the fane of certainty;
For when ideas begin to fail
A word will aptly serve your turn, &c.

Goethe recited this passage laughing, and seemed altogether in the best humour. "It is a good thing," said he, "that all is already in print, and I shall go on printing as long as I have anything to say against false doctrine, and those who disseminate it.

"We have now excellent men rising up in natural science," he continued, after a pause, "and I am glad to see them. Others begin well, but afterwards fall off; their predominating subjectivity leads them astray. Others, again, set too much value on facts, and collect an infinite number, by which nothing is proved. On the whole, there is a want of originating mind to penetrate back to the original phenomena, and master the particulars that make their appearance."

A short visit interrupted our discourse, but when we were again alone the conversation returned to poetry, and I told Goethe that I had of late been once more studying his little poems, and had dwelt especially upon two of them, viz., the ballad[1] about the children and the old man, and the "Happy Couple" (*die glücklichen Gatten*).

"I myself set some value on these two poems," said Goethe, "although the German public have hitherto not been able to make much out of them."

"In the ballad," I said, "a very copious subject is brought into a very limited compass, by means of all sorts of poetical forms and artifices, among which I especially praise the expedient of making the old man tell the children's past history down to the point where the present moment comes in, and the rest is developed before our eyes."

"I carried the ballad a long time about in my head," said Goethe, "before I wrote it down. Whole years of reflection are comprised in it, and I made three or four trials before I could reduce it to its present shape."

"The poem of the 'Happy Couple,'" continued Goethe, "is likewise rich in motives; whole landscapes and passages of human life appear in

1 This poem is simply entitled "Ballade," and begins "Herein, O du Guter! du Alter herein!"—Trans.

it, warmed by the sunlight of a charming spring sky, which is diffused over the whole."

"I have always liked that poem," said Goethe, "and I am glad that you have regarded it with particular interest. The ending of the whole pleasantry with a double christening is, I think, pretty enough."

We then came to the "Bürgergeneral" (*Citizen-general*); with respect to which I said that I had been lately reading this piece with an Englishman, and that we had both felt the strongest desire to see it represented on the stage. "As far as the spirit of the work is concerned," said I, "there is nothing antiquated about it; and with respect to the details of dramatic development, there is not a touch that does not seem designed for the stage."

"It was a very good piece in its time," said Goethe, "and caused us many a pleasant evening. It was, indeed, excellently cast, and had been so admirably studied that the dialogue moved along as glibly as possible. Malcomi played Märten, and nothing could be more perfect.

"The part of Schnaps," said I, "seems to me no less felicitous. Indeed, I should not think there were many better or more thankful parts in the repertoire. There is in this personage, as in the whole piece, a clearness, an actual presence, to the utmost extent that can be desired for a theatre. The scene where he comes in with the knapsack, and produces the things one after another, where he puts the moustache on Märten, and decks himself with the cap of liberty, uniform, and sword, is among the best."

"This scene," said Goethe, "used always to be very successful on our stage. Then the knapsack, with the articles in it, had really an historical existence. I found it in the time of the Revolution, on my travels along the French border, when the emigrants, on their flight, had passed through, and one of them might have lost it or thrown it away. The articles it contained were just the same as in the piece. I wrote the scene upon it, and the knapsack, with all its appurtenances, was always introduced, to the no small delight of our actors."

The question whether the "Bürgergeneral" could still be played with any interest or profit, was for a while the subject of our conversation.

Goethe then asked about my progress in French literature, and I told him that I still took up Voltaire from time to time, and that the great talent of this man gave me the purest delight.

"I still know but little of him," said I; "I keep to his short poems addressed to persons, which I read over and over again, and which I cannot lay aside."

"Indeed," said Goethe, "all is good which is written by so great a genius as Voltaire, though I cannot excuse all his profanity. But you are right to give so much time to those little poems addressed to persons; they are unquestionably among the most charming of his works. There is not a line which is not full of thought, clear, bright, and graceful."

"And we see," said I, "his relations to all the great and mighty of the world, and remark with pleasure the distinguished position taken by himself, inasmuch as he seems to feel himself equal to the highest, and

we never find that any majesty can embarrass his free mind even for a moment."

"Yes," said Goethe, "he bore himself like a man of rank. And with all his freedom and audacity, he ever kept within the limits of strict propriety, which is, perhaps, saying still more. I may cite the Empress of Austria as an authority in such matters; she has repeatedly assured me, that in those poems of Voltaire's, there is no trace of crossing the line of convenance."

"Does your excellency," said I, "remember the short poem in which he makes to the Princess of Prussia, afterwards Queen of Sweden, a pretty declaration of love, by saying that he dreamed of being elevated to the royal dignity?"

"It is one of his best," said Goethe, and he recited the lines—

Je vous aimais, princesse, et j'osais vous le dire;
Les Dieux à mon reveil ne m'ont pas tout oté,
Je n'ai perdu que mon empire.

"How pretty that is! And never did poet have his talent so completely at command every moment as Voltaire. I remember an anecdote, when he had been for some time on a visit to Madame du Chatelet. Just as he was going away, and the carriage was standing at the door, he received a letter from a great number of young girls in a neighbouring convent, who wished to play the 'Death of Julius Cæsar' on the birth-day of their abbess, and begged him to write them a prologue. The case was too delicate for a refusal; so Voltaire at once called for pen and paper, and wrote the desired prologue, standing, upon the mantlepiece. It is a poem of perhaps twenty lines, thoroughly digested, finished, perfectly suited to the occasion, and, in short, of the very best class."

"I am very desirous to read it," said I.

"I doubt," said Goethe, "whether you will find it in your collection. It has only lately come to light, and, indeed, he wrote hundreds of such poems, of which many may still be scattered about among private persons."

"I found of late, a passage in Lord Byron," said I, "from which I perceived with delight that even Byron had an extraordinary esteem for Voltaire. We may see in his works how much he liked to read, study, and make use of Voltaire."

"Byron," said Goethe, "knew too well where anything was to be got, and was too clever not to draw from this universal source of light."

The conversation then turned entirely upon Byron, and several of his works, and Goethe found occasion to repeat many of his former expressions of admiration for that great genius.

"To all that your Excellency says of Byron," said I, "I agree from the bottom of my heart; but, however great and remarkable that poet may be as a genius, I very much doubt whether a decided gain for pure human culture is to be derived from his writings."

"There I must contradict you," said Goethe; "the audacity and grandeur of Byron must certainly tend towards culture. We should take care not to be always looking for it in the decidedly pure and moral. Everything that is great promotes cultivation as soon as we are aware of it."

(Sup.) Sun., Dec. 21.

Last night I had a strange dream, which I related to Goethe this evening, and which he thought very pleasant. I imagined myself in a foreign town, in a broad street, towards the south-east, where I stood with a crowd of men, and watched the heavens, which appeared covered with a light mist and shone with the brightest yellow. Every one was full of expectation as to what would happen, when two fiery points appeared, which, like meteor stones, fell to the ground before us with a crash, not far from the spot where we were standing. We hastened to see what had fallen, and behold! there stood before me Faust and Mephistophiles. I was both delighted and astonished, and joining them as acquaintance, walked along with them in cheerful conversation, turning the next corner of a street.

What we said I do not remember, yet the impression of their personal appearance was so peculiar, that it is still perfectly distinct to me, and not easily to be forgotten. Both were younger than one is accustomed to consider them; and, indeed, Mephistophiles might have been about one-and-twenty years of age, and Faust about seven-and-twenty. The former appeared thoroughly gentlemanlike, cheerful, and free; and stepped along as lightly as any Mercury. His countenance was handsome without malice; and one would not have discerned that he was the devil, had it not been for two elegant horns which sprouted from his youthful forehead, and turned sideways, just as a beautiful growth of hair raises itself, and then turns to each side. When, as we went along, Faust, in speaking, turned his countenance towards me, I was astonished at the peculiarity of the expression; the noblest moral feeling and benevolence spoke in every feature, as the prevailing original character of his nature. He appeared as if, in spite of his youth, all human joys, sorrows, and thoughts had already passed through his soul, so careworn was his countenance. He was rather pale, and so attractive that one could not look at him enough. I endeavoured to impress his features upon my mind, in order to draw them. Faust walked on the right, Mephistophiles between us two, and I still retain the impression of the manner in which Faust turned his fine peculiar countenance, in order to speak with Mephistophiles or with me. We went through the streets, and the crowd dispersed without taking further notice of us.

Wed., Feb. 4.

"I have continued to read Schubart," said Goethe. "He is, indeed, a remarkable man, and he says much that is excellent, if we translate it into our own language. The chief tendency of his book is to show that there is a point of view beyond the sphere of philosophy, —namely, that of commonsense; and that art and science, independently of philosophy, and by means of a free action of natural human powers, have always thriven best. This is grist for our mill. I have always kept myself free from philosophy. The common-sense point of view was also mine; and hence Schubart confirms what I myself have been saying and doing all my life.

"The only thing I cannot commend in him is this, that he knows certain things better than he will confess, and does not therefore go quite honestly to work. Like Hegel, he would bring the Christian religion into philosophy, though it really has nothing to do with it. Christianity has a might of its own, by which dejected, suffering humanity is re-elevated from time to time, and when we grant it this power, it is raised above all philosophy, and needs no support therefrom. Neither does the philosopher need the countenance of religion to prove certain doctrines; as, for instance, eternal duration. Man should believe in immortality; he has a right to this belief; it corresponds with the wants of his nature, and he may believe in the promises of religion. But if the philosopher tries to deduce the immortality of the soul from a legend, that is very weak and inefficient. To me, the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity; if I work on incessantly till my death, nature is bound to give me another form of existence when the present one can no longer sustain my spirit."

My heart, at these words, beat with admiration and love.

"Never," thought I, "was a doctrine spoken more inciting to noble minds than this. For who will not work and act indefatigably to the end of his days, when he finds therein the pledge of an eternal life?"

Goethe had a portfolio brought, full of drawings and engravings. After he had looked at some in silence, he showed me a fine engraving after a picture of Ostade's.

"Here," said he, "you have the scene of our goodman and goodwife."

I looked at the engraving with much pleasure. I saw the interior of a peasant's dwelling, with kitchen, parlour, and bed-room, all in one.

Man and wife sat opposite one another; the wife spinning, the husband winding yarn; a child at their feet. In the background was a bed, and everywhere there was nothing but the rudest and most necessary household utensils. The door led at once into the open air. This idea of a happy marriage in a very limited condition was perfectly conveyed by this engraving; comfort, content, and a certain luxuriance in the loving emotions of matrimony, were expressed in the face of both man and wife, as they looked upon one another.

"The longer one looks," said I, "at this picture, the happier one feels; it has quite a peculiar charm."

"It is the charm of sensuality," said Goethe, "with which no art can dispense, and which in subjects of this kind reigns in all its fulness. On the other hand, in works of a higher kind, when the artist goes into the ideal, it is difficult to keep up the proper degree of sensuality, so as not to become dry and cold. Then youth or age may be favourable or impeding, and hence the artist should reflect on his age, and select his subjects accordingly. I succeeded with my 'Iphigenia' and 'Tasso,' because I was young enough to penetrate and animate the ideal of the stuff with sensual feeling. At my present age, such ideal subjects would no longer be suited to me, and I do right in selecting those which comprise within themselves a certain degree of sensuality. If the Genasts stay here, I shall write two pieces for you, both in one act and in prose. One will be of the most cheerful kind, and end with a wedding; the other will be shocking and terrible, and two corpses will be on the stage at the termination. The latter proceeds from Schiller's time, who wrote a scene of it at my request. I have long thought over both these subjects, and they are so completely present to my mind, that I could dictate either of them in a week, as I did my 'Bürgergeneral.'"

"Do so," said I; "write the two pieces at all events; it will be a recreation to you after the 'Wanderjahre,' and will operate like a little journey. And how pleased the world would be, if, contrary to the expectation of every one, you did something more for the stage."

"As I said," continued Goethe, "if the Genasts stay here, I am not sure that I shall not indulge in this little pleasantry. But without this prospect there is but small inducement; for a play upon paper is nought. The poet must know the means with which he has to work, and must adapt his characters to the actors who are to play them. If I can reckon upon Genast and his wife, and take besides La Roche, Herr Winterberger, and Madame Seidel, I know what I have to do, and can be certain that my intentions will be carried out.

"Writing for the stage," he continued, "is something peculiar, and he who does not understand it thoroughly, had better leave it alone. Every one thinks that an interesting fact will appear interesting on the boards,—nothing of the kind! Things may be very pretty to read, and very pretty to think about; but as soon as they are put upon the stage the effect is quite different, and that which has charmed us in the closet will probably fall flat on the boards. If any one reads my

'Hermann and Dorothea,' he thinks it might be brought out at the theatre. Töpfer has been inveigled into the experiment; but what is it, what effect does it produce, especially if it is not played in a first-rate manner, and who can say that it is in every respect a good piece? Writing for the stage is a trade that one must understand, and requires a talent that one must possess. Both are uncommon, and where they are not combined, we shall scarcely have any good result."

Mon., Feb. 9.

Goethe talked of the "Wahlverwandtschaften," especially remarking, that a person whom he had never seen or known in his life had supposed the character of Mittler to be meant for himself.

"There must," said he, "be some truth in the character, and it must have existed more than once in the world. Indeed, there is not a line in the 'Wahlverwandtschaften' that is not taken from my own experience, and there is more in it than can be gathered by any one from a first reading."

Tues., Feb. 10.

I found Goethe surrounded by maps and plans referring to the building of the Bremen harbour, for which great undertaking he showed an especial interest.

There was then much talk about Merck, and Goethe read me a poetical epistle written from Merck to Wieland in 1776, in very spirited but somewhat hard, doggrel verse (Knüttelverse). The lively production is especially directed against Jacopi, whom Wieland seems to have over-estimated in a critique in the Merkur—a fault which Merck cannot pardon.

We then talked of the state of culture at the time, and how difficult it was to emerge from the so-called storm-and-stress period to a higher culture; of his first years in Weimar; of the poetic talent in conflict with the reality, which he, from his position at court, and the various sorts of service demanded of him, was, for his own higher advantage, obliged to encounter. Hence nothing poetical of importance was produced during the first ten years. He read several fragments, and showed how he was saddened by love affairs, and how his father always was impatient of the court life.

Then we came to the advantage that he did not change his place of abode, and was not obliged to go twice through the same experience; then came his flight to Italy, in order to revive his poetic power,—the superstitious fancy that he would not succeed if any one knew about it, and the profound secrecy in consequence; how he wrote to the Grand Duke from Rome, and returned from Italy with great requisitions upon himself.

Next we talked of the Duchess Amelia—a perfect princess, with perfectly sound sense, and an inclination for the enjoyment of life. She

was very fond of Goethe's mother, and wished her to come to Weimar, but he opposed it.

Then about the first beginnings of "Faust."—"'Faust' sprang up at the same time with 'Werther.' I brought it with me in 1775 to Weimar; I had written it on letter paper, and had not made an erasure, for I took care not to write down a line that was not worthy to remain."

Wed., Feb. 11.

Oberbaudirector Coudray dined with me at Goethe's house. He spoke much of the Female School of Industry and the Orphan's Institute, as the best establishments in their kind of this country. The first was founded by the Grand Duchess; the latter by the Grand Duke, Charles Augustus. Much was said about theatrical decoration and road-making. Coudray showed Goethe a sketch for a prince's chapel. With respect to the place of the ducal chair, Goethe made some objections, to which Coudray yielded.

Soret came after dinner. Goethe showed us once more the pictures of Herr von Reutern.

Thurs., Feb. 12.

Goethe read me the thoroughly noble poem, "Kein Wesen kann zu nichts zerfallen" (No being can dissolve to nothing), which he had lately written.

"I wrote this poem," said he, "in contradiction to my lines—

Denn alles muss zu nichts zerfallen
Wenn es im Seyn beharren will, &c.

For all must melt away to nothing
Would it continue still to be;

which are stupid, and which my Berlin friends, on the occasion of the late assembly of natural philosophers, set up in golden letters, to my annoyance."

The conversation turned on the great mathematician, Lagrange, whose excellent character Goethe highly extolled.

"He was a good man," said he, "and on that very account, a great man. For when a good man is gifted with talent, he always works morally for the salvation of the world, as poet, philosopher, artist, or in whatever way it may be.

"I am glad," continued Goethe, "that you had an opportunity yesterday of knowing Coudray better. He says little in general society, but, here among ourselves, you have seen what an excellent mind and character reside in the man. He had, at first, much opposition to encounter, but he has now fought through it all, and enjoys the entire confidence and favour of the court. Coudray is one of the most skilful

architects of our time. He has adhered to me and I to him, and this has been of service to us both. If I had but known him fifty years ago!"

We then talked about Goethe's own architectural knowledge. I remarked that he must have acquired much in Italy.

"Italy gave me an idea of earnestness and greatness." said he, "but no practical skill. The building of the castle here in Weimar advanced me more than anything. I was obliged to assist, and even to make drawings of entablatures. I had a certain advantage over the professional people, because I was superior to them in intention."

We talked of Zelter.

"I have a letter from him," said Goethe, "in which he complains that the performance of the oratorio of the Messiah was spoiled for him by one of his female scholars, who sang an aria too weakly and sentimentally. Weakness is a characteristic of our age. My hypothesis is, that it is a consequence of the efforts made in Germany to get rid of the French. Painters, natural philosophers, sculptors, musicians, poets, with but few exceptions, all are weak, and the general mass is no better."

"Yet I do not give up the hope," said I, "of seeing suitable music composed for 'Faust.'"

"Quite impossible!" said Goethe. "The awful and repulsive passages which must occasionally occur, are not in the style of the time. The music should be like that of *Don Juan*. Mozart should have composed for 'Faust.' Meyerbeer would, perhaps, be capable; but he would not touch anything of the kind;[1] he is too much engaged with the Italian theatres."

Afterwards—I do not recollect in connection to what—Goethe made the following important remark:—

"All that is great and skilful exists with the minority. There have been ministers who have had both king and people against them, and have carried out their great plans alone. It is not to be imagined that reason can ever be popular. Passions and feelings may become popular; but reason always remains the sole property of a few eminent individuals."

Fri., Feb. 13.

Dined with Goethe alone.

"After I have finished the 'Wanderjahre,'" said he, "I shall turn to botany again to continue the translation with Soret; I only fear it may lead me too far, and at last prove an incubus. Great secrets still lie hidden; much I know, and of much I have an intimation. I will confide something to you that will sound odd.

"The plant goes from knot to knot, closing at last with the flower and the seed. In the animal kingdom it is not otherwise. The caterpillar and the tape-worm go from knot to knot, and at last form a head. With the higher animals and man, the vertebral bones grow one upon another,

1 It must be borne in mind that this was said before the appearance of "Robert le Diable," which was first produced in Paris, in November, 1831.—Trans.

and terminate with the head, in which the powers are concentrated.

"With corporations it is the same as with individuals. The bees, a series of individuals, connected one with another, at least as a community, produce something, which is the conclusion, and may be regarded as the head of the whole—the queen-bee. How this is managed is a mystery, hard to be expressed, but I may say that I have my thoughts upon it.

"Thus does a nation bring forth its heroes, who stand at the head like demigods to protect and save. Thus were the poetic powers of the French concentrated in Voltaire. Such heads of a nation are great in the generation in which they work; many last longer, but the greater part have their places supplied by others, and are forgotten by posterity."

I was pleased with these remarkable thoughts. Goethe then spoke of the natural philosophers, with whom the great point was to prove their opinion.

"Herr von Buch," said he, "has published a new book, which contains a hypothesis in its very title. He has to treat of the blocks of granite which are scattered about in various directions, without our knowing how or whence they came. But as Herr von Buch entertains the hypothesis that such blocks have been cast forth, and shivered by some internal force, he indicates this in his title, by making mention of dispersed (Zerstreut) granite-blocks, so that the step to dispersion (Zerstreuung) is very short, and the unsuspecting reader finds himself in the toils of error he does not know how.

"One must be old to see all this, and have money enough to pay for one's experience. Every bon mot that I utter costs me a purseful of money; half a million of my private fortune has passed through my hands that I might learn what I know now;—not only the whole of my father's fortune, but my own salary, and my large literary income for more than fifty years. I have, besides, seen a million and a half expended for great objects by the princes, with whom I have been intimately connected, and in whose progress, success, and failure I have been interested.

"More than mere talent is required to become a proficient. One must also live amid important circumstances, and have an opportunity of watching the cards held by the players of the age, and of participating in their gain and loss.

"Without my attempts in natural science, I should never have learned to know mankind such as it is. In nothing else can we so closely approach pure contemplation and thought, so closely observe the errors of the senses and of the understanding, the weak and the strong points of character. All is more or less pliant and wavering, is more or less manageable; but nature understands no jesting; she is always true, always serious, always severe; she is always right, and the errors and faults are always those of man. Him, who is incapable of appreciating her, she despises; and only to the apt, the pure, and the true, does she resign herself, and reveal her secrets.

"The understanding will not reach her; man must be capable of

elevating himself to the highest Reason, to come into contact with the Divinity, which manifests itself in the primitive phenomena (Urphenomenen), which dwells behind them, and from which they proceed.

"The divinity works in the living not in the dead; in the becoming and changing, not in the become and the fixed. Therefore reason, with its tendency towards the divine, has only to do with the becoming, the living; but understanding with the become, the already fixed, that it may make use of it.

"Hence, mineralogy is a science for the understanding, for practical life; for its subjects are something dead, which cannot rise again, and there is no room for synthesis.

"The subjects of meteorology are, indeed, something living, which we daily see working and producing; they presuppose a synthesis, only so many are the co-operating circumstances, that man is not equal to this synthesis, and therefore uselessly wearies himself in observations and inquiries. We steer by hypothesis to imaginary islands; but the proper synthesis will probably remain an undiscovered country; and I do not wonder at this, when I consider how difficult it is to obtain any synthesis even in such simple things as plants and colours."

Sun., Feb. 15.

Goethe received me with much praise, on account of my arrangement of the natural-historical aphorisms for the "Wanderjahre." "Devote yourself to nature," said he; "you are born for that purpose, and as the next task, write a compendium of the 'Theory of Colours.'" We spoke much on this subject.

A chest arrived from the Lower Rhine, containing some antique coins which had been dug up, minerals, small cathedral-figures, and carnival-poems, all of which were unpacked after dinner.

Tues., Feb. 17.

We talked a great deal about Goethe's "Grosskophta."

"Lavater," said Goethe, "believed in Cagliostro and his wonders. When the impostor was unmasked, Lavater maintained, 'This is another Cagliostro, the Cagliostro who did the wonders was a holy person.'

"Lavater was a truly good man, but subject to strong delusions; the whole sole truth was not to his mind; he deceived himself and others. This made a perfect breach between him and me. The last time I saw him was in Zürich; and he did not see me. I was coming in disguise down an avenue; seeing him approach, I stepped aside, and he passed without recognizing me. He walked like a crane, and therefore figures as a crane on the Blocksberg."[1]

I asked whether Lavater had a tendency to observe nature, as we

1 That is to say, in the intermezzo in "Faust."—Trans.

might almost infer from the "Physiognomy."

"Not in the least," said Goethe. "His tendency was wholly towards the moral—the religious. That part of his 'Physiognomy' which relates to the skulls of animals he got from me."

The conversation turned upon the French—upon the lectures of Guizot, Villemain, and Cousin. Goethe spoke with high esteem of the point of view taken by these men; saying that they observed everything on a free and new side, and always went straight to their aim.

"It is," said Goethe, "as if till now we had reached a garden through roundabout, crooked ways; these men, however, have been bold and free enough to pull down a wall, and put a door, so that we get at once into the broadest walk of the garden."

From Cousin we passed to Indian philosophy.

"This philosophy," said Goethe, "if what the Englishman tells us is true, has nothing foreign, but, on the contrary, the epochs through which we all pass are repeated in it. When we are children, we are sensualists; idealists when we love, and attribute to the beloved object qualities which she does not naturally possess. Love wavers; we doubt her fidelity, and are sceptics before we think of it. The rest of life is indifferent; we let it go as it will, and end, like the Indian philosophers, with quietism.

"In the German philosophy there are still two great works to do. Kant did an infinite deal, by writing the 'Critique of Pure Reason;' but the circle is not yet complete. Now, some able man should write the 'Critique of the Senses and Understanding of Man;' and, if this could be as well done, we should have little more to desire in German philosophy.

"Hegel," continued Goethe, "has written, in the Berlin Jahrbücher, a criticism upon Hamann, which I, of late, have read over and over again, and must highly praise. Hegel's judgments as a critic have always been excellent.

"Villemain, too, stands very high in criticism. The French will, indeed, never see another talent to cope with Voltaire; but we can say of Villemain, that he is so far elevated above Voltaire by his intellectual point of view, as to be able to judge him in his virtues and his faults."

Wed., Feb. 18.

We talked of the Theory of Colours, and among other things about drinking glasses, the dull figures on which appear yellow against the light, and blue against the dark, and therefore allow the observation of a primitive phenomenon.

"The highest which man can attain in these matters," said Goethe, on this occasion, "is astonishment; if the primary phenomenon causes this, let him be satisfied; more it cannot bring; and he should forbear to seek for anything further behind it: here is the limit. But the sight of a primitive phenomenon is generally not enough for people; they think they must go still further; and are thus like children who, after peeping

into a mirror, turn it round directly to see what is on the other side."

The conversation turned upon Merck, and I asked whether he had ever meddled with natural science.

"Yes," said Goethe, "he had even fine collections. Merck was altogether an extremely many-sided man. He loved art also; and if he saw a good work in the hands of a Philistine, of whom he thought that he did not know how to value it, he used every means to get it for his own collection. In such matters, he had no conscience; he considered all means fair, and did not despise even a sort of sublime fraud, if he could not attain his object otherwise."

Goethe related some interesting examples of this peculiarity.

"A man like Merck," continued he, "will not again be born, and if he were, the world would model him into a very different person. That was a good time when Merck and I were young! German literature was yet a clean tablet, on which one hoped to paint good things with pleasure. Now, it is so scribbled over and soiled, that there is no pleasure in looking at it, and a wise man does not know whereabouts he can inscribe anything."

Thurs., Feb. 19.

Dined with Goethe tête-a-tête in his work-room. He was very cheerful, and told me that much which was good had lately befallen him, and that an affair with Artaria and the court had come to a happy termination.

We then talked a great deal about "Egmont," which had been represented, according to Schiller's version, on the preceding evening, and the injury done to the piece by this version was brought under discussion.

"For many reasons," said I, "the Regent should not have been omitted; on the contrary, she is thoroughly necessary to the piece. Not only does this princess impart to the whole a higher, nobler character, but the political relations especially of the Spanish court are brought much more clearly to view by her conversation with Machiavelli."

"Unquestionably," said Goethe. "And then Egmont gains in dignity from the lustre which the partiality of this princess casts upon him, while Clara also seems exalted when we see that, vanquishing even princesses, she alone has all Egmont's love. These are very delicate effects, which cannot be obliterated without compromising the whole."

"It seems to me, too," said I, "that where there are so many important male parts, a single female personage like Clara appears too weak and somewhat overpowered. By means of the Regent the picture is better balanced. It is not enough that the Regent is talked of; her personal entrance makes the impression."

"You judge rightly," said Goethe. "When I wrote the piece I well weighed everything, as you may imagine; and hence it is no wonder that the whole materially suffers, when a principal figure is torn out of it, which has been conceived for the sake of the whole, and through which

the whole exists. But Schiller had something violent in his nature; he often acted too much according to a preconceived idea, without sufficient regard to the subject which he had to treat."

"You may be blamed also," said I, "for allowing the alteration, and granting him such unlimited liberty in so important a matter."

"We often act more from indifference than kindness," replied Goethe. "Then, at that time, I was deeply occupied with other things. I had no interest for Egmont or for the stage, so I let Schiller have his own way. Now it is, at any rate, a consolation for me that the work exists in print, and that there are theatres where people are wise enough to perform it, as it is written, without abbreviation."

Goethe then asked me about the *Theory of Colours*, and whether I had thought any more of his proposal to write a compendium. I told him how the matter stood, and we fell unadvisedly into a difference of opinion, which I will describe, on account of the importance of the subject.

Whoever has made the observation, will recollect that on a clear winter's day, and in the sunlight, the shadows cast upon the snow frequently appear blue. This is classed by Goethe, in his *Theory of Colours*, under the subjective phenomena, for he assumes as a principle that the sunlight comes down to us—who do not live on high mountain-tops—not perfectly white, but, penetrating through an atmosphere more or less misty, has a yellowish lustre; so that the snow, when the sun shines upon it, is not perfectly white, but is a surface tinged with yellow, which charms the eye to opposition, and therefore to the production of the blue colour. The blue shadow seen upon the snow is, according to this view, a demanded colour,[1] under which rubric Goethe places the phenomenon, and then very consistently explains the observations made by Saussure on Mount Blanc.

When of late I again looked over the first chapters of the *Theory of Colours*, to try whether I could act upon Goethe's friendly proposal, and write a *Compendium of the Theory*, I was enabled by the snow and sunshine to observe more closely the phenomenon of the blue shadow, and found to my astonishment that Goethe's inference was founded on error. How I came by this discovery I will explain.

The windows of my apartment look due south upon a garden, bounded by a building, which, from the lower altitude of the sun in winter, casts towards me a shadow long enough to cover half the garden.

I looked upon this broad shadow on the snow some days ago, while the sky was quite blue and the sun was bright, and was astonished to see the whole surface perfectly blue. "This," said I to myself, "cannot be a 'demanded colour,' for my eye is not brought into contact with any surface of snow illumined by the sun, so that the required contrast could be produced. On the contrary, I see nothing but the expanse of blue

1 "Geforderte Farbe," that is to say, a colour called forth by the eye itself, according to Goethe's peculiar theory, as explained above.—Trans.

shadow." However, to be quite certain, and to prevent the dazzling light of the neighbouring houses from affecting my eye, I rolled up a sheet of paper, and looked through it on the shaded surface, when I found that the blue remained unaltered.

That this blue shadow could be nothing subjective was now established in my mind beyond a doubt. There stood the colour, without me, independent—my subject had no influence upon it. But what was it? And as it was certainly there, how was it produced?

I looked once more, and, behold, the riddle was solved for me! "What can it be," said I to myself, "but the reflection of the blue sky, which is brought down by the shade, and has an inclination to settle there? For it is written—Colour is akin to shade, readily combines with it, and readily appears to us in it and by it, as soon as an occasion is presented."

The following days gave me an opportunity to confirm my hypothesis. I walked about the fields; there was no blue sky, the sun shone through foggy mists, and spread a perfectly yellow light over the snow. It was strong enough to cast a decided shadow, and in this case, according to Goethe's doctrine, the brightest blue should have been produced. However, there was no blue; the shadows remained grey.

On the following forenoon, when the atmosphere was cloudy, the sun peeped out from time to time, and cast decided shadows upon the snow. Again, they were not blue, but grey. In both cases the reflection of the blue sky was wanting to give the shadow its colour.

I was thus sufficiently convinced that Goethe's deduction of this natural phenomenon was proved to be fallacious, and that the paragraphs in the "Theory of Colours" which treated of this subject were much in need of modification.

Something similar occurred to me with the coloured double shadows, which are seen to peculiar advantage by taperlight at break of day, or at the beginning of evening twilight, as well as by a clear moonlight. That one of the shadows, namely the yellow one, shone upon by the taper-light is of an objective kind, and belongs to the doctrine of dense media, Goethe has not expressly said, although such is the case; the other one, the bluish or bluish-green shadow, shone upon by the purest day or moon light, he declares to be subjective—a "demanded colour," produced in the eye by the yellow light of the taper diffused over the white paper.

Now, on a careful observation of the phenomenon, I did not find this doctrine thoroughly confirmed. On the contrary, it appeared to me that the weak day or moon light, acting from without, already brought with it a bluish tone, which is strengthened partly by the shadow, partly by the "demanding" (fordernd) yellow light of the taper, and that therefore we have an objective foundation here also.

That the dawning day and the moon cast a pale light is well known. A countenance seen at break of day, or by moonlight, appears pale, as is sufficiently proved by experiment. Shakspeare seems to have been aware of this fact, for in that remarkable passage, where Romeo leaves his

beloved at daybreak, and he and Juliet suddenly appear so pale to each other, the observation of it must assuredly have served as a foundation. The operation of this light in producing paleness would of itself be a sufficient indication that it must bring with it a greenish or bluish tinge, since it has precisely the same effect as a mirror of bluish or greenish glass. The following may serve as a further confirmation:—

Light, as seen by the mind's eye, may be conceived as completely white; but the empirical light, as perceived by the corporeal eye, is seldom seen in such purity. On the contrary, it has a tendency to take either the plus or the minus side, and to appear with either a yellowish or bluish tone. In this case, the immediate sunlight, as well as the taperlight, inclines decidedly to the plus side—the yellowish; but the light of the moon, as well as that of dawn and evening twilight, neither of which are direct, but only reflected, and are further modified by twilight and night, incline to the passive—the minus side, and have a bluish tone to the eye.

Let any one place a sheet of white paper in the twilight or moonlight, so that one-half of it may be shone upon by the day or moon light, and the other by the taperlight, then one-half will have a bluish, the other a yellowish tone; and both lights, without any addition of shade, or any subjective heightening, will have already ranged themselves on the active or the passive side.

The result of my observations, therefore, was, that even Goethe's doctrine of the coloured double shadow was not thoroughly correct; that in the production of this phenomenon there was more of the objective than he had observed, and that the law of subjective "demand" (Forderung) could be looked upon as merely secondary.

Indeed, generally, if the human eye were so sensitive and susceptible, that at the slightest contact of one colour it had an immediate tendency to produce the opposite, it would be constantly transferring one colour into another, so that the most unpleasant mixture would arise.

Fortunately, however, this is not the case; but, on the contrary, a healthy eye is so organized that it either does not observe the "demanded" colours, or if its attention is directed towards them, produces them with difficulty; indeed, this operation requires some practice and dexterity before it can succeed even under favourable circumstances.

What is really characteristic in such subjective phenomena, viz., that the eye to a certain extent requires a strong incitement to produce them, and that when they are produced they have no permanence, but are transient and quickly fading, has been too little regarded by Goethe, both in the case of the blue shadow in the snow, and in that of the coloured double-shadow, for in both cases the surface in question has a scarcely perceptible tinge, and in both cases the "demanded" colour appears decidedly marked at the very first glance.

But Goethe, with his adherence to a law he had once recognized, and with his maxim of applying it even in such cases where it seems concealed, could easily be tempted to extend a synthesis too far, and to discern a favourite law even in cases where a totally different influence is

at work.

When today he spoke of his *Theory of Colours*, and asked how the proposed compendium was going on, I would willingly have passed over my new discoveries in silence, for I felt in some perplexity as to how I should tell him the truth without offending him.

Nevertheless, as I was really in earnest with respect to the compendium, it was necessary to remove all errors, and to rectify all misunderstandings, before I could make a sure progress in the task.

All that I could do was to make the frank confession to him that, after careful observation, I found myself compelled to differ from him in some points, inasmuch as I found that neither his deduction of the blue shadow in the snow, nor his doctrine of the coloured double-shadow, was completely confirmed.

I communicated to him my thoughts and observations; but as I have not the gift of describing objects fully and clearly by word of mouth, I confined myself to a statement of the results of my observation, without going into a more minute explanation of details, intending to do this in writing.

However, I had scarcely opened my mouth, when Goethe's sublimely-serene countenance became clouded over, and I saw but too clearly that he did not approve of my objections.

"Truly," said I, "he who would get the better of your Excellency must rise early in the morning; but yet it is possible that the wise may go too far, and the foolish find the spoil."

"As if, forsooth, you had found it," returned Goethe, with an ironical laugh; "with your idea of coloured light you belong to the fourteenth century, and with all the rest you are in the very abyss of dialectics. The only thing good about you is that you are, at any rate, honest enough to speak out plainly what you think.

"My *Theory of Colours*," he continued, "fares just the same as the Christian religion. One fancies, for a while, that one has faithful disciples; but, before one is aware, they fall off and form a new sect. Your are a heretic like the rest, for you are not the first that has apostatized. I have fallen out with the most excellent men about contested points in the *Theory of Colours*, viz., with——about——, and with——about——." Here he mentioned some names of eminence.

We had now finished eating, conversation came to a standstill, and Goethe rose and placed himself against the window. I went up to him and pressed his hand, for I loved him in spite of his taunts, and I felt, moreover, that I was right, and that he was the suffering party.

Before long, we were again talking and joking about indifferent subjects; but when I went to him, and told him that he should have my objections in writing for a closer examination, and that the only reason he did not agree with me lay in the clumsiness of my verbal statement, he could not help, half-laughing and half-sneering, throwing in my teeth something about heretics and heresy at the very doorway.

If it should appear strange that Goethe could not readily bear contradiction with respect to his *Theory of Colours*, while with respect to his poetical works he always showed himself perfectly easy, and heard every well-founded objection with thanks, we may perhaps solve the riddle by reflecting that, as a poet, he received the most perfect satisfaction from without, while, by the *Theory of Colours*, the greatest and most difficult of his works, he had gained nothing but censure and disapproval. During half a life he had been annoyed by the most senseless opposition on every side, and it was natural enough that he should always find himself in a sort of irritable polemic position, and be always fully armed for a passionate conflict.

His feeling for the *Theory of Colours* was like that of a mother who loves an excellent child all the more the less it is esteemed by others.

"As for what I have done as a poet," he would repeatedly say to me, "I take no pride in it whatever. Excellent poets have lived at the same time with myself, poets more excellent have lived before me, and others will come after me. But that in my century I am the only person who knows the truth in the difficult science of colours—of that, I say, I am not a little proud, and here I have a consciousness of a superiority to many."

Fri., Feb. 20.

Dined with Goethe. He is pleased at having finished the "Wanderjahre," which he will send off tomorrow. In the *Theory of Colours* he is coming over a little to my opinion concerning the blue shadow in the snow. He talked of his "Italian journey," which he had again taken under consideration.[1]

He then talked about the fourth volume of his Life, and the method in which he would treat it; saying that my notes on the year 1824, concerning what he had already executed and planned, would be highly useful to him.

He read Göttling's journal aloud, which treats of the former fencing-masters at Jena in a very kindly spirit. Goethe speaks very well of Göttling.

Mon., Mar. 23.

"I have found a paper of mine among some others," said Goethe today, "in which I call architecture 'petrified music.' Really there is something in this; the tone of mind produced by architecture approaches the effect of music.

"Splendid edifices and apartments are for princes and kingdoms. Those who live in them feel at ease and contented, and desire nothing further.

"To my own nature this is quite repugnant. In a splendid abode, like

1 There is no occasion to explain the slight omission here.—Trans.

that which I had at Carlsbad, I am at once lazy and inactive. On the contrary, a small residence, like this poor apartment in which we now are, and where a sort of disorderly order—a sort of gipsy-fashion—prevails, suits me exactly. It allows my inner nature full liberty to act, and to create from itself alone."

We talked of Schiller's letters, the life which he and Goethe had led together, and how the two had daily incited each other to activity.

"Even in 'Faust,'" said I, "Schiller seems to have taken great interest; it is pleasant to see how he urges you, or allows himself to be misled by his idea of continuing 'Faust' himself. I perceive by this that there was something precipitate in his nature."

"You are right," said Goethe, "he was like all men who proceed too much from the idea. Then he was never in repose, and could never have done; as you may see by his letters on 'Wilhelm Meister,' which he would have now this way, and now that way. I had enough to do to stand my ground, and keep his works and mine free from such influences."

"I have," said I, "been reading this morning his 'Indian Death Dirge,' and have been delighted with its excellence."

"You see," said Goethe, "what a great artist Schiller was, and how he could manage even the objective, when brought traditionally before his eyes. That 'Indian Death Song' is certainly one of his very best poems, and I only wish he had made a dozen like it. And yet—can you believe it?—his nearest friends found fault with this poem, thinking it was not sufficiently tinctured with his ideality. Yes, my good fellow, such things one has to suffer from one's friends. Humboldt[1] found fault with my Dorothea, because, when assailed by the soldiers, she took up arms and fought. And yet, without that trait, the character of the extraordinary girl, so adapted to the time and circumstances, is at once destroyed, and she sinks into commonplace. But the longer you live, the more you will see how few men are capable of appreciating what must be, and that, on the contrary, they only praise, and would only have that which is suitable to themselves. These of whom I spoke were the first and best; so you may judge what was the opinion of the multitude, and how, in fact, I always stood alone.

"Had I not had some solid foundation in the plastic arts and natural science, I should scarce have kept myself up in that evil time, and its daily influences; but this was my protection, and enabled me to aid Schiller also.

Tues., Mar. 24.

"The higher a man is," said Goethe, "the more he is under the influence of demons, and he must take heed lest his guiding will counsel him to a

1 Wilhelm von Humboldt.—Trans.

wrong path.

"There was altogether something demoniac in my acquaintance with Schiller; we might have been brought together earlier or later; but that we met just at the time when I had finished my Italian journey, and Schiller began to be weary of philosophical speculation,—this, I say, led to very important consequences for us both."

Thurs., April. 2.

"I will discover to you," said Goethe, today at dinner, "a political secret, which will sooner or later be made public. Capo d'Istria cannot long continue to be at the head of Grecian affairs, for he wants one quality indispensable for such a position; he is no soldier. There is no instance of a mere cabinet statesman being able to organize a revolutionary state, and bring the military and their leaders under his control. With the sabre in his hand, at the head of an army, a man may command and give laws, secure of being obeyed; but without this the attempt is hazardous. Napoleon, if he had not been a soldier, could never have attained the highest power; and Capo d'Istria will not long keep the first place, but will very soon play a secondary part. I tell you this beforehand, and you will see it come. It lies in the nature of things, and must happen."

Goethe then talked much about the French, especially Cousin, Villemain, and Guizot.

"These men," said he, "look into, through, and round[1] a subject, with great success. They combine perfect knowledge of the past with the spirit of the nineteenth century; and the result is wonderful."

We then came to the newest French poets, and the meaning of the terms "classic" and "romantic."

"A new expression occurs to me," said Goethe, "which does not ill define the state of the case. I call the classic healthy, the romantic sickly. In this sense, the 'Nibelungenlied' is as classic as the 'Illiad,' for both are vigorous and healthy. Most modern productions are romantic, not because they are new, but because they are weak, morbid, and sickly; and the antique is classic, not because it is old, but because it is strong, fresh, joyous, and healthy. If we distinguish 'classic' and 'romantic' by these qualities, it will be easy to see our way clearly."

The conversation turned upon the imprisonment of Béranger—

"He is rightly served," said Goethe. "His late poems are really contrary to all order; and he has fully deserved punishment by his offences against king, state, and peaceful citizenship. His early poems, on the contrary, are cheerful and harmless, and are well adapted to make a circle of gay and happy people, which, indeed, is the best that can be said of songs."

1 This felicitous rendering of "Einsicht, Umsicht, and Durchsicht," is by Mrs. Fuller.—Trans.

"I am sure," said I, "that he has been injured by the society in which he lives, and that, to please his revolutionary friends, he has said many things which he otherwise would not have said. Your excellency should fulfil your intention of writing a chapter on influences; the subject is the richer and more important, the more one thinks of it."

"It is only too rich," said Goethe; "for in truth all is influence except ourselves."

"We have only to see," said I, "whether an influence is injurious of beneficial—whether it is suitable or repugnant to our nature."

"That is indeed the point," said Goethe, "but the difficulty is for our better nature to maintain itself vigorously, and not to allow the demons more power than is due."

At dessert, Goethe had a laurel, in full flower, and a Japanese plant, placed before us on the table. I remarked what different feelings were excited by the two plants; that the sight of the laurel produced a cheerful, light, mild, and tranquil mood, but that of the Japanese plant, one of barbaric melancholy.

"You are not wrong," said Goethe; "and hence great influence over the inhabitants of a country has been conceded to its vegetation. And, surely, he who passes his life surrounded by solemn, lofty oaks must be a different man from him who lives among airy birches. Still we must remember that men, in general, have not such sensitive natures as we, but vigorously pursue their own course of life without allowing so much power to external impressions. Nevertheless, this much is certain,—that not only the inborn peculiarities of race, but soil and climate, aliment and occupation, combine to form the character of a people. It is also to be borne in mind, that the primitive races mostly took possession of a soil that pleased them; and, consequently, where the country was already in harmony with their own inborn character."

"Just look round," continued Goethe; "behind you, on the desk, there is a paper which I wish you to look at."

"This blue envelope?" said I.

"Yes," said he. "Now, what do you say to the handwriting? Is it not that of a man who felt himself noble and free, as he wrote the address? Whose do you think it is?"

I looked at the paper with partiality. The hand was indeed free and imposing. "Merck might have written so," said I.

"No," said Goethe; "he was not sufficiently noble and positive. It is from Zelter. Pen and paper were favourable to him in the case of this envelope; so that the writing perfectly expresses his great character. I shall put the paper into my collection of autographs."

Fri., April 3.

Dined with Coudray at Goethe's. Coudray gave an account of a staircase in the grand-ducal palace at Belvidere, which had been found inconvenient for many years,—which the old master had always

despaired of improving,—and which had now been completely rectified under the reign of the young prince.

Coudray also gave an account of the progress of several highways, saying that the road over the mountains had to be taken round a little, on account of a rise of two feet to the rood (Ruthe), while in some places there were eighteen inches to the rood.

I asked Coudray how many inches constituted the proper standard for road-making in hilly districts. "Ten inches to the rood," said he, "is a convenient measure." "But," said I, "when we go from Weimar along any road—east, south, west, or north—we find some places where the highway has a rise of far more than ten inches to the rood." "Those are short, unimportant distances," replied Coudray; "and in road-making we often pass over such spots in the vicinity of a place, that we may not deprive it of its little income from relays." We laughed at this honest fraud. "And in fact," continued Coudray, "it is a mere trifle; the carriages get easily over the ground, and the passengers are for once and a way inured to a little hardship. Besides, as the relays are usually put on at inns, the drivers have an opportunity of taking something to drink, and they would not thank any one for spoiling their sport."

"I should like to know," said Goethe, "whether in perfectly flat countries it would not be better to interrupt the straight line of road, so as to allow it to rise and fall a little. This would not prevent comfortable travelling; and there would be this advantage, that the road would be always kept dry by the draining."

"That might be done," replied Coudray, "and would probably be very useful."

Coudray then produced a paper,—the scheme of instructions for a young architect whom the Upper-Building Board (Oberbaubehörde) was about to send to Paris to complete his education. He read the instructions, of which Goethe approved. Goethe had obtained the necessary assistance from the minister; we were pleased at the success of the affair, and talked of the precautionary measures to be adopted in order that the money might be really of use to the young man, and last him for a year. The intention was, on his return, to place him as a teacher at the industrial school which was to be established, by which means the clever young man would at once have a suitable sphere of action. All was well devised, and I gave my silent good wishes.

Plans and studies for carpenters, drawn by Schindel, were then produced and looked over. Coudray considered them of importance, and perfectly fitted for the use of the Industrial school.

There was then some talk about buildings, the means of avoiding echo, and the great firmness of the edifices belonging to the Jesuits. "At Messina," said Goethe, "all the buildings were thrown down by an earthquake except the church and convent of the Jesuits, which stood unharmed, as if they had been built the day before. There was not a trace that the earthquake had had the slightest effect upon them."

From the Jesuits and their wealth, conversation turned upon the

Catholics and Irish emancipation. "Emancipation will, we see, be granted," said Coudray, "but with so many clauses on the part of Parliament, that it cannot in any way be dangerous to England."

"All preventive measures," said Goethe, "Are ineffectual with Catholics. The Papal see has interests and means to carry them out quietly, of which we never dream. If I were a member of Parliament, I would not hinder emancipation; but I would have it recorded, that when the first distinguished Protestant head fell by a Catholic vote, people might think of me."

Conversation then turned on the newest French literature, and Goethe spoke again with admiration of the lectures of MM. Cousin, Villemain, and Guizot.

"Instead of the superficial lightness of Voltaire," said he, "they have an erudition, such as, in earlier days, was unknown out of Germany. And such intellect! such searching and pressing out of the subject! superb! It is as if they trod the wine-press. All three are excellent, but I would give the preference to Guizot; he is my favourite."

Speaking on topics of universal history, Goethe spoke thus on the subject of rulers:—

"To be popular, a great ruler needs no other means than his greatness. If he has striven and succeeded in making his realm happy at home and honoured abroad, it matters not whether he ride about in a state coach, dressed in all his orders, or in a bear-skin, with his cigar in his mouth, in a miserable drosky, he is sure of love and esteem from his people.

"But if a prince lacks personal greatness, and does not know how to conciliate his subjects by good deeds, he must think of other means, and there is none better and more effective than religion and a sympathy with the customs of his people. To appear at church every Sunday; to look down upon, and let himself be looked at for an hour by the congregation, is the best means of becoming popular which can be recommended to a young sovereign, and one which, with all his greatness, Napoleon himself did not disdain."

Conversation again turned upon the Catholics, and it was remarked how great were the silent operation and influence of the ecclesiastics. An anecdote was related of a young writer of Henault, who had made somewhat merry with the rosary in a periodical which he edited. The paper was immediately bought up through the influence of the priests over their several congregations.

"An Italian translation of my 'Werther,'" said Goethe, "very soon appeared at Milan. Not a single copy of it was to be seen a short time afterwards. The bishop had caused the whole edition to be bought up by the clergy in the various districts. I was not vexed, but pleased with the shrewd gentlemen, who saw, at once, that 'Werther' was a bad book for the Catholics, and I could not do otherwise than commend him for taking immediately the most effective measures quietly to suppress it."

Goethe said he had driven out to Belvidere this morning, to look at Coudray's new staircase in the castle, which he found excellent. He also told me that a great petrified log had been sent him, which he would show me.

"Such petrified trunks," said he, "are found about the fifty-first degree round about the earth, as far as America, like a girdle. We must always go on wondering. We have no idea whatever of the early organization of the earth, and I cannot blame Herr von Buch for trying to indoctrinate mankind for the sake of spreading his hypothesis. He knows nothing, but nobody knows more; and, after all, it does not matter what is taught, if it has only some show of reason."

Goethe told me that Zelter desired to be remembered to me, at which I was greatly pleased. We then talked of his "Travels in Italy;" and he told me that in one of his letters from that country he had found a song, which he would show me. He asked me to hand him a packet of papers which lay before me on the desk. I gave it him: it contained his letters from Italy; he looked out the poem, and read:—

Cupido, loser, eigensinniger Knabe.
Cupid, thou wanton, thou self-will'd boy, &c.[1]

I was highly pleased with this poem, which seemed to me perfectly new.

"It cannot be strange to you," said Goethe, "for it is in 'Claudine von Villa Bella,' where it is sung by Rugantino. I have, however, given it there in such a fragmentary state, that one passes it over without observing what it means. I think, however, it stands well. It prettily expresses the situation, and is in the anacreontic vein. This song, and others of the kind from my operas, should properly be reprinted among my 'Poems,' that the composer may have them all together." I thought this a good notion, and took it as a hint for the future.

Goethe had read the poem very beautifully. I could not get it out of my head, and it seemed to have made a lasting impression upon him also. The last lines—

So rude thy sport, I fear my poor little soul will
Haste away to escape thee, and flee her dwelling,
he uttered from time to time, as if in a dream.

He then told me of a book about Napoleon, lately published, which was written by one who had known the hero in his youth, and contained

1 The poem in its complete form will be found in the letters relating to the "Second Stay at Rome" (*Zweiter römischer Aufenthalt*), under the head of "January, 1788." —Trans.

the most remarkable disclosures. "The book is very tame," said he, "written without any enthusiasm; but one sees what a grand character there is in the truth when one ventures to speak it."

Goethe also told me about a tragedy by a young poet. "It is a pathological work," said he; "a superfluity of sap is bestowed on some parts which do not require it, and drawn out of those which stand in need of it. The subject was good but the scenes which I expected were not there; while others, which I did not expect, were elaborated with assiduity and love. This is what I call pathological, or even 'romantic,' if you would rather speak after our new theory."

We remained together a little longer very cheerfully, and at last Goethe gave me some honey and also some dates, which I took with me.

Mon., April. 6.

Goethe gave me a letter from Egon Ebert, which I read at dinner, and which highly pleased me. We said a great deal in praise of Egon Ebert and Bohemia, and also mentioned Professor Zauper with affection.

"Bohemia is a peculiar country," said Goethe. "I have always liked to be there. In the culture of the literati there is still something pure, which begins to be rare in the north of Germany; since here every vagabond writes, with whom moral basis or higher views are not to be thought of."

Goethe then spoke of Ebert's newest epic poem, of the early female government in Bohemia, and of the origin of the tradition of the Amazons. This brought conversation to the epic of another poet, who had taken great pains to get favourable notices of his work in the public prints.

"Such notices," said Goethe, "have appeared in various papers. But at last comes the 'Halle Literary Gazette,' telling plainly what the poem is really worth, and thus all the compliments of the other papers are nullified. He who nowadays will not have the truth, is discovered; the time is past for deluding and misleading the public."

"I wonder," said I, "that man can toil so for a little fame, and even stoop to falsities."

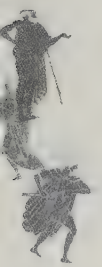
"My good fellow," said Goethe, "a name is no despicable matter. Napoleon, for the sake of a great name, broke in pieces half a world."

A short pause arose, after which Goethe told me more of the new book about Napoleon, adding—

"The power of truth is great. Every halo, every illusion which journalists, historians, and poets have conjured up about Napoleon, vanishes before the terrible reality of this book; but the hero becomes no less than before; on the contrary, he grows in stature as he increases in truth."

"His personal influence," said I, "must have had a peculiar magic, that men should so attach themselves to him at once, adhere to him, and suffer themselves to be wholly governed by him."

"Certainly," said Goethe, "his personal influence was immense. Yet the



chief reason was, that men under him were sure of attaining their object. On this account they were drawn towards him, as they are to every one who gives them a like certainty. Thus actors attach themselves to a new manager, of whom they think that he will assign them good parts. This is an old story constantly repeated; so is human nature constituted. No man serves another disinterestedly, but he does it willingly if he knows he can thus serve himself. Napoleon knew men well; he knew how to make proper use of their weaknesses."

The conversation turned upon Zelter.

"You know," said Goethe, "that Zelter received the Prussian Order. But he had no coat of arms, while, from his large family, he might hope for a long continuance of his name. A coat of arms was therefore necessary as an honourable basis, and I have taken the fancy to make him one. I wrote to him, and he was pleased, but insisted on having a horse. 'Good,' said I, 'a horse you shall have, but it shall be one with wings.' But turn your head; a paper lies behind you, upon which I have made the sketch with pencil."

I took up the paper, and examined the drawing. The arms looked very stately, and I could not but praise the invention. In the lower field were the battlements of a city wall, intimating that Zelter had been, in early days, a skilful mason. A winged horse rose from behind, indicating his genius and high aspirations. Above the escutcheon was a lyre, over which shone a star, as a symbol of the art by which our excellent friend, under the influence and protection of favouring stars, had won his fame. Beneath was annexed the Order which his king, in recognition of his great merits, had bestowed upon him.

"I have had it engraved by Facius," said Goethe, "and you shall see an impression. Is it not pleasant for one friend to make a coat of arms for another, and thus, as it were, bestow nobility upon him?"

We sat a while longer at table, taking some glasses of old Rhenish wine, with some good biscuits. Goethe hummed to himself unintelligibly. The poem of yesterday came into my head again. I recited the lines—

My goods and chattels hast thou knock'd about sadly;
I seek, and only seem to wander in blindness.

"I cannot get that poem out of my head," said I. "It is quite unique, and most admirably expresses the disorder which love occasions in our life."

"It brings a gloomy condition before our eyes." said Goethe.

"On me," said I, "it makes the impression of a Dutch picture.

"There is something in it of the 'Good man and good wife,'" said Goethe.

"You have just anticipated me," said I; "for I have been forced to keep on thinking of that Scottish subject, and Ostade's picture was before my eyes."

"Yet, strange to say," observed Goethe, "neither of these two poems could be painted; they convey the impression of a picture—they produce

a similar mood; but, once painted, they world be nothing."

"It is," said I, "a fine instance of poetry verging as nearly on painting as possible, without going out of its own sphere. Such poems are my favourites, as they inspire both contemplation and feeling. But I hardly understand how you could obtain the feeling of such a situation; the poem is as if from another time and another world."

"I shall not write such another," said Goethe; "and know not how it came to me, as is often the case."

"One peculiarity of this poem," said I, "is, that it has upon me the effect of rhyme, and yet it is not in rhyme. How is this?"

"That is the result of the rhythm," he replied. "The lines begin with a short syllable, and then proceed in trochees till the dactyle near the close, which has a peculiar effect, and gives a sad, bewailing character to the poem."

He took a pencil, and divided the line,—

Vŏn | mēinĕm | brēitĕn | Lāgĕr | bīn ĭch vĕr | trīebĕn.

We then talked of rhythm in general, and came to the conclusion that no certain rules can be laid down for such matters.

"The measure," said Goethe, "flows, as it were, unconsciously from the mood of the poet. If he thought about it while writing the poem he would go mad, and produce nothing of value."

I was waiting for the impression of the seal. Goethe began to speak of Guizot.

"I am going on with his lectures, which continue to be excellent. Those of the present year go about as far as the eighth century. I know no historian more profound or more penetrating. Things of which no one thinks have the greatest significance in his eyes, as sources of important events. For instance, what influence certain religious opinions have had upon history; how the doctrine of original sin, grace, and good works has given this or that form to certain epochs, is shown and deduced with the utmost clearness. Then the enduring life of Roman law, which, like a diving duck, hides itself from time to time, but is never quite lost, always coming up again alive, is well set forth; on which occasion full acknowledgment is give to our excellent Savigny.

"When Guizot speaks of the influence which other nations exercised on the Gauls in former times, I was particularly struck with what he says of the Germans.

"'The Germans,' says he, 'brought us the idea of personal freedom, which was possessed by that nation more than any other.'

"Is not that good? Is he not perfectly right? and does not this idea work upon us even to the present day? The Reformation is as much attributable to this source, as the Burschen conspiracy on the Wartburg—wise as well as foolish enterprises. Even the motley character of our literature; the thirst of our poets for originality—the belief of each one that he must strike out a new path; the separation and isolation among our learned men, each one standing by himself, and working from a

point of his own—all comes from this source.

"The French and English, on the other hand, keep far more together, and guide themselves one by another. They harmonize in dress and manners. They fear to differ from one another, lest they should be remarkable, or even ridiculous. But with the Germans each one goes his own way, and strives to satisfy himself; he does not ask about others, for, as Guizot rightly observes, he has within him the idea of personal freedom, from which, as I have said, comes much that is excellent, but also much absurdity."

Tues., April 7.

As I entered, I found Hofrath Meyer, who had been ill of late, sitting with Goethe at table, and was rejoiced to see him so much better. They spoke of things relating to art, —of Peel, who has given four thousand pounds for a Claude Lorraine, and has thus found especial favours in the eyes of Meyer.

The newspapers were brought in, and we looked over them while waiting for the soup. The emancipation of the Irish was now discussed as the order of the day.

"It is instructive," said Goethe, "to see how things come to light on this occasion, of which no one ever thought, and which would never have been spoken of but for the present crisis. We cannot, however, get a clear notion of the state of Ireland; the subject is too intricate. But this we can see, that she suffers from evils which will not be removed by any means, and therefore, of course, not by emancipation. If it has hitherto been unfortunate for Ireland to endure her evils alone, it is now unfortunate that England is also drawn into them. Then, no confidence can be put in the Catholics. We see with what difficulty the two million of Protestants in Ireland have kept their ground hitherto against the preponderating five million of Catholics; and how, for instance, the poor Protestant farmers have been oppressed, tricked, and tormented, when among Catholic neighbours. The Catholics do not agree among themselves, but they always unite against a Protestant. They are like a pack of hounds, who bite one another, but, when a stag comes in view, they all unite immediately to run it down."

From Ireland conversation turned to the affairs of Turkey. Surprise was expressed that the Russians, with their preponderating power, did not effect more in the late campaign.

"The fact of the matter is this," said Goethe, "the means were inadequate, and therefore overgreat requisitions were made upon individuals; this produced great personal deeds and sacrifices, without advancing the cause on the whole."

"It may be," said Meyer, "a bad locality. We see, in the earliest times, that, at this very spot, if an enemy attempted to penetrate anywhere from the Danube to the northern mountains, he always encountered the most obstinate resistance, and almost invariably failed. If the Russians could

only keep the seaside open, to furnish themselves with stores in that way!"

"That is yet to be hoped," said Goethe; "I am now reading Napoleon's campaign in Egypt,—namely, what is related by the hero's everyday companion, Bourrienne, which destroys the romantic cast of many scenes, and displays facts in their naked sublime truth. It is evident that he undertook this expedition merely to fill up an epoch when he could do nothing in France to make himself ruler. He was at first undecided what to do; he visited all the French harbours on the Atlantic coast, to inspect the fleets, and see whether an expedition against England were practicable or not. He found it was not, and then decided on going to Egypt."

"It raises my admiration," said I, "that Napoleon, at that early age, could play with the great affairs of the world as easily and securely as if many years' practice and experience had gone before."

"That, my dear friend ' said Goethe, "is an inborn quality with great talents. Napoleon managed the world as Hummel his piano; both achievements appear wonderful, we do not understand one more than the other, yet so it is, and the whole is done before our eyes. Napoleon was in this especially great—that he was at all hours the same. Before a battle, during a battle, after a victory, after a defeat, he stood always firm, was always clear and decided as to what he should do. He was always in his element, and equal to each situation and each moment, just as it is all alike to Hummel whether he plays an adagio or an allegro, bass or treble. This facility we find everywhere where there is real talent, in the arts of peace as well as in war; at the harpsichord as behind the cannon.

"We see, by this book," continued Goethe, "how many fables have been invented about the Egyptian campaign. Much, indeed, is corroborated, but much is not, and most that has been said is contradicted. That he had eight hundred Turkish prisoners shot is true; but the act appears as the mature determination of a long council of war, on the conviction, after a consideration of all the circumstances, that there were no means of saving them. That he descended into the Pyramids is a fable. He stood at his ease on the outside, and let others tell him what they had seen below. In the same way, the tradition that he wore the Eastern dress is inaccurate. He put it on once at home, and appeared in it among his followers, to see how it became him. But the turban does not suit such long heads, and he never put on the dress again.

"He really visited those sick of the plague, and, indeed, in order to prove that the man who could vanquish fear could vanquish the plague also. And he was right! I can instance a fact from my own life, when I was inevitably exposed to infection from a putrid fever, and warded off the disease merely by force of will. It is incredible what power the moral will has in such cases. It penetrates, as it were, the body; and puts it into a state of activity which repels all hurtful influences. Fear, on the other hand, is a state of indolent weakness and susceptibility, which makes it easy for every foe to take possession of us. This Napoleon knew

well, and he felt that he risked nothing in giving his army an imposing example.

"But," continued he, gaily, "pay your respects. What book do you think Napoleon carried in his field library?— my 'Werther!'"

"We may see by his levée at Erfurt," said I, "that he had studied it well."

"He had studied it as a criminal judge does his documents," said Goethe, "and in this spirit talked with me about it. In Bourrienne's work there is a list of the books which Napoleon took to Egypt, among which is 'Werther.' But what is worth noticing in this list, is the manner in which the books are classed under different rubrics. Under the head Politique, for instance, we find the Old Testament, the New Testament, the Koran; by which we see from what point of view Napoleon regarded religious matters."

He told us many other interesting matters from the book. Among others, the incident was mentioned how Napoleon with his army went through part of the dry bed in the narrow part of the Red Sea, at the time of ebb; but was overtaken by the flood, and the last men waded up to their arms in water, so that the exploit nearly ended in Pharaoh's style. This led Goethe to say much that was new on the rise of the flood. He compared it with that of the clouds which do not come from a great distance, but arise at once in various parts, and pass along symmetrically everywhere.

Wed., April 8.

Goethe was already at table when I entered; he received me with a very cheerful air.

"From whence, think you," said he, "have I received a letter?—From Rome. But from whom?—From the King of Bavaria."

"I sympathize in the pleasure you feel," said I. "And is it not odd? Not an hour since, and during my walk, I had occupied myself with thinking about the King of Bavaria; and now I receive this pleasant intelligence."

"We have often internal intimations of that sort," said Goethe. "There is the letter; take it, sit down by me, and read it."

I took the letter, Goethe took the newspaper, and so I read undisturbed the royal words. The letter was dated Rome, 26th March, 1829, and was written in a very legible and dignified hand. The King told Goethe that he had bought an estate in Rome, the Villa di Malta, with the adjacent gardens in the neighbourhood of the Villa Ludovisi, at the north-west end of the city. It stands upon a hill, so that he can see over all Rome, and has towards the north-east a full view of St. Peter's.

"It is a prospect," he writes, "which one would travel a long way to enjoy, and which I have at my command every hour, from the windows of my own house."

He goes on congratulating himself at being so pleasantly settled at Rome. "I had not seen Rome for twelve years," he writes, "and longed for

it as one longs for a mistress; I shall return with my feelings tranquillized, as one comes to a beloved female friend." He then speaks of the sublime edifices and works of art with the enthusiasm of a connoisseur, whose heart is set on the really beautiful and its advancement, and who is keenly sensitive to any departure from good taste. The letter altogether was conceived and expressed in a beautiful and thoroughly humane feeling, such as one does not expect from persons of such high rank. I expressed my delight to Goethe.

"There you see a monarch," said he, "who, while he has his royal majesty, preserves the innate beauty of his nature as a man. This is a rare phenomenon, and therefore the more delightful."

I looked again at the letter, and found in it some more excellent passages. "Here in Rome," writes the King, "I refresh myself from the cares of a throne; Art and Nature are my daily enjoyments—artists my table companions." He also writes how he passed the house where Goethe resided, and how he thought of him at the time. Some passages are cited from the "Roman Elegies,"[1] from which it may be seen that the King keeps them fresh in his memory, and likes to read them at Rome, from time to time, on the very spot where they were produced.

"Yes," said Goethe, "he is particularly fond of those elegies. He has teazed me a great deal to tell him how far they are matter of fact; the effect of the poems being so pleasant, that it seems as if there must have been something in the reality. People seldom reflect that a poet can generally make something good out of small occasions.

"I wish," continued Goethe, "that I had the King's poems by me, that I might allude to them in my answer. I should think they were good, to judge from the little I have read. In form and treatment he has much of Schiller, and, if he has put the substance of a lofty soul into so fine a vase, we have a right to expect much excellence. I am glad that the King is so pleasantly settled at Rome. I know the villa—the situation is beautiful, and all the German artists reside in the vicinity."

The servant changed the plates, and Goethe bade him spread out the large engraving of Rome on the floor of the "covered chamber." "I will show you on what a beautiful spot the King has settled, that you may have a right notion of the locality." I felt much obliged to Goethe.

"Yesterday evening," said I, "I read 'Claudine von Villa Bella,' and was much delighted with it. The foundation is so well laid, and it is carried out with so much joyous audacity, that I feel the strongest desire to see it on the stage."

"If it is well played," said Goethe, "the effect is not bad."

"I have already cast the piece in my mind," said I, "and distributed the parts. Herr Genast must be Rugatino; he seems actually made for the part. Herr Franke must be Don Pedro, for he is similarly shaped, and it is good for two brothers to be somewhat alike. Herr La Roche should be

1 i.e. Goethe's—Trans.

Basco, who, with his excellent art and making-up, would give the part the wild aspect it requires."

"Madame Eberwein," continued Goethe, "would make a very good Lucinde, and Mademoiselle Schmidt would be Claudine."

"For Alonzo," said I, "we ought to have a stately figure—rather a good actor than a singer, and I think Herr Oels or Herr Graff would be well placed. But by whom is the opera composed, and what is the music like?"

"By Reichardt, and it is excellent," answered Goethe; "only, the instrumentation is a little too weak, owing to the taste of the time. Something should now be done in this respect, so as to make the instrumentation a little stronger and fuller. With our song, 'Cupido, loser, eigensinniger Knabe,' the composer has been particularly happy."

"It is a peculiarity of this song," said I, "that it puts me in a pleasant dreamy mood whenever it is recited."

"From such a mood it proceeded," said Goethe, "and therefore this effect is the right one."

We had finished eating. Frederick came in and told us that he had laid out the engraving of Rome in the "covered chamber." We went in to look at it. The picture of the great metropolis of the world lay before us. Goethe soon found the Villa Ludovisi, and near it the King's new purchase—the Villa di Malta.

"See," said he, "what a superb situation! The whole city is spread out before you, and the hill is so high, that you can see quite over the buildings towards south and east. I have been in this villa, and have often enjoyed the view from the windows. Here, where the city extends out in a point towards the north-east beyond the Tiber, lies St. Peter's; and here, hard by, is the Vatican. The King, you see, has from the windows of his villa a full view of these buildings across the river. The long road here, from the north into the city, comes from Germany; that is the Porta del Popolo. I lived in one of these first streets near the gate, in a corner house. They show another in Rome as the place where I lived; but it is not the right one. No matter; such things are, at bottom, quite indifferent, and we must let tradition take its course."

We returned into the dining-room.

"The Chancellor," said I, "would be pleased with that letter from the King."

"He shall see it," said Goethe.

"When I read in the Paris newspaper," continued Goethe, "the speeches and debates of the Chambers, I cannot help thinking of the Chancellor, and how truly he would be in his element there. For such a place it is not enough to have talent, but an impulse to speak, and a delight in it; both of which are united in our Chancellor. Napoleon, too, had this impulse to speak; and when he could not he was forced to write or dictate. We find with Blucher, too, that he liked to speak, and spoke well and with emphasis; he had cultivated this talent at the lodge. Our Grand Duke, too, liked to speak, though he was by nature laconic; and

when he could not speak, he wrote. He has prepared many laws, many treaties, for the most part well; only princes have not time or quiet to obtain the necessary knowledge of details. Even in his last days he made an order about paying for the restoration of pictures. This was a happy instance, for, quite like a prince, he had made a mathematical calculation for paying the expenses of restoration by measure; if the restored picture holds twelve square feet, pay twelve dollars; if four feet, four dollars. This was like a prince, but not like an artist; for a twelve-foot picture may be in such a state that it can be cleaned without much trouble in a day, while a four-foot picture may be in such a condition that the industry and toil of a whole week will scarcely suffice to restore it. But princes, like good military men, are fond of mathematical arrangements, and go to work on the grand scale, according to measure."

I was pleased with this anecdote. We then said a great deal about Art, and kindred subjects.

"I possess drawings," said Goethe, "after pictures by Raffaelle and Domenichino, upon which Meyer made a remarkable observation, which I will communicate:—

"'The drawings,' said Meyer, 'somewhat evince a want of practice; but it is evident that whoever made them had a delicate and just feeling for the pictures which were before him, and this has passed into the drawing, so as to bring the originals faithfully before the mind. If an artist of our day copied those pictures, he would draw everything far better, and perhaps more correctly; but I can venture to say, that he would want this true feeling for the original, and that, therefore, his superior drawing would be far from giving us so pure and perfect a notion of Raffaelle or Domenichino.'

"Is not that good?" said Goethe. "And the same may be said of translations. Voss, for instance, has certainly made an excellent translation from Homer; yet, I am inclined to think, a person might have had and conveyed a more naïve and faithful representation of the original, without being, on the whole, so masterly a translator as Voss."

I found this all very just, and perfectly agreed with it. As the weather was fine, and the sun was already high, we went a little way down the garden, where Goethe had some trees tied up, which hung too low upon the path.

The yellow crocuses were in full vigour. We looked upon the flowers and then upon the path, where we had perfectly violet images. "You were lately of opinion," said Goethe, "that green and red mutually called forth each other better than yellow and blue, inasmuch as the former colours stood at a higher degree, and were therefore more perfect, fuller,[1] and more effective than the latter. I cannot admit this. Every colour, as soon as it is decidedly exhibited to the eye, acts with equal force for the production of the 'demanded colour.' The only point is,

1 Literally "satiated" (gesättigt).—Trans.

that our eye should be in the right mood, that the sunlight should offer no impediment by overbrightness, and that the ground should not be unfavourable to the reception of the 'demanded' image. Generally, we must take care not to make too subtle distinctions and definitions with respect to colours, as we are too easily exposed to the danger of being led from the essential into the non-essential, from the true into the false, and from the simple into the intricate."

I noted down this as a good doctrine for my studies. In the mean while, the time for the theatre had arrived, and I prepared to set out. "Mind," said Goethe, laughing, as he took leave of me, "that you are able to get over the horrors of 'Thirty Years of a Gamester's life' this evening."

Fri., April 10.

"While we are waiting for our soup, I will provide you with refreshment for your eyes."

With these friendly words, Goethe placed before me a volume, containing landscapes of Claude Lorraine.

These were the first productions of this great master which I had seen. The impression they made upon me was extraordinary; and my surprise and rapture rose with every leaf I turned over.

The power of the shadowy masses on either side, the splendid sunlight from the background, and its reflection in the water, producing a clear and decisive impression, struck me as the always-recurring maxim upon art of the great master. I was also delighted to find each picture quite a little world by itself, in which there was nothing that was not in conformity with, and did not advance, the ruling thought. Whether it was a seaport with vessels at anchor, active fishermen and magnificent buildings on the water's edge, or a lonely barren hill-country, with its grazing goats, little brook and bridge, a few low bushes, and a shady tree, under which a reposing shepherd was piping, or a marshy spot, with standing pools, which in the powerful summer-heat gives a pleasant impression of coolness, there was always complete unity in the picture; nowhere a trace of anything foreign that did not belong to its element.

"Here you see, for once, a complete man," said Goethe, "who thought and felt beautifully, and in whose mind lay a world, such as you will not easily find out of doors. The pictures have the highest truth, but no trace of actuality. Claude Lorraine knew the real world by heart, down to the minutest details, and used it only as a means to express the world of his beautiful soul. That is the true ideality which can so use real means that the truth evolved produces an illusion as if it were an actuality."

"This, I think, is good doctrine," said I, "and would apply as well to poetry as to the plastic arts."

"Even so," replied Goethe. "Meanwhile, you had better defer the further enjoyment of the admirable Claude till after dinner; for the pictures are too good to look at many of them at once."

"That is my feeling," said I, "for a certain fear comes over me when I am about to turn to the following leaf. It is a fear of a peculiar kind which is inspired by these beauties, and we have a similar feeling with an excellent book, when a crowd of excellent passages compel us to stop, and we loiter a little as we proceed."

"I have answered the King of Bavaria," said Goethe, after a pause, "and you shall read my letter."

"That will be very instructive for me," said I, "and will afford me much pleasure."

"In the mean while," said Goethe, "there is in the 'Allgemeine Zeitung' a poem to the King, which the Chancellor read to me yesterday, and which you must see likewise."

Goethe gave me the paper, and I read the poem to myself.

"Now, what do you say to it?" said Goethe.

"They are," I replied, "the feelings of a dilettante who has more good-will than talent, and to whom the high state of literature presents language ready made, which sings and rhymes for him, while he imagines that he himself is speaking."

"You are perfectly right," said he; "I also think the poem a very weak production. It bears no trace of external observation; it is wholly mental, and that not in the right way."

"To write a poem well," said I, "requires great knowledge of the subject; and he who has not, like Claude Lorraine, a whole world at command, will seldom produce anything good, with the best ideal tendencies."

"And then," said Goethe, "only an innate talent knows what is really to be done, while others, more or less, go on blundering."

"The æsthetic teachers," said I, "are a proof of this; for scarcely one of them knows what properly should be taught, and hence they complete the perplexity of young poets. Instead of treating of the Real, they treat of the Ideal; and instead of helping the young poet to what he has not, they confuse him about what he has. He who, for instance, has by nature wit and humour, will use these powers to the best advantage, if scarcely conscious that he is endowed with them; but he who allows himself to be influenced by the much-lauded treatises upon these high qualities, will be disturbed in the innocent use of his powers, consciousness will paralyze these powers, and instead of the aid he desires, he will find himself incalculably impeded."

"You are quite right," he replied, "and a great deal might be said on that chapter."

"I have," he continued, "been reading the new epic by Egon Ebert; and you must read it too, that we may help him out a little. He is really a superior talent, but this new poem lacks the proper poetical foundation—the foundation of reality. The external landscapes, sunset and sunrise—passages where the external world was his own—could not be better done. But the rest, which lies in ages gone by, and belongs to tradition, is not painted with its proper truth, and lacks the right kernel.

The Amazons, with their life and actions, are described in that general way which young people esteem poetic and romantic, and which usually passes for such in the æsthetic world."

"This is a fault," said I, "which pervades the whole of our present literature. Special truth is avoided, for fear it should not be poetical, and thus we fall into commonplaces."

"Egon Ebert," said Goethe, "should have adhered to the chronicles; he would then have made something of his poem. When I remember how Schiller studied tradition, what trouble he gave himself about Switzerland when he wrote his 'Tell,' and how Shakespeare used the chronicles, and took into his plays whole passages word for word, I am inclined to prescribe the same course to a young poet of the present day. I have, in my 'Clavigo,' made use of whole passages from the 'Memoirs' of Beaumarchais."

"But they are so worked up," said I, "that the fact is not observed, and the passages do not stand out like an indigested mass."

"If it is so," said Goethe, "that is as it should be. Beaumarchais was a mad fellow, and you must read his 'Memoirs.' Lawsuits were his element, in which alone he felt truly at home. There are still in existence speeches from one of his lawsuits, which may be ranked among the most remarkable, the most full of talent, and the boldest which have ever been known of their kind. However, Beaumarchais lost this same famous lawsuit. As he was going down the stairs from the court, he met the Chancellor coming up. Beaumarchais ought to have given place, but he would not, and insisted that each should take half the stair. The Chancellor, insulted in his dignity, commanded his people to push Beaumarchais aside, which they did. Beaumarchais immediately returned into court, and began an action against the Chancellor, which he gained."

I was pleased with this anecdote, and we continued talking over various things.

"I have now taken up 'My Second Residence in Rome' once more," said Goethe, "that I may finally get rid of it, and turn my attention to something else. You know that my published Italian journey was entirely compiled from letters. But the letters which I wrote during my second visit to Rome are not of such a kind that I can make an advantageous use of them; they contain too many references to home and my connections in Weimar, and show too little of my Italian life. Yet there are many utterances which express my inward life at the same time. Now, I think of extracting these passages, and inserting them in my narrative, to which they will give tone and harmony."

I found this plan perfectly judicious, and confirmed Goethe in his intentions.

"It has at all times been said and repeated, that man should strive to know himself. This is a singular requisition, with which no one complies or indeed ever will comply. Man is by all his senses and efforts directed to externals—to the world around him, and he has to know this so far,

and to make it so far serviceable, as he requires for his own ends. It is only when he feels joy or sorrow that he knows anything about himself, and only by joy or sorrow is he instructed what to seek and what to shun. Altogether, man is a darkened being; he knows not whence he comes, nor whither he goes; he knows little of the world, and least of himself. I know not myself, and God forbid I should! But what I wish to say is this, that in my fortieth year, while living in Italy, I became wise enough to know thus much of myself—that I had no talent for plastic art, and that this tendency of mine was a false one. If I drew anything, I had not a sufficient inclination for the corporeal. I felt a certain fear lest objects should press too much upon me, and the weak and moderate was more to my taste. If I drew a landscape, and got through the back and middle ground, I never dared to give force enough to the foreground, so that my pictures never produced the proper effect. Then I made no progress except by practice, and was always obliged to begin again, if I left off for a while. Yet I was not absolutely destitute of talent, especially for landscape, and Hackert often said,—'If you will stay with me eighteen months, you will produce something which will give pleasure to yourself and others.'"

I listened with great interest.

"But how," said I, "can one be sure that one possesses a real talent for plastic art?"

"Real talent," said Goethe, "has an innate sense for form, relations, and colour, so as soon to manage all that well with but little guidance. Especially, it has a sense for the corporeal, and an inclination to make it palpable by judicious distribution of life. Even in the intervals of practice, it progresses and grows inwardly. Such a talent is not hard to recognize, but is best recognized by a master."

"I visited the palace this morning," continued he, in a lively tone. "The apartments of the Grand Duchess show great taste; and Coudray has, with his Italians, given another proof of his talent. The painters were still busy with the walls; they were Milanese. I spoke Italian with them, and found that I had not lost the power. The language brings back, as it were, the atmosphere of the country. They told me that they had last painted the château of the King of Würtemburg, and that they had then been summoned to Gotha, where, however, they could not come to any agreement. They had been heard of in Weimar at the same time, and had come here to decorate the apartments of the Grand Duchess. I listened, and was pleased to speak Italian once more, for the language brings with it, as it were, the atmosphere of the country. These worthy people have been absent from Italy three years, but, as they tell me, they intend to go straight home from hence, when they have finished painting a scene for our theatre by order of Herr von Spiegel. This, probably, you will deem a piece of good news. They are very clever fellows. One is pupil of the best scene painter in Milan; and you may therefore expect a good scene."

After Frederick had cleared the table, Goethe had a small plan of Rome laid before him.

"Rome," said he, "would not do for the permanent abode of people like us. He who would settle there must marry and turn Catholic, else would he lead an insupportable existence. Hackert is not a little proud of having lived there so long a Protestant."

Goethe then showed me, on the plan, the most remarkable squares and buildings. "This," said he, "is the Farnese garden."

"Was it not here," said I, "that you wrote the witch-scene in 'Faust'?"

"No," he replied, "in the Borghese garden."

I now refreshed myself with more landscapes by Claude, and we said a great deal about this excellent master.

"Could not now a young artist," said I, "model himself upon him?"

"He who had a similar mind," answered Goethe, "would certainly develop great excellence by forming himself on Claude Lorraine. But he whose soul nature had not endowed with similar gifts, would at most only borrow single peculiarities from this master, and use them as mere phrases."

Sat., April 11.

I found the table laid out today in the long hall for several persons. Goethe and Frau von Goethe received me very kindly. The guests gradually arrived, viz., Madame Schopenhauer; young Count Reinhard, of the French embassy; his brother-in-law, Herr von D——who was on his way to enter into the Russian Service against the Turks; Fräulein Ulrica; and, lastly, Hofrath Vogel.

Goethe was in an especially cheerful mood, and entertained the company before dinner with some good Frankfort jokes, especially relating to Rothschild and Bethmann, showing how one had spoiled the speculations of the other.

Count Reinhard went to Court; the rest of us sat down to dinner. Conversation became very animated. They talked about travelling and the bathing places; and Madame Schopenhauer especially interested us about the arrangement of her estate on the Rhine, near the Island of Nonnenwerth.

At dessert, Count Reinhard reappeared, and was praised for activity with which, during his short absence, he had not only dined at Court, but had changed his dress twice. He brought the intelligence that the new Pope—a Castiglioni—was elected, and Goethe gave the company an account of the traditional ceremonies observed at the election.

Count Reinhard, who had passed the winter at Paris, was able to give us a great deal of desirable information about celebrated statesmen, literati, and poets. We talked about Chateaubriand, Guizot, Salvandy, Béranger, Merimée, and others.

After dinner, when all except myself had departed, Goethe took me into his work-room, and showed me two very interesting papers, with which I was highly pleased. These were two letters written in his youth, one in 1770, from Strasburg, to his friend, Dr. Horn, at Frankfort; one

in July, the other in December. In both spoke a young man who had a presentiment of great things which lay before him to do. In the last, traces of "Werther" were already visible; the Sesenheim connection had been formed, and the happy youth seemed rocked in an ecstasy of the sweetest feelings, and to be lavishing away his days as if half in a dream. The handwriting of the letters was calm, clear, and elegant; it had already assumed the character it always afterwards preserved. I could not forbear reading again and again these charming letters, and left Goethe full of the happiest and most grateful feelings.

Sun., April 12.

Goethe read me his answer to the King of Bavaria. He had represented himself as one who actually ascends the steps of the villa, and expresses his feelings by word of mouth in the King's immediate presence.

"It must be difficult," said I, "to preserve exactly the proper tone and manner for such cases."

"No one," said Goethe, "who, during his whole life, has had to do with persons of high rank as I have, will find it difficult. The only point is not to be perfectly natural, but always to keep within the line of a certain conventional propriety."

Goethe then spoke of the compilation of his "Second Residence at Rome," which now occupied him.

"From the letters," said he, "which I wrote at that period, I plainly see that we have certain advantages and disadvantages at every time of life, as compared with earlier or later periods. Thus, in my fortieth year, I was as clear and decided on some subjects as at present, and in many respects superior to my present self; yet now, in my eightieth, I possess advantages which I should not like to exchange for those."

"While you made that remark," said I, "the metamorphosis of plants came before my eyes, and I can well understand that one would not return from the period of the flower to that of the green leaf, and from that of the fruit or seed to the flower-state."

"The simile," said Goethe, "expresses my meaning perfectly."

"Only imagine a perfectly indented leaf," he continued, laughing; "do you think that it would go back from its state of free development to the dull confinement of the cotyledon? And, indeed, it is an interesting fact that we have a plant which may serve as a symbol of the most advanced age, since, having passed the period of flower and fruit, it still thrives cheerfully without further foundation.

"It is bad, however, that we are so hindered in life by false tendencies, and never know them to be false until we are already freed from them."

"But how," said I, "shall we know that a tendency is false?"

"A false tendency," replied Goethe, "is not productive; or if it is, what it produces is of no worth. It is not so difficult to perceive this in others; but with respect to oneself the case is different, and great freedom of mind is required. And even knowledge of the truth is not always of use;

we delay, doubt, cannot resolve—just as one finds it difficult to leave a beloved girl of whose infidelity one has long had repeated proofs. This I say, because I remember how many years were required before I could find out that my tendency to plastic art was a false one, and how many more, after I was sure of this fact, to separate myself entirely from it."

"But," said I, "that tendency has been of such advantage to you, one can hardly call it false."

"I gained insight by it," said Goethe, "and therefore I can make myself easy about it. That is the advantage we draw from every false tendency. He who with inadequate talent devotes himself to music, will never, indeed, become a master, but may learn to know and to value a masterly production. With all my toil, I have not become an artist; but, as I tried every department of art, I have learned to take cognizance of each stroke, and to distinguish merits from defects. This is no small gain; and, indeed, false tendencies are rarely without gain. Thus the Crusades, for the liberation of the holy sepulchre, manifestly represented a false tendency; but they did this good, they weakened the Turks, and prevented them from becoming masters of Europe."

We talked on various subjects, and Goethe then spoke to me of a book on Peter the Great, by Ségur, which had interested him, and given him much light.

"The situation of Petersburg," said he, "is quite unpardonable, especially when we reflect that the ground rises in the neighbourhood, and that the Emperor could have had a city quite free from all this trouble arising from overflow of the stream, if he had but gone a little higher up, and had only had the haven in this low place. An old shipmaster represented this to him, and prophesied that the people would be drowned every seventy years. There stood also an old tree, with various marks from times when the waters had risen to a great height. But all this was in vain; the Emperor stood to his whim, and had the tree cut down, that it might not bear witness against him.

"You will confess that such conduct is very strange in so great a man. Do you know how I explain it?—Man cannot cast aside his youthful impressions; and this principle goes so far, that even defects to which he is accustomed in his early years, and in the midst of which he has passed his happiest time, remain afterwards so dear to him that he is dazzled by them, and cannot perceive any fault. Thus would Peter the Great repeat Amsterdam, so dear to his youth, in a metropolis at the mouth of the Neva; as the Dutch are always tempted to build new Amsterdams over and over again in their new possessions."

Mon., April 13.

Today, after Goethe had said many good things to me at dinner, I again refreshed myself at dessert with some of Claude's landscapes.

"The collection," said Goethe, "bears the title *Liber Veritatis*; it might as well be styled Liber Naturæ et Artis,—for here we find nature and art in

the highest state and fairest union."

I asked Goethe about the origin of Claude Lorraine, and in what school he had formed himself.

"His immediate master," said Goethe, "was Antonio Tasso, but Tasso was a pupil of Paul Brill, so that the school and maxims of the latter formed the real foundation of Claude, and came to their full blossom in him; for what appeared too earnest and severe in those masters, is, in Claude Lorraine, developed to the most charming grace and loveliest freedom. There was no going beyond him.

"However, it is difficult to say from whom so great a genius, living in so remarkable a time and situation, actually did learn. He looked about, and appropriated to himself everything which could afford nourishment to his designs. No doubt Claude Lorraine was as much indebted to the Caracci school as to his immediate and nominal masters.

"Thus, it is usual to say Giulio Romano was a pupil of Raffaelle; but we might, with as much propriety, say he was the pupil of his age. Only Guido Reni had a pupil, who received so entirely into himself the spirit, soul, and art of his master, that he almost was, and did almost exactly, the same as he. This was a peculiar case, which has scarcely been repeated.

"The Caracci school, on the contrary, was of a liberating kind, so that each gift was developed by it in its natural direction, and masters proceeded from it all entirely different one from another. The Caracci seemed born to be teachers of art; they lived in a time when the best had already been done on every side, and hence they could present their pupils with models in all departments. They were great artists, great teachers; but I could not say they were truly gifted with the spirit (Geistreich).[1] It is a somewhat bold saying, but so it seems to me."

After I had looked at a few more landscapes of Claude's, I opened an artist's lexicon, to see what is said of this great master. We found—"his chief merit was in his palette."

We looked at one another, and laughed.

"There, you see," said Goethe, "how much we learn if we rely on books, and take in all we find written."

Tues., April 14.

When I went in today, Goethe was at table with Hofrath Meyer, talking about Italy and art. He ordered a volume of Claude Lorraine to be laid before us, in which Meyer found the landscape of which the newspapers told us that Peel had given four thousand pounds for the original. One must admit that it is a beautiful picture, and that Mr. Peel has made no bad bargain.

1 "Geistreich" frequently means little more than clever or ingenious; but it seems here to have a deeper signification, and the term "gifted with the spirit" has been borrowed from the American.—Trans.

On the right side of the picture is a group of people sitting and standing. A shepherd is leaning over a girl, whom he seems to be instructing to play upon the pipe. In the middle is a lake, in the full light of the sun; on the left are cattle grazing in the shade of a grove. The two groups balance one another admirably, and the light has a magical effect, in the artist's usual manner. There was then a discussion as to where the original had long been, and in whose possession Meyer had seen it when in Italy.

Conversation then turned on the new property of the King of Bavaria at Rome. "I know the villa very well," said Meyer; "I have often been there, and still think with pleasure of the situation.

"The house is of moderate size. The King, no doubt, will adorn it, and make it agreeable according to his taste. In my time, the Duchess Amelia lived there, and Herder in the next house. Afterwards the Duke of Sussex and the Earl of Munster lived there. Strangers of high rank have always liked it, on account of the healthy situation and superb prospect."

I asked Meyer how far it was from the Villa di Malta to the Vatican.

"From Trinita di Monte, which is near the villa, and where the artists lived," said Meyer, "it is a good half league. We went over the ground daily, and often more than once."

"The road by the bridge," said I, "seems somewhat circuitous; I should think it would be a shorter way to cross the Tiber and go through the fields."

"It is not so," said Meyer; "but we had this notion, and often crossed the Tiber. I remember one occasion when we were returning on a fine moonlight night from the Vatican. Of our acquaintance, Bury, Hirt, and Lips were with us, and we were engaged in the customary dispute,—which is the greater, Raffaelle or Michael Angelo? So engaged, we entered the ferry. When we had reached the opposite shore, and the argument was still at its height, some wag—I think it was Bury—proposed we should remain upon the water till the strife was quite settled, and the parties agreed. The proposal was acceded to, and the boatman had to put off and row back. Now the dispute began to grow animated, and when we reached the shore we were always forced to put back, for the contest was not decided. Thus we went on, hour after hour, which suited nobody better than the boatman, who had an addition of bajocchi each time. He had with him, as an assistant, a boy of twelve years old, to whom our conduct at last appeared strange.

"'Father,' said he, 'what is the matter with these men that they will not land, but we must always keep going back when we reach the shore?'

"'I know not, my son,' replied the boatman; 'but I think they are mad.'

"At last, in order not to row to and fro the whole night, we came to a forced agreement, and landed."

We laughed at this pleasant anecdote of artistic madness. Hofrath Meyer was in the best humour; he continued to tell us about Rome, and Goethe and I took pleasure in listening to him.

"This dispute about Raffaelle and Michael Angelo," said Meyer, "was

the order of the day, and was introduced whenever a number of artists met together large enough to take the two sides. It generally began at an inn, where we drank cheap good wine. Pictures, and parts of pictures, were referred to, and when the opposition party would not concede this or that, an immediate inspection of the pictures was found requisite. We left the inn and hurried to the Sistine Chapel, the keys of which were in the hands of a shoemaker, who would always open the door for a few groschen. When we were before the pictures the work of demonstration began, and after the dispute had lasted long enough we returned to the inn, to make up our differences over a bottle of wine, and to settle all controversies. Thus we went on every day, and the shoemaker, by the Sistine Chapel, received many a fee of four groschen."

Mention was then made of another shoemaker, who generally hammered his leather on an antique marble head. "It was the portrait of a Roman Emperor," said Meyer; "the antique work stood before the shoemaker's door, and we often saw him engaged in this laudable occupation as we passed by."

Wed., April 15.

We talked of people who, without having any real talent, are excited to productiveness, and of others who write about things they do not understand.

"What seduces young people," said Goethe, "is this—we live in a time in which so much culture is diffused, that it has communicated itself, as it were, to the atmosphere which a young man breathes. Poetical and philosophic thoughts live and move within him, he has sucked them in with his very breath, but he thinks they are his own property, and utters them as such. But after he has restored to the time what he has received from it, he remains poor. He is like a fountain which plays for a while with the water with which it is supplied, but which ceases to flow as soon as the liquid treasure is exhausted."

Tues., Sept. 1.

I told Goethe of a person now travelling through Weimar, who had heard a lecture of Hegel's on the proof of the existence of God. Goethe agreed with me, that the time for such lectures was gone by.

"The period of doubt," said he, "is past; men now doubt as little the existence of a God as their own, though the nature of the divinity, the immortality, the peculiarities of our own souls, and their connection with our bodies, are eternal problems, with respect to which our philosophers take us no farther. A French philosopher, of the most recent times, begins his chapter confidently thus:—

"'It is acknowledged that man consists of two parts, body and soul; accordingly, we will begin with the body, and then speak of the soul.'

"Fichte went a little farther, and extricated himself somewhat more cleverly from the dilemma, by saying—'We shall treat of man regarded as

a body, and of man regarded as a soul.' He felt too well that a so closely combined whole could not be separated. Kant has unquestionably done the best service, by drawing the limits beyond which human intellect is not able to penetrate, and leaving at rest the insoluble problems. What a deal have people philosophized about immortality—and how far have they got? I doubt not of our immortality, for nature cannot dispense with the entelecheia. But we are not all, in like manner, immortal; and he who would manifest himself in future as a great entelecheia must be one now.

"While the Germans are tormenting themselves with the solution of philosophical problems, the English, with their great practical understanding, laugh at us, and win the world. Everybody knows their declamations against the slave-trade; and while they have palmed upon us all sorts of humane maxims as the real foundation of their proceedings, it is at last discovered that their true motive is a practical object, which the English always notoriously require in order to act, and which should have been known before. In their extensive domains on the western coast of Africa they themselves use the blacks, and it is against their interest for them to be carried off. They have founded large colonies of negroes in America, which are very productive, and yearly return a large profit in blacks. From these they can supply the demand in North America, and since they thus carry on a highly profitable trade, an importation from without would be against their commercial interests; so they preach with a practical view against the inhuman African slave-trade. Even at the Congress of Vienna, the English envoy denounced it with great zeal, but the Portuguese envoy had the good sense to reply quietly, that he did not know they had come together to sit in judgment on the world, or to decide upon principles of morality. He well knew the object of England; and he had also his own, which he knew how to plead for and obtain."

Sun., Dec. 6.

Today, after dinner, Goethe read me the first scene of the second act of "Faust."[1] The effect was great, and gave me a high satisfaction. We are once more transported into Faust's study, where Mephistophiles finds all just as he had left it. He takes from the hook Faust's old study-gown, and a thousand moths and insects flutter out from it. By the directions of Mephistophiles as to where these are to settle down, the locality is brought very clearly before our eyes. He puts on the gown, while Faust lies behind a curtain in a state of paralysis, intending to play the doctor's part once more. He pulls the bell, which gives such an awful tone among the old solitary convent halls, that the doors spring open and the walls tremble. The servant rushes in, and finds in Faust's seat Mephistophiles, whom he does not recognize, but for whom he has respect. In answer

1 That is, the second act of the second part of "Faust," which was not published entire till after Goethe's death.—Trans.

to inquires he gives news of Wagner, who has now become a celebrated man, and is hoping for the return of his master. He is, we hear, at this moment deeply occupied in his laboratory, seeking to produce a Homunculus. The servant retires, and the bachelor enters,—the same whom we knew some years before as a shy young student, when Mephistophiles (in Faust's gown) made game of him. He is now become a man, and is so full of conceit that even Mephistophiles can do nothing with him, but moves his chair further and further, and at last addresses the pit.

Goethe read the scene quite to the end. I was pleased with his youthful productive strength, and with the closeness of the whole. "As the conception," said Goethe, "is so old—for I have had it in my mind for fifty years—the materials have accumulated to such a degree, that the difficult operation is to separate and reject. The invention of the whole second part is really as old as I say; but it may be an advantage that I have not written it down till now, when my knowledge of the world is so much clearer. I am like one who in his youth has a great deal of small silver and copper money, which in the course of his life he constantly changes for the better, so that at last the property of his youth stands before him in pieces of pure gold."

We spoke about the character of the Bachelor. "Is he not meant," said I, "to represent a certain class of ideal philosophers?"

"No," said Goethe, "the arrogance which is peculiar to youth, and of which we had such striking examples after our war for freedom, is personified in him. Indeed, every one believes in his youth that the world really began with him, and that all merely exists for his sake.

"Thus, in the East, there was actually a man who every morning collected his people about him, and would not go to work till he had commanded the sun to rise. But he was wise enough not to speak his command till the sun of its own accord was really on the point of appearing."

Goethe remained a while absorbed in silent thought; then he began as follows:—

"When one is old one thinks of worldly matters otherwise than when one is young. Thus I cannot but think that the demons, to teaze and make sport with men, have placed among them single figures, which are so alluring that every one strives after them, and so great that nobody reaches them. Thus they set up Raffaelle, with whom thought and act were equally perfect; some distinguished followers have approached him, but none have equalled him. Thus, too, they set up Mozart as something unattainable in music; and thus Shakspeare in poetry. I know what you can say against this thought; but I only mean natural character, the great innate qualities. Thus, too, Napoleon is unattainable. That the Russians were so moderate as not to go to Constantinople is indeed very great; but we find a similar trait in Napoleon, for he had the moderation not to go to Rome."

Much was associated with this copious theme; I thought to myself

in silence that the demons had intended something of the kind with Goethe, inasmuch as he is a form too alluring not to be striven after, and too great to be reached.

Wed., Dec. 16.

Today, after dinner, Goethe read me the second scene of the second act of "Faust," where Mephistophiles visits Wagner, who is on the point of making a human being by chemical means. The work succeeds; the Homunculus appears in the phial, as a shining being, and is at once active. He repels Wagner's questions upon incomprehensible subjects; reasoning is not his business; he wishes to act, and begins with our hero, Faust, who, in his paralyzed condition, needs a higher aid. As a being to whom the present is perfectly clear and transparent, the Homunculus sees into the soul of the sleeping Faust, who, enraptured by a lovely dream, beholds Leda visited by swans, while she is bathing in a pleasant spot. The Homunculus, by describing this dream, brings a most charming picture before our eyes. Mephistophiles sees nothing of it, and the Homunculus taunts him with his northern nature.

"Generally," said Goethe, "you will perceive that Mephistophiles appears to disadvantage beside the Homunculus, who is like him in clearness of intellect, and so much superior to him in his tendency to the beautiful, and to a useful activity. He styles him cousin; for such spiritual beings as this Homunculus, not yet saddened and limited by a thorough assumption of humanity, were classed with the demons, and thus there is a sort of relationship between the two."

"Certainly," said I, "Mephistophiles appears here in a subordinate situation; yet I cannot help thinking that he has had a secret influence on the production of the Homunculus. We have known him in this way before; and, indeed, in the 'Helena' he always appears as a being secretly working. Thus he again elevates himself with regard to the whole, and in his lofty repose he can well afford to put up with a little in particulars."

"Your feeling of the position is very correct," said Goethe; "indeed, I have doubted whether I ought not to put some verses into the mouth of Mephistophiles as he goes to Wagner, and the Homunculus is still in a state of formation, so that his co-operation may be expressed and rendered plain to the reader."

"It would do no harm," said I, "Yet this is intimated by the words with which Mephistophiles closes the scene—

Am Ende hängen wir doch ab
Von Creaturen die wir machten."

We are dependent after all,
On creatures that we make.

"True," said Goethe, "that would be almost enough for the attentive; but I will think about some additional verses."

"But," said I, "those concluding words are very great, and will not easily be penetrated to their full extent."

"I think," said Goethe, "I have given them a bone to pick. A father who has six sons is a lost man, let him do what he may. Kings and ministers, too, who have raised many persons to high places, may have something to think about from their own experience."

Faust's dream about Leda again came into my head, and I regarded this as a most important feature in the composition.

"It is wonderful to me," said I, "how the several parts of such a work bear upon, perfect, and sustain one another! By this dream of Leda, 'Helena' gains its proper foundation. There we have a constant allusion to swans and the child of a swan; but here we have the act itself, and when we come afterwards to 'Helena,' with the sensible impression of such a situation, how much more clear and perfect does all appear!"

Goethe said I was right, and was pleased that I remarked this.

"Thus you will see," said he, "that in these earlier acts the chords of the classic and romantic are constantly struck, so that, as on a rising ground, where both forms of poetry are brought out, and in some sort balance one another, we may ascend to 'Helena.'

"The French," continued Goethe, "now begin to think justly of these matters. Both classic and romantic, say they, are equally good. The only point is to use these forms with judgment, and to be capable of excellence. You can be absurd in both, and then one is as worthless as the other. This, I think, is rational enough, and may content us for a while."

Sun., Dec. 20.

Dined with Goethe. We spoke of the Chancellor, and I asked whether he did not bring any news of Manzoni, on his return from Italy.

"He wrote to me about him," said Goethe. "The Chancellor paid Manzoni a visit; he lives on his estate near Milan, and is, I am sorry to say, always indisposed."

"It is singular," said I, "that we so frequently find persons of distinguished talents, especially poets, with weak constitutions."

"The extraordinary performances of these men," said Goethe, "presuppose a very delicate organization, which makes them susceptible to unusual emotions, and capable of hearing celestial voices. Such an organization, in conflict with the world and the elements, is easily disturbed and injured; and he who does not, like Voltaire, combine with great sensibility an equally uncommon toughness, is easily exposed to perpetual indisposition. Schiller was always ill. When I first knew him, I thought he could not live a month; but he, too, had a certain toughness; he sustained himself many years, and would have done so longer, if he had lived in a way more favourable to health."

We spoke of the theatre, and how far a certain performance had been successful.

"I have seen Unzelmann in the part," said Goethe. "It was always a

pleasure to see him, on account of the perfect freedom of his mind, which he imparted to us; for it is with acting as with all other arts. What the artist does or has done excites in us the mood in which he himself was when he did it. A free mood in the artist makes us free; a constrained one makes us uncomfortable. We usually find this freedom of the artist where he is fully equal to his subject. It is on this account we are so pleased with Dutch pictures; the artists painted the life around them, of which they were perfect masters. If we are to feel this freedom of mind in an actor, he must, by study, imagination, and natural disposition, be perfect master of his part, must have all bodily requisites at his command, and must be upheld by a certain youthful energy. But study is not enough without imagination, and study and imagination together are not enough without natural disposition. Women do the most through imagination and temperament; thence came the excellence of Madame Wolff."

We pursued this subject further, talking of many of the chief actors of the Weimar stage, and mentioning their performance in several parts with due acknowledgment.

In the mean while, "Faust" came once more into my head, and I talked of the manner in which the Homunculus could be rendered clear upon the stage. "If we do not see the little man himself," said I, "we must see the light in the bottle, and his important words must be uttered in a way that would surpass the capacity of a child."

"Wagner," said Goethe, "must not let the bottle go out of his hands, and the voice must sound as if it issued from the bottle. It would be a part for a ventriloquist such as I have heard. A man of that kind would solve the difficulty to a certainty."

We then talked of the *Grand Carnival*, and the possibility of representing it upon the stage. "It would be a little more than the market-place at Naples," said I.

"It would require a very large theatre," said Goethe, "and is hardly to be imagined."

"I hope to see it some day," was my answer. "I look forward with especial delight to the elephant, led by Prudence, and surmounted by Victory, with Hope and Fear in chains on each side. This is an allegory that could not easily be surpassed."

"The elephant would not be the first on the stage," said Goethe. "At Paris there is one, which forms an entire character. He belongs to a popular party, and takes the crown from one king and places it on another, which must indeed have an imposing effect. Then, when he is called at the end of the piece, he appears quite alone, makes his bow, and retires. You see, therefore, that we might reckon on an elephant for our carnival. But the whole scene is much too large, and requires a manager such as is not easily found."

"Still, it is so brilliant and effective," said I, "that a stage will scarcely allow it to escape. Then how does it build itself up, and become more and more striking! First, there are the beautiful gardeners, male and female, who decorate the stage, and at the same time form a mass, so that

the various objects, as they increase in importance, are never without spectators and a background. Then there is the team of dragons, which coming from the background, through the air, soars overhead. Then the appearance of the great Pan with the apparent fire, and its extinction by the wet clouds, which roll to the spot. If all this is carried out as you have conceived, the public will, in its amazement, confess that it has not sense and intellect sufficient to appreciate such a profusion of phenomena."

"Pray, no more about the public," said Goethe; "I wish to hear nothing about it. The chief point is, that the piece is written; the world may now do with it as it pleases, and use it as far as it can."

We then talked of the "Boy Lenker."

"That Faust is concealed under the mask of Plutus, and Mephistophiles under that of Avarice, you will have already perceived. But who is the 'Boy Lenker'?"

I hesitated, and could not answer.

"It is Euphorion," said Goethe.

"But how can he appear in the carnival here," asked I, "when he is not born till the third act?"

"Euphorion," replied Goethe, "is not a human, but an allegorical being. In him is personified poetry, which is bound to neither time, place, nor person. The same spirit who afterwards chooses to be Euphorion, appears here as the 'Boy Lenker,' and is so far like a spectre, that he can be present everywhere, and at all times."

Sun., Dec. 27.

Today, after dinner, Goethe read me the scene of the paper-money.[1]

"You recollect," said he, "that at the imperial assembly the end of the song is that there is a want of money, and that Mephistophiles promises to provide some. This theme continues through the masquerade, when Mephistophiles contrives that the Emperor, while in the mask of the great Pan, shall sign a paper, which, being thus endowed with a money-value, is multiplied a thousand-fold and circulated. Now, in this scene the affair is discussed before the Emperor, who does not know what he has done. The treasurer hands over the bank-notes, and makes everything clear. The Emperor is at first enraged, but afterwards, on a closer inspection of his profit, makes splendid presents of paper-money to those around him, and as he retires drops some thousand crowns, which the fat court-fool picks up, and then goes off at once to turn his paper into land."

While Goethe read this noble scene, I was pleased with the happy notion of deducing the paper-money from Mephistophiles, and thus in so striking a manner bringing in and immortalizing one of the main interests of the present day.

Scarcely had the scene been read over and discussed, when Goethe's son came down and seated himself with us at the table. He told us of

1 In the second part of "Faust."

Cooper's last novel, which he had read, and which he now described admirably in his own graphic manner. We made no allusion to the scene we had just read, but he began of his own accord to tell a great deal about Prussian treasury-bills, and to say that they were paid for above their value. While young Goethe went on talking in this way, I looked at the father with a smile, which he returned, and thus we gave each other to understand how very apropos was the subject of the scene.

Wed., Dec. 30.

Today, after dinner, Goethe read me the next scene.

"Now they have got money at the imperial court," said he, "they want to be amused. The Emperor wishes to see Paris and Helen, and they are, through magical art, to appear in person. Since, however, Mephistophiles has nothing to do with Greek antiquity, and has no power over such personages, this task is assigned to Faust, who succeeds in it perfectly. The scene showing the means which Faust must adopt to render the apparition possible is not quite complete yet, but I will read it to you next time. The actual appearance of Paris and Helen you shall hear today."

I was happy in the anticipation of what was coming, and Goethe began to read. I saw the Emperor and his court pass through the ancient hall to witness the spectacle. The curtain rises, and the stage, representing a great temple, is before my eyes. Mephistophiles is in the prompter's box, the astrologer is on one side of the proscenium, and Faust, with the tripod, on the other. He utters the necessary formula, and Paris appears rising from the fumes of incense. While this handsome youth is moving about to ethereal music, a description of him is given. He sits down, and leans with his arm bent on his head, as we find him in ancient sculptures. He is the delight of the ladies, who express how they are charmed by the bloom of his youth, and is hated by the men, who are moved by jealousy and hatred, and depreciate him as much as they can. Paris goes to sleep, and Helen makes her appearance. She approaches the sleeper, imprints a kiss upon his lips, retires from him, and then turns round to gaze at him. While in the act of turning, she looks especially charming, and makes the same impression on the men which Paris made upon the women. The men are inspired to love and praise, the women to envy, hatred, and detraction. Faust himself is quite enraptured, and at the aspect of the beauty which he has called forth forgets time, place, and circumstance, so that Mephistophiles finds it necessary to remind him every moment that he is getting out of his part. A mutual affection between Paris and Helen seems to increase, the youth clasps her to carry her away; Faust is about to tear him from her, but, when he turns the key towards him, a violent explosion ensues, the apparitions melt into vapour, and Faust falls paralyzed to the ground.

Sun., Jan. 3.

GOETHE showed me the English Annual, "The Keepsake," for 1830, with very fine engravings, and some extremely interesting letters from Lord Byron, which I read after dinner. He himself had taken up the latest French translation of his "Faust," by Gérard, which he turned over, and seemed occasionally to read.

"Some singular thoughts pass through my head," said he, "on reflecting that this book is now read in a language over which Voltaire ruled fifty years ago. You cannot understand my thoughts upon this subject, and have no idea of the influence which Voltaire and his great contemporaries had in my youth, and how they governed the whole civilized world. My biography does not clearly show what was the influence of these men in my youth, and what pains it cost me to defend myself against them, and to maintain my own ground in a true relation to nature."

We talked further about Voltaire, and Goethe recited to me his poem "Les Systèmes," from which I perceived how he must have studied and appropriated such things in early life.

He praised Gérard's translation as very successful, although mostly in prose.

"I do not like," he said, "to read my 'Faust,' any more in German, but in this French translation all seems again fresh, new, and spirited."

"'Faust,'" continued he, "is, however, quite incommensurable, and all attempts to bring it nearer to the understanding are in vain. Also, it should be considered that the first part is the product of a somewhat dark state in the individual. However, this very darkness has a charm for men's minds, and they work upon it till they are tired, as upon all insoluble problems."

Sun., Jan. 10.

This afternoon Goethe afforded me great pleasure by reading the scene in which Faust visits the Mothers.

The novelty and unexpectedness of the subject, and Goethe's manner of reading the scene, struck me so forcibly, that I felt myself wholly transported into the situation of Faust when he shudders at the communication from Mephistophiles.

Although I had heard and felt the whole, yet so much remained

an enigma to me, that I felt myself compelled to ask Goethe for some explanation. But he, in his usual manner, wrapped himself up in mystery, as he looked on me with wide open eyes, and repeated the words—

> "*Die Mütter! Mütter! 's klingt so wunderlich.*"
> *The Mothers! Mothers! nay, it sounds so strange.*

"I can reveal to you no more," said he, "except that I found, in Plutarch, that in ancient Greece mention was made of the Mothers as divinities. This is all that I owe to others, the rest is my own invention. Take the manuscript home with you, study it carefully, and see what you can make of it."

I was very happy while studying this remarkable scene once more in quiet, and took the following view of the peculiar character and influence, the abode and outward circumstances, of the Mothers:—

Could we imagine that that huge sphere our earth had an empty space in its centre, so that one might go hundreds of miles in one direction, without coming in contact with anything corporeal, this would be the abode of those unknown goddesses to whom Faust descends. They live, as it were, beyond all place; for nothing stands firm in their neighbourhood: they also live beyond all time; for no heavenly body shines upon them which can rise or set, and mark the alternation of day and night.

Thus, dwelling in eternal obscurity and loneliness, these Mothers are creative beings; they are the creating and sustaining principle from which everything proceeds that has life and form on the surface of the earth. Whatever ceases to breathe returns to them as a spiritual nature, and they preserve it until a fit occasion arises to come into existence anew. All souls and forms of what has been, or will be, hover about like clouds in the vast space of their abode. So are the Mothers surrounded, and the magician must enter their dominion, if he would obtain power over the form of a being, and call back former existences to seeming life.

The eternal metamorphosis of earthly existence, birth and growth, destruction and new formation, are thus the unceasing care of the Mothers; and, as in everything which receives new life on earth, the female principle is most in operation, these creating divinities are rightly thought of as female, and the august title of Mothers may be given to them not without reason.

All this is, indeed, no more than a poetic creation; but the limited human mind cannot penetrate much further, and is contented to find something on which it can repose. Upon earth we see phenomena, and feel effects, of which we do not know whence they come and whither they go. We infer a spiritual origin—something divine, of which we have no notion, and for which we have no expression, and which we must draw down to ourselves, and anthropomorphize, that we may in some degree embody and make comprehensible our dark forebodings.

Thus have arisen all mythi, which from century to century have lived among nations, and, in like manner, this new one of Goethe's, which has at least the appearance of some natural truth, and may be reckoned among the best that was ever devised.

(Sup.[1]) Mon., Jan. 18.

Goethe spoke of Lavater, and said a great deal in praise of his character. He also related to me traits of their early intimate friendship, and how in former times they had often slept in the same bed. "It is to be regretted," continued he, "that a weak mysticism so soon set bounds to the flight of his genius."

We spoke about the History of Napoleon by Walter Scott. "It is true," said Goethe, "that the author may be reproached with great inaccuracy and equally great partiality, but even these two defects give to his work particular value in my eyes. The success of the book, in England, was great beyond all expectation and hence we see that Walter Scott, in this very hatred for Napoleon and the French, has been the true interpreter and representative of the English popular opinion and national feeling. His book will not be by any means a document for the history of France, but it will be one for the history of England. At all events, it is a voice which could not be wanting in this important historical process.

"It is generally agreeable to me to hear the most contrary opinions of Napoleon. I am now reading the work by Bignon, which appears to me to possess particular merit."

Sun., Jan. 24.

"I have lately received a letter from a celebrated salt-miner at Stotternheim," said Goethe, "which opens in a remarkable manner, and which I must communicate to you.

"'I have had an experience,' he writes, 'which will not be lost upon me.' But what follows this introduction? Nothing less than a loss of at least a thousand dollars. The shaft, whence you go down twelve hundred feet to the rock-salt, through a soft soil and stone, he has incautiously neglected to prop up at the sides. The soft soil has detached itself, and has so filled up the pit, that an extremely expensive operation is required to get it out again. He will, then, at a depth of twelve hundred feet, put in metal pipes, to be secure against the consequences of a similar mischance. He should have done this at once, and he certainly would have done it, were there not in such people a degree of rashness of which we have no notion, and which is requisite for such enterprises. He is very easy about his misfortune, and writes, 'I have had an experience which will not be lost upon me.' This is quite the sort of man that one likes; a man who, without complaining, is at once active again, and always on his feet. What say you to it? Is it not good?"

1 (Sup.*) Fri., Jan. 22.

"It reminds me of Sterne," I replied, "who complains that he had not used his sorrows like a reasonable man."

"It is something similar," said Goethe.

"I am also reminded of Behrisch," continued I, "when he tells you what experience is. I have lately been reading the chapter for renewed edification.[1]

"'Experience,' says he, 'is nothing else than that one experiences by experience what one would not willingly have experienced.'"

"Yes," said Goethe, smiling, "such are the old jokes with which we so shamefully wasted our time."

"Behrisch," said I, "seems to have been a man full of grace and elegance. How pleasant is the joke in the wine-cellar, where he tries to prevent the young man from visiting his mistress, and accomplishes this in the pleasantest manner, fastening on his sword—now this way, now that—till he makes everybody laugh, and causes the young man to forget the appointed time."

"Yes," said Goethe, "that was pleasant; it would have been one of the most attractive scenes on the stage; indeed, Behrisch was altogether a good character for the theatre."

We then talked over all the oddities told of Behrisch in Goethe's "Life"; his grey clothes, where silk, satin, and wool made strong contrasts one with another, and his constant care always to dress himself in a new grey. Then how he wrote poems, imitated the compositor, and extolled the dignity of the penman; and how it was his favourite pastime to lie at the window, to observe the dress of the passers-by, and in his thoughts so to alter it that the people would have been highly ridiculous if so attired.

"Then his ordinary joke with the postman; how do you like it? is not that droll?"

"I do not know it," said I; "there is nothing about it in your memoirs."

"Strange!" said Goethe, "then I will tell it you. When we were lying together at the window, and Behrisch saw the letter-carrier coming up the street, and going from one house to another, he would take out a groschen, and lay it by him on the window-sill.

"'Do you see the letter-carrier?' said he, turning to me. 'He is coming nearer and nearer, and he will be over here immediately, I can see: he has a letter for you; and what a letter! no ordinary affair, but a letter with a check in it; with a check for—I will not say how much; see, he is coming in. No! but he will come immediately. There he is again. Now! Here! here! my friend, this is the place! He goes by—how stupid! O, how stupid! how can one be so stupid, and act so unjustifiably! Unjustifiably in two respects! Unjustifiably towards you, to whom he does not bring the check which he had in his hands; and quite unjustifiably towards

1 That is to say, in *Goethe's Autobiography* (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*), Part II. Book vii.—Trans.

himself to lose this groschen, which I had taken out for him, and which I now put up again.' Then, with the greatest dignity, he would put the groschen again into his pocket, and we had something to laugh at."

I was amused with this anecdote, which was quite of a piece with the rest. I asked Goethe whether he had ever seen Behrisch in later days.

"I saw him again," said Goethe, "soon after my arrival at Weimar, about the year 1776, when in company with the Duke I made visit to Dessau, whither Behrisch had been invited as tutor of the Crown Prince. I found him the same as ever—as a polished courtier of the best humour."

"What did he say," asked I, "about your becoming so famous in the interval?"

"'Did I not tell you so,' were his first words, 'was it not right that you did not have your verses printed then, and that you waited till you had done something really good? the things were indeed not so bad, otherwise I should not have written them out. If we had remained together, you should not have had even the others printed. I would have copied them out for you, and they would have gone off quite as well.' You see he was the same as ever. He was liked at Court. I always saw him at the Prince's table. I saw him for the last time in the year 1801, when he had become old, but was still in the best humour. He occupied some very handsome apartments in the castle, one of which he completely filled with geraniums, which were then all the rage. Now, the botanists had made some distinctions and divisions among the geraniums, and had given a certain class the name of pelargoniums. This the old gentleman could not bear, and he abused the botanists sorely. 'The blockheads!' said he, 'I think I have filled my room with geraniums, and now they come in and tell me they are pelargoniums. What have I to do with them if they are not geraniums, and what have I to do with pelargoniums?' Thus he would go on for the half hour together, and you will see that he quite kept up his old character."

We then talked about the "Classical Walpurgis-night," [1] the beginning of which Goethe had lately read me.

"The mythological figures which crowd upon me," said he, "are innumerable, but I restrain myself, and merely select those that produce the proper pictorial effect. Faust has now met Chiron, and I hope I shall be successful with the scene. If I work hard I shall have done the Walpurgis-night in a couple of months. Nothing more shall take me off 'Faust,' for it will be odd enough if I live to finish it, and yet it is possible. The fifth act is as good as done, and the fourth will almost write itself."

Goethe then talked about his health, and congratulated himself about keeping so constantly well. "My good state of preservation," said he, "I owe to Vogel—without him I should have gone off long ago. Vogel was born for a physician, and is one of the most decided geniuses I ever

1 In the second part of "Faust."—Trans.

knew. However, we will not say how good he is, for fear he should be taken away from us."

(Sup.*) Mon., Jan. 25.

I brought Goethe the indexes of Dumont's literary remains, which I had made as a preparation for their publication. Goethe read them with great attention, and appeared astonished at the mass of knowledge, interest, and ideas which he had reason to suppose existed in the author of such varied and copious manuscripts.

"Dumont," said he, "must have possessed a mind of great extent. Amongst the subjects which he has treated there is not one which is not interesting and important in itself, and the choice of subjects always shows of what stuff a man is made. It is not desirable that the human intellect should possess such universality as to treat all subjects with equal talent and felicity; but even if the author does not succeed equally with them all, the mere attempt and desire to treat them give me a very high opinion of him. I consider it particularly remarkable and estimable that a practical, useful, and benevolent tendency prevails in all he does."

I had also brought him the first chapter of the "Travels to Paris," which I would have read to him, but which he preferred to study alone.

He then joked upon the difficulty of reading, and the presumption of many people, who, without any previous study and preparatory knowledge, would at once read every philosophical and scientific work, as if it were nothing but a romance. "The good people," continued he, "know not what time and trouble it costs to learn to read. I have been employed for eighteen years on it, and cannot say that I have reached the goal yet."

(Sup.) Wed., Jan. 27.

I dined very happily with Goethe. He spoke with great commendation of Herr von Martius. "His discovery of the spiral tendency," said he, "is of the highest importance. If I had anything more to desire in him it would be that he should carry out his discovered primitive phenomenon (Urphänomenon) with decided boldness, and have the courage to announce a fact as a law, without too much seeking its confirmation at a distance."

He then showed me the transactions of the natural philosophical assembly at Heidelberg, with fac-similes of the handwriting printed on the back, which we observed, and formed our conclusions upon the character.

"I know very well," said Goethe, "that science does not derive so much benefit from these meetings as one might imagine, but they are excellent, inasmuch as people learn to know and esteem one another; whence it follows that a new doctrine of a distinguished man gains currency, and he in his turn becomes inclined to acknowledge and assist us in our

tendencies of another department. Under every circumstance we see that something happens, and no one can tell what may come of it."

Goethe then showed me a letter from an English author with the address—To his Highness the Prince Goethe. "For this title I have probably to thank the German journalists," said Goethe, laughing, "who, out of too great love, have named me the prince of German poets. And the consequence of the innocent German error, is the equally innocent English one."

Goethe then returned to Herr von Martius, and praised him for possessing imagination. "In fact," continued he, "a great natural philosopher without his high gift is impossible. I do not mean an imagination which goes into the vague and imagines things which do not exist; but I mean one which does not abandon the actual soil of the earth, and which steps to supposed and conjectured things by the standard of the real and the known. Then it may prove whether this or that supposition be possible, and whether it is not in contradiction with known laws. Such an imagination presupposes an enlarged tranquil mind, which has at its command a wide survey of the living world and its laws."

Whilst we were speaking, a packet arrived containing a translation of "Die Geschwister" (the Brother and Sister) into Bohemian, which appeared to give Goethe great pleasure.

Sun., Jan. 31.

Dined with Goethe. We talked of Milton.

"I have lately," said Goethe, "read his 'Samson,' which has more of the antique spirit than any production of any other modern poet. He is very great, and his own blindness enabled him to describe with so much truth the situation of Samson. Milton was really a poet; one to whom we owe all possible respect."

The newspapers were brought in, and we saw in the Berlin theatrical intelligence that whales and sea monsters had been introduced on the stage there.

Goethe read in the French paper "Le Temps," an article on the enormous revenue of the English clergy, which amounts to more than in all the rest of Christendom put together.

"It has been maintained," said Goethe, "that the world is governed by pay; this I know, that from pay we can find out whether it is well or ill governed."

(Sup.*) Sun., Jan. 31.

Paid a visit to Goethe, in company with the Prince. He received us in his work-room.

We spoke of the different editions of his works, when I was surprised to hear that he himself did not possess the greater part of these editions. He had not even the first edition of his "Roman Carnival," with

engravings from his own original drawing. He had bid, he said, six dollars for it at an auction, but did not get it.

He then showed us the first manuscript of his "Götz von Berlichingen," quite in the original form, just as he had written it fifty years ago, in a few weeks, at the instigation of his sister. The fine strokes of the handwriting already bore completely the free clear character which his later German writing afterwards retained, and retains even now. The manuscript was very clear, whole pages could be read without the least correction, so that one would rather take it for a copy than the first rough draft.

Goethe wrote his earliest works, as he told us, with his own hand, even his "Werther"; but the manuscript has been lost. In later times, on the contrary, he has dictated almost everything, and there are only poems and lightly noted sketches in his own hand. Very often he did not think of taking a copy of a new production; but frequently abandoned the most valuable works to chance, often sending the only copy he possessed to the printing-office at Stuttgard.

After we had sufficiently looked at the manuscript of "Götz von Berlichingen," Goethe showed us the original of his "Italian Journey." In these daily noted down observations and remarks, there are the same good qualities in the handwriting as in the "Götz." All is decided, firm, and sure; there are no corrections; and one sees that the details of his momentary notes were always fresh and clear in the mind of the writer. Nothing could have been changed for the better excepting the paper, which was different in form and colour in every town at which the traveller stopped.

Towards the end of the manuscript I found a spirited pen-and-ink drawing by Goethe, namely, the representation of an Italian advocate, holding a speech before the court in his robe of office. It was the most remarkable figure that one could imagine, and the dress was so striking, that one would have thought he had chosen it to go to a masquerade. And yet all was but a faithful copy of real life. With his forefinger upon the point of his thumb, and the rest of his fingers stretched out, the stout orator stood comfortably enough, and this slight movement was in perfect accordance with the great perruque with which he had adorned himself.

Wed., Feb. 3.

Dined with Goethe. We talked of Mozart.

"I saw him," said Goethe, "at seven years old, when he gave a concert while travelling our way. I myself was about fourteen years old, and remember perfectly the little man, with his frisure and sword."

I stared, for it seemed to me almost wonderful that Goethe was old enough to have seen Mozart when a child.

We spoke of the "Globe" and the "Temps," and this led to the French literature and literati.

"Guizot," said Goethe, amongst other things, "is a man after my own heart; he is solid. He possesses deep knowledge, combined with an enlightened liberality, which being above parties goes its own way. I am curious to see what part he will play in the Chamber, to which he has just been elected."

"People, who only appear to know him superficially," returned I, "have described him as somewhat pedantic."

"It remains to be known," answered Goethe, "with what sort of pedantry he is reproached. All distinguished men who, in their mode of life adopt a sort of regularity and firm principles, who have reflected much, and who do not trifle with the affairs of life, may very easily appear to be pedants in the eyes of superficial observers. Guizot is a far-seeing, calm, constant man, who in the face of fickleness cannot be sufficiently prized, and is exactly such a man as they want.

"Villemain," continued Goethe, "is perhaps more brilliant as an orator; he possesses the art of thoroughly developing a subject from its foundation; he is never at a loss for striking expressions with which to fix the attention of his hearers, and awaken them to loud applause; but he is far more superficial than Guizot, and far less practical.

"As for Cousin, he can indeed give little to us Germans, since the philosophy which he introduces to his countrymen as something new has been known to us for years; but he is of great importance for the French. He will give them an entirely new tendency.

"Cuvier, the great naturalist, is admirable for his power of representation and his style. No one expounds a fact better than he; but he has scarcely any philosophy. He will bring up very well informed, but few profound scholars."

It was the more interesting to me to hear all this, as it accorded with Dumont's view of the persons in question. I promised Goethe to copy the passages relating to this subject from Dumont's manuscript, that he might compare them with his own opinion.

The mention of Dumont brought the conversation to the intimacy of Dumont with Bentham, on which subject Goethe expressed himself as follows:—

"It is an interesting problem for me," said he, "when I see that a rational and moderate man like Dumont could be the disciple and faithful worshipper of that madman Bentham."

"To a certain extent," returned I, "Bentham is to be looked upon as a twofold person. I distinguish Bentham the genius—who discovered the principles which Dumont rescued from oblivion, by working them out—from Bentham the impassioned, who, through an exaggerated zeal for utility, overstepped the limits of his own doctrine, and thus became a radical both in politics and in religion."

"That is a new problem for me," returned Goethe, "that an old man can close the career of a long life, by becoming a radical in his last days."

I endeavoured to solve this contradiction, by remarking that Bentham, being fully convinced of the excellence of his doctrine and his legislation, and of the impossibility of introducing them into England without an entire change in the system of Government, allowed himself to be carried away so much the more by his passionate zeal, as he came but little into contact with the outward world, and was unable to judge of the danger of violent overthrow.

"Dumont, on the contrary," continued I, "who possesses more clearness and less passion, has never approved of Bentham's exaggeration, and has been far removed from falling into a like fault himself. Besides, he has had the advantage of applying Bentham's principles in a country which, in consequence of the political events of the times, might be regarded as new—namely, in Geneva, where everything perfectly succeeded, and the fortunate result proved the worth of the principle."

"Dumont," returned Goethe, "is a moderate liberal, just as all rational people are and ought to be, and as I myself am. It is in this spirit I have endeavoured to act during a long life.

"The true liberal," he continued, "endeavours to effect as much good as he can, with the means which he has at command; but he would not extirpate evils, which are often inevitable, with fire and sword. He endeavours, by a judicious progress, gradually to remove glaring defects, without at the same time destroying an equal amount of good by violent measures. He contents himself in this ever imperfect world with what is good, until time and circumstances favour his attaining something better."

(Sup.) Sat., Feb. 6.

Dined with Frau von Goethe. Young Goethe related some pleasant anecdotes of his grandmother, "Frau Rath Goethe," of Frankfort whom he had visited twenty years before as a student, and with whom he was one day invited to dine at the Prince Primate's. The Prince, as a mark of particular politeness, had come to meet the Frau Rath on the stairs; but as he wore his usual clerical costume, she took him for an Abbé, and paid him no particular respect. Even when first seated by his side at table, she did not put on the most friendly face. In the course of the conversation, however, she gradually perceived, from the deportment of the rest of the guests, that he was the Primate. The Prince then drank the health of her and her son, whereupon she rose and proposed the health of his Highness.

Sun., Feb. 7.

Dined with Goethe. A great deal of conversation about the Prince Primate—that he had contrived to defend him by a skilful turn at the Empress of Austria's table; the Prince's deficiency in philosophy; his

dilettante love of painting, without taste; the picture given to Miss Gore; his goodness of heart and weak liberality, which at last brought him to poverty. Conversation on the nature of the "Desobligeant." After dinner young Goethe, with Walter and Wolf, appeared in his masquerade dress, in the character of Klingsohr, and then went to Court.

Wed., Feb. 10.

Dined with Goethe. He spoke with real gratification of the poem written by Riemer, for the festival of the 2nd February.

"All," added Goethe, "that Riemer does is fit to be seen both by master and journeyman."

We talked also of the classic Walpurgis-night, and he said that he came to things which surprised even himself. The subject, too, had become more diffuse than he had expected.

"I am not half through it," said he, "but I will keep to it, and hope to have finished it by Easter. You shall see nothing more of it before, but, as soon as it is done. I will give it to you to take home, that you may examine it quietly. If you made up the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth volumes,[1] so that we might send off the last part at Easter, it would be a good arrangement, and we should have the summer open for something great. I would occupy myself with Faust, and endeavour to get over the fourth act."

I was pleased with this notion, and promised every assistance on my part.

Goethe then sent his servant to inquire after the Grand Duchess Dowager, who had been very ill, and seemed to him in a dangerous situation.

"She should not have seen the masquerade," said he; "but princes are accustomed to have their own way, and thus all the protests of the Court and the physicians were in vain. With the same strong will with which she once confronted Napoleon, she now resists her bodily weakness; and can foresee already that she will go off, like the Grand Duke, in the full vigour and mastery of her mind, although her body may have ceased to obey it."

Goethe appeared in low spirits, and remained silent for a while. Soon, however, we again conversed on cheerful subjects; and he told me of a book written in defence of Sir Hudson Lowe.

"It contains," he said, "most valuable traits, which can only have been derived from immediate eye-witnesses. You know that Napoleon ordinarily wore a dark-green uniform. It was at last so much worn and sunburnt as entirely to lose its colour, and a necessity was felt of supplying its place with another. He wished for the same dark-green colour, but no article of the sort was to be found in the island. There was indeed a green cloth, but the colour was not pure, and ran into a

1 That is, of Goethe's complete works.

yellowish tinge. The lord of the world found it intolerable to put such a colour on his body, and nothing was left but to turn his old uniform, and wear it in that way.

"What do you say to that? Is it not a perfectly tragic trait? Is it not touching to see the master of kings so reduced at last that he must wear a turned uniform? And yet, when we reflect that such an end befell a man who had trampled underfoot the life and happiness of millions, his fate appears after all very mild. Fate is here a Nemesis, who, in consideration of the hero's greatness, cannot avoid being a little generous. Napoleon affords us an example of the danger of elevating oneself to the Absolute, and sacrificing everything to the carrying out of an idea."

We said a good deal more in reference to this subject, and then I went to the theatre to see the "Star of Seville."

(Sup.*) Wed., Feb. 10.

Today, after dinner, I was for a moment with Goethe. He rejoiced at the approaching spring, and the increasing length of the days. We then spoke of the theory of colours. He appeared to doubt the possibility of opening a path for his simple theory. "The errors of my opponents," said he, "have been too generally spread during a century for me to hope to find any companions on my solitary way. I shall remain alone! I often compare myself to a shipwrecked man, who has seized upon a plank which is only sufficient to bear one person. This one is saved, whilst all the rest are miserably drowned."

Sun., Feb. 14.

Today, on my way to Goethe, who had invited me to dinner, I heard of the Grand Duchess Dowager's death, which had just happened. "What effect will this news have on Goethe at his advanced age?" was my first thought, and I entered the house with some apprehension. The servants said his daughter-in-law was gone to him to tell him the sad news.

"For more than fifty years." thought I, "he was attached to this princess, and blessed with her especial favour and friendship; her death must deeply move him."

With such feelings I entered his room, but was not a little surprised to find him in his usual cheerfulness and vigour, taking his soup with his daughter-in-law and grand-children, as if nothing had happened.

We went on talking cheerfully of indifferent things. Presently all the bells began to toll; Frau von Goethe looked at me, and we talked louder, that the tone of the death-bells might not shock him; for we thought he felt like us. However, he did not feel like us; his mind was in a wholly different position. He sat before us, like a being of a higher order, inaccessible to earthly woes.

Hofrath Vogel was announced. He sat down, and told us all the circumstances of the last hours of the noble departed; to which Goethe listened with the same perfect calmness and composure. Vogel went

away, and we continued our conversation at dinner on other subjects.

We talked a great deal about the "Chaos," and Goethe praised the "Reflections on Play," in the last number, as excellent. When Frau von Goethe retired with her children, I was left alone with Goethe.

He talked to me of his classic Walpurgis-night, saying he was getting forward in it every day, and effecting wonderful things, beyond his expectation.

He then showed me a letter which he had today received from the King of Bavaria, and which I read with great interest. The King's true and noble turn of mind was manifested in every line; and Goethe seemed much pleased by his remaining so constantly the same towards him.

Hofrath Soret was now announced, and joined us; he came with a message of condolence from her Imperial Highness to Goethe, which contributed to make him even more cheerful. He continued the conversation, and spoke of the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, who, in her sixteenth year, and in all her beauty, lay apparently on her deathbed, and with the most perfect composure comforted those who stood around it, saying, "What is it, after all? I leave mere mortals behind me!" However, she lived to the age of ninety; after having to her eightieth year made happy or desperate hundreds of lovers.

Goethe then talked of Gozzi, and his theatre at Venice, where the actors had merely subjects given them, and filled up the details impromptu. Gozzi said there were only six-and-thirty tragic situations. Schiller thought there were more, but could never succeed in finding even so many.

Then many interesting things were said about Grimm; his life and character, and his distrust of paper-money.

(Sup.[1]) Sun., Feb. 14.[2]

This was a day of mourning for Weimar; the Grand Duchess Louise died this afternoon, at half-past one o'clock. The reigning Grand Duchess ordered me to pay visits of condolence, in her name, to Fräulein von Waldner and Goethe.

I went first to Fräulein von Waldner. I found her in tears and deep affliction, quite abandoned to the feeling of her loss. "I was," said she, "for more than fifty years in the service of the late Princess. She herself chose me for her maid of honour. And this free choice on her side was my pride and my happiness. I forsook my native land to live in her service. Would she had now taken me with her, that I should not have so long to sigh for a reunion!"

I then went to Goethe. But how very different was his condition! He certainly did not feel the loss less deeply; but he appeared to be

1 (Sup.*) Mon., Feb. 15.

2 This conversation, recorded by Soret, is the same as the preceding one recorded by Eckermann, but is given at greater length.—Trans.

perfectly master of his own feelings. I found him sitting at dinner with a good friend, and drinking a bottle of wine. He spoke with animation, and appeared to be altogether in a very cheerful mood. "Well," said he, when he saw me, "come here, take your place. The blow which has long menaced us has at last fallen, and at least we have no longer to struggle with cruel uncertainty. We must now see how we can reconcile ourselves to life again."

"These are your comforters," said I, pointing to his papers. "Work is an excellent means of reviving our spirits under trials."

"As long as it is day," returned Goethe, "we can keep our heads up, and as long as we can produce we shall not fail."

He then spoke of persons who had attained a great age, and mentioned the renowned Ninon.

"Even in her ninetieth year," said he, "she was young; but she understood how to maintain her equilibrium, and did not trouble herself with worldly affairs more than she ought. Death itself inspired her with no very great respect. When in her eighteenth[1] year she was afflicted with a severe illness, and the bystanders represented to her the danger she was in, she said quite calmly—'What would it be after all? I should leave only mortals behind me!' She lived seventy years after that, amiable and beloved, and enjoying all the pleasures of life; but with this peculiar equanimity constantly upholding herself above every consuming passion. Ninon knew what she was about; there are few who imitate her."

He then handed me a letter from the King of Bavaria, which he had received today, and which probably contributed not a little to his cheerful humour. "Read," said he, "and confess that the kindness which the King continually shows me, and the lively interest which he takes in the progress of literature and the higher human development, is calculated to give me pleasure. And I thank Heaven, as for a particular favour, that I have received this letter just on this day."

We then spoke of the theatre, and dramatic poetry.

"Gozzi," said Goethe, "would maintain that there are only six-and-thirty tragical situations. Schiller took the greatest pains to find more, but he did not find even so many as Gozzi."

This led to an article in the "Globe," viz., a critical exposition of the "Gustavus Vasa" of Arnault. The style and manner which the critic adopted gave Goethe great pleasure, and received his perfect approbation. The judge has contented himself with mentioning all the reminiscences of the author, without further attacking him or his poetical principles.

"The critic of 'Le Temps,'" added Goethe, "has not been so wise. He presumes to point out to the poet the way he should go. This is a great fault; for one cannot thus make him better. Generally, there is nothing

1 "Sixteenth" in Eckermann's narrative.—Trans.

more foolish than to say to a poet: 'You should have done this in this way—and that in that.' I speak from long experience. One can never make anything of a poet but what nature has intended him to be. If you force him to be another, you will destroy him. Now, the gentlemen of the 'Globe,' as I said before, act very wisely. They print a long list of all the commonplaces which M. Arnault has picked up from every hole and corner; and by doing this they very cleverly point out the rock which the author has to avoid in future. It is almost impossible, in the present day, to find a situation which is thoroughly new. It is merely the manner of looking at it, and the art of treating and representing it, which can be new, and one must be the more cautious of every imitation."

Goethe then related to us how Gozzi managed his "Teatro del Arte" in Venice, and how much his improvising troop was liked. "I have," said he, "seen two actresses of that troop, particularly 'La Brighella'; and I have seen several other improvised pieces of the sort. The effect produced by these people was extraordinary."

Goethe then spoke of the Neapolitan "Pulcinella."

"One of the chief jokes of this hero of low comedy," said he, "consisted in seeming sometimes to forget his part as an actor. He pretended to have returned home, talked familiarly with his family, told them about the piece in which he had acted, and of another in which he was about to act,—'But, my dear husband,' his wife would exclaim, 'you appear to forget the august company in whose presence you are.' 'E Vero! E Vero!' returned Pulcinella, recollecting himself; and then, amidst the applause of the spectators, he returned to his former part. The theatre of Pulcinella is in such repute, that no one in good society boasts of having been there. Ladies, as you may suppose, never go there at all; it is only frequented by men. Pulcinella is, in fact, a sort of living newspaper. Everything remarkable that has happened in Naples during the day may be heard from him in the evening. However, these local allusions, combined with his low popular dialect, make it almost impossible for foreigners to understand him."

Goethe turned the conversation to other reminiscences of his former days. He spoke of his small confidence in paper currency, and of the experiences he had had in this respect. By way of confirmation, he told us an anecdote of Grimm, about the time of the French Revolution, when thinking it no longer safe to remain in Paris, he returned to Germany, and lived at Gotha.

"We were one day dining at Grimm's," said Goethe. "I know not now how the conversation led to it, but Grimm said: 'I wager that no monarch in Europe possesses so costly a pair of ruffles as I do; and that no one has paid so high a price as I have.' You may imagine that we loudly expressed incredulous astonishment, particularly the ladies, and that we were all very curious to see so wonderful a pair of ruffles. Grimm rose accordingly, and brought from his press a pair of lace ruffles, of such beauty, that we all burst into loud admiration. We endeavoured to set a price upon them, but still we could not value them more highly

than at about a hundred or two hundred louis d'or. Grimm laughed and exclaimed: 'You are very far from the mark; I paid twice a hundred and fifty thousand francs, and was lucky in laying out my assignats so well. The next day they were not worth a groschen.'"

I was this morning with Goethe for a moment, to inquire after his health in the name of the Grand Duchess. I found him sad and thoughtful, without a trace of yesterday's rather violent excitement. He appeared today to feel deeply the chasm which death had made in the friendly intimacy of fifty years.

"I must work very hard," said he, "to keep myself up, and to support myself under this sudden separation. Death is something so strange, that, notwithstanding all experience, one thinks it impossible for it to seize a beloved object; and it always presents itself as something incredible and unexpected. It is, to a certain extent, an impossibility which suddenly becomes a reality. And this transition from an existence which we know, to another of which we know nothing, is something so violent, that it cannot take place without the greatest shock to the survivors."

Wed., Feb. 17.

We talked of the theatre—of the colour of the scenes and costumes. The result was as follows:—

Generally, the scenes should have a tone favourable to every colour of the dresses, like Beuther's scenery, which has more or less of a brownish tinge, and brings out the colour of the dresses with perfect freshness. If, however, the scene-painter is obliged to depart from so favourable an undecided tone, and to represent a red or yellow chamber, a white tent or a green garden, the actors should be clever enough to avoid similar colours in their dresses. If an actor in a red uniform and green breeches enters a red room, the upper part of his body vanishes, and only his legs are seen; if, with the same dress, he enters a green garden, his legs vanish, and the upper part of his body is conspicuous. Thus I saw an actor in a white uniform and dark breeches, the upper part of whose body completely vanished in a white tent, while the legs disappeared against a dark background.

"Even," said Goethe, "when the scene-painter is obliged to have a red or yellow chamber, or a green garden or wood, these colours should be somewhat faint and hazy, that every dress in the foreground may be relieved and produce the proper effect."

We talked about the Iliad, and Goethe called my attention to the following beautiful motive,—viz., that Achilles is put into a state of inaction for some time, that the other characters may appear and develop themselves.

Of his "Wahlverwandtschaften," he says that there is not a touch in it which he had not experienced, and, at the same time, not a touch just as

he had experienced it. He said the same thing of the Sesenheim story.[1]

After dinner we looked through a portfolio of the Netherland school. A view of a harbour, where on one side men are taking in fresh water, and on the other some are playing dice on a barrel, gave occasion to some fine remarks, as to how the real must be avoided, not to injure the effect of a work of art. The principal light falls on the top of the barrel; the dice are thrown, as may be seen by the gestures of the men, but they are not marked on the surface of the barrel, as they would have intercepted the light, and thus have marred the effect.

Ruysdael's studies for his Churchyard were then looked over, and we saw what pains even such a master had taken.

Sun., Feb. 21.

Dined with Goethe. He showed me the air-plant (Luft-pflanze), which I looked at with great interest. I remarked therein an effort to continue its existence as long as possible, before permitting its successor to manifest itself.

"I have determined," said Goethe, "to read neither the 'Temps' nor the 'Globe' for a month to come. Things are in such a position, that some event of importance must happen within that time; I will wait till the news comes to me from without. My classical Walpurgis-night will gain from this abstinence; besides, one gets nothing from such interests—a consideration oftentimes left too much out of mind."

He then showed me a letter, written by Boisserée, from Munich, which had given him great pleasure, and which I likewise read with delight. Boisserée spoke especially of the "Second Residence in Rome," and on some points in the last number of "Kunst and Alterthum" (*Art and Antiquity*). His judgment showed equal good will and profundity; and we found an opportunity to talk much of the culture and activity of this valuable man.

Goethe then spoke of a new picture, by Cornelius, as being very fine in conception and execution; and the remark was made, that the real occasion for the good colouring of a picture lay in the composition.

Afterwards, during a walk, the air-plant came again into my mind, and I had the thought that a being goes on continuing its existence, and then collects itself to reproduce its like. This law of nature reminded me of the legend in which we conceive God living alone in the beginning of all things, and then creating the Son, who is like Himself. So, too, good masters find nothing more appropriate to do than to form good scholars, by whom their efforts and principles may be continued. Even so every work of a poet or artist must be looked upon as his like; if that is excellent, he who made it must also have been excellent. Thus no good work by another shall ever excite envy in

1 The story of Frederica in "Dichtung und Wahrheit."—Trans.

me, since from its existence I must infer that of an excellent man worthy to produce it.

Wed., Feb. 24.

Dined with Goethe. We talked of Homer. I remarked that the interposition of the gods immediately borders on the Real.

"That is infinitely delicate and human," said Goethe, "and I thank Heaven the times are gone by when the French called this interposition of the gods machinery. But really to learn to appreciate merits so vast required some time, for it demanded a complete regeneration of their culture."

He said he had given a new touch to the apparition of Helena, to enhance her beauty, which was suggested by a remark of mine, and did honour to my perceptions.

After dinner, Goethe showed me a sketch from a picture by Cornelius—Orpheus, before the throne of Pluto, supplicating for the release of Eurydice. The picture seemed to us well considered, and the details excellent; yet it did not quite satisfy or yield a genuine pleasure to the mind. Perhaps, we thought, the colouring may bring with it greater harmony, or perhaps the following moment, when Orpheus has conquered the heart of Pluto, and Eurydice is restored to him, would have been more favourable. The situation would not in that case have been so fraught with excitement and expectation, but would rather have given complete satisfaction.

Mon., March 1.

Dined at Goethe's, with Hofrath Voigt, of Jena. The conversation turned entirely on subjects of natural history, in which Hofrath Voigt displayed the most various and comprehensive knowledge.

Goethe mentioned that he had received a letter containing this objection to his system,—that the cotyledons are not leaves, because they have no eyes behind them. But we satisfied ourselves, by examining various plants, that the cotyledons have eyes, as well as all the following leaves.

Voigt says that the aperçu of the "Metamorphosis of Plants" is one of the most fruitful discoveries which researches into natural history have give to modern times.

We spoke of collections of stuffed birds; and Goethe told us how an Englishman kept several hundreds of living birds in large cages. The stuffed birds pleased him so well, that the thought occurred to him it would be better to kill them all, and have them stuffed; and this whim he at once carried into effect.

Voigt mentioned that he was about to translate Cuvier's "Natural History," and publish it, with some additions of his own.

After dinner, when Voigt had gone, Goethe showed me the manuscript of his "Walpurgis-nacht," and I was astonished to see to what a bulk it

had grown.

Wed., March. 3.

Went to walk with Goethe before dinner. He spoke favourably of my poem on the King of Bavaria, observing that Lord Byron had had a favourable influence upon me, but that I still wanted what is called convenance, in which Voltaire was so great; and he recommended me to take him as my model.

At table we talked of Wieland, particularly of his "Oberon;" and Goethe was of opinion that the foundation was weak, and that the plan had not been sufficiently thought over before the execution was begun. It was not well judged, he thought, to let a spirit procure the hairs and teeth, because the hero is thus left inactive. But the pregnant, graceful, ingenious treatment of this great poet makes the book so attractive to the reader, that he never thinks of the foundation, but reads on.

We continued talking on various subjects, till at last we came to the entelecheia.

"The obstinacy of the individual, and the fact that man shakes off what does not suit him," said Goethe, "is a proof to me that something of the kind exists."

I had for some minutes thought the same thing, and was about to express it, and hence I was doubly pleased to hear it uttered by Goethe.

"Leibnitz," he continued, "had similar thoughts about independent beings, and indeed what we term an entelecheia he called a monad."

I determined to read further on the subject in Leibnitz.

(Sup.[1]) Fri., March 5.

A near relation of Goethe's youthful love, Fräulein von Türkheim, had spent some time in Weimar. I expressed to Goethe today my regret at her departure. "She is so young," said I, "and shows a lofty feeling, and a mature mind, such as one seldom finds at such an age. Besides, her appearance has made a great impression at Weimar. If she had remained longer, she might have become dangerous to many.

"I am very sorry," said Goethe, "that I did not see her oftener; and that I at first constantly delayed inviting her, in order that I might converse with her undisturbed, and retrace in her the beloved features of her relation.

"The fourth volume of 'Wahrheit und Dichtung,'" continued he, "in which is related the youthful tale of happiness and woe relating to my love for Lili, has been finished for some time. I should have written and published it earlier, if I had not been restrained by certain delicate considerations—not on my own account, but on account of my beloved, who was then living. I should have been proud to proclaim to the world how much I loved her, and I think that she would not have blushed to

1 (Sup.*) Sat., Mar., 6.

confess that my affection was returned. But had I the right to publish this without her consent? It was always my intention to beg for it; but I delayed, until at last it was no longer necessary.

"Whilst you speak with such interest," continued Goethe, "of the amiable girl who has just left us, you awaken in me all my old recollections. I again see the charming Lili living before me; it is just as if I again felt the aspiration of her loved presence. She was, in fact, the first whom I deeply and truly loved. I may also say that she was the last; for all the little affections which I have felt, in the after part of my life, are, when compared with this first one, only light and superficial.

"I have never been so near a happiness after my own heart," continued Goethe, "as during the time of this love for Lili. The obstacles which separated us were not really insurmountable, and yet she was lost to me!

"My affection for her had about it something so delicate, and something so peculiar, that even now, in the representation of that painfully happy epoch, it has an influence upon my style. When, at some future time, you read the fourth volume of 'Wahrheit und Dichtung,' you will find that this love is something very different from the love in novels."

"The same might be said," returned I, "of your love for Gretchen and Frederica. The description of both is so new and original, that novelists do not invent or imagine anything like it. This appears to proceed from the extreme veracity of the narrator, who has not endeavoured to cloak his experiences, in order to make them appear to greater advantage, and who has avoided every sentimental phrase, where the simple statement of the events is sufficient.

"Besides, love itself," continued I, "is never alike; it is always original, and always modifies itself according to the character and the personality of those whom we love."

"You are perfectly right," returned Goethe, "for not merely we are the love, but also the beloved object that charms us. And then—what we must not forget—we have as a powerful third element the Dæmonic (dämonisch) which accompanies every passion, and which finds its proper element in love. This was particularly active in my connection with Lili; it gave another turn to my whole life, and I do not say too much when I assert that my coming to Weimar, and my presence here now, were immediate consequences of it."

Goethe had been reading, for some time, the "Memoirs of St. Simon."

"With the death of Louis the Fourteenth," said he to me some days ago, "I came to a stop. Until then the dozen volumes interested me to a high degree, through the contrast of the will of the master and the aristocratic virtue of the servant. But from the moment when that monarch takes his departure, and another personage enters, who is so bad that St. Simon himself appears to advantage by his side, I felt no more pleasure in reading; repugnance followed, and I left the book where the 'Tyrant' left me."

Goethe has also ceased, during the last fortnight, to read the "Globe" and the "Temps," which he had read for many months with the greatest ardour. Now, when the numbers arrive folded up, he lays them aside unopened. However, he begs his friends to tell him what is going on in the world. He has been for some time very productive, and quite buried in the second part of his "Faust." It is the classical "Walpurgis-nacht" which has especially absorbed him for some weeks, and which is therefore making rapid and striking progress. In such thoroughly productive epochs Goethe does not like reading, unless, as something light and cheerful, it affords him a healthy repose, or stands in harmony and assists him with the subject he has immediately in hand. He avoids it, on the contrary, when it has so strong and exciting an effect as to disturb his quiet and calm production, and dissipate and distract his active interest. The last appears to have been the case with the "Globe" and the "Temps."

"I see," said he, "that important events are about to take place in Paris; we are on the eve of a great explosion. But since I have no influence upon it, I shall wait for it quietly, without allowing myself to be unnecessarily excited every day by the interesting progress of the drama. I now read neither the 'Globe' nor the 'Temps,' and my 'Walpurgis-nacht' progresses the better for it."

He spoke of the state of the most modern French literature, which interests him much.

"What the French," said he, "in their present literary tendency, consider something new, is in fact nothing but the reflection of what the German literature has intended, and has been for fifty years. The germ of the historical pieces which are now new to them, is to be found in my 'Götz,' written half a century ago.

"Besides," continued he, "the German authors have never thought, and have never written with the view of exerting an influence over the French. I myself have always had only Germany before my eyes, and it was only yesterday or the day before that it occurred to me to turn my glances westward, to see what our neighbours think of me on the other side of the Rhine. And even now they have no influence over my productions. Wieland himself, who imitated the French forms and manner, always remained a German at bottom, and would make a bad figure in a translation."

Sun., Mar. 7.

Went to Goethe about twelve, and found him remarkably fresh and strong. He told me that he had been forced to lay aside the classical Walpurgis-night, to finish the last number.[1]

"I have shown my wisdom," said he, "in leaving off when I was in a good vein, and had much to say that I had already invented. In this way, it is much easier to resume my subject, than if I had gone on writing till I

1 Of his entire works.—Trans.

came to a standstill."

I noted down this as good doctrine. We had intended to take a ride before dinner, but we both found it so pleasant in the room that the horses were countermanded.

In the meanwhile, Frederic, the servant, had unpacked a large chest, which had arrived from Paris. It was a present from the sculptor David, of bas-relief portraits in plaster of fifty-seven celebrated persons. Frederic brought in the casts in the different drawers, and we were much amused in looking at all the persons of distinction. I was particularly curious about Mérimée; the head appeared as powerful and bold as his talent, and Goethe remarked that he had something humourous about him. Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Emile Deschamps, appeared with clear, free, cheerful faces. We were also pleased to see Mademoiselle Gay, Madame Tastu, and other young female writers. The powerful head of Fabvier reminded us of the men of earlier ages; we felt delight in looking at it again and again.

Thus we went on from one eminent person to another, and Goethe could not help saying repeatedly that through this present from David he possessed a treasure for which he could not sufficiently thank the admirable artist. He would not fail to show this collection to travellers, and in that way attain verbal information about some of those personages who were unknown to him.

Some books had also been packed up in the chest, which he had ordered to be taken into the front rooms, whither we followed them and sat down to dine. We were in good spirits, and spoke of works and plans of works.

"It is not good for man to be alone," said Goethe, "and especially to work alone. On the contrary, he needs sympathy and suggestion to do anything well. I owe to Schiller the 'Achilleis,' and many of my ballads, to which he urged me; and you may take the credit to yourself, if I complete the second part of 'Faust.' I have often told you so before, but I must repeat it, that you may know it."

These words rejoiced me, for I felt that there might be much truth in what he said. After dinner, Goethe opened one of the packets. This contained the poems of Emile Deschamps, accompanied by a letter, which Goethe gave me to read. I saw with delight what influence was attributed to Goethe over the new life of French literature, and how the young poets loved and revered him as their intellectual head. Thus had Shakspeare worked upon the youth of Goethe. It could not be said of Voltaire that he had had an influence of the kind on the young poets of other countries, that they assembled in his spirit, and recognized him as their lord and master. The letter of Deschamps was written altogether with a very amiable cordiality and freedom.

"You see there the spring-time of a beautiful mind," said Goethe.

We found also a leaf, which David had sent with drawings of Napoleon's hat in various positions.

"That is something for my son," said Goethe, and sent him the leaf

immediately. It produced its effect, for young Goethe soon came down full of glee, and declared that these hats of his hero were the ne plus ultra of his collection. Five minutes had not passed before the leaf, under glass and in a frame, was in its place among other attributes and monuments of the hero.

(Sup.) Sun., Mar. 14.

This evening at Goethe's. He showed me all the treasures, now put in order, from the chest which he had received from David, and with the unpacking of which I had found him occupied some days ago. The plaster medallions, with the profiles of the principal young poets of France, he had laid in order side by side upon tables. On this occasion, he spoke once more of the extraordinary talent of David, which was as great in conception as in execution. He also showed me a number of the newest works, which had been presented to him, through the medium of David, as gifts from the most distinguished men of the romantic school. I saw works by St. Beuve, Ballanche, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Alfred de Vigny, Jules Janin, and others.

"David," said he, "has prepared happy days for me, by this present. The young poets have already occupied me the whole week, and afford me new life by the fresh impressions which I receive from them. I shall make a separate catalogue of these much esteemed portraits and books, and shall give them both a special place in my collection of works of art and my library."

One could see from Goethe's manner that this homage from the young poets of France afforded him the heartiest delight.

He then read something from the "Studies," by Emile Deschamps. He praised the translation of the "Bride of Corinth," as faithful, and very successful.

"I possess," said he, "the manuscript of an Italian translation of this poem, which gives the original, even to the rhymes."

"The Bride of Corinth," induced Goethe to speak of the rest of his ballads. "I owe them, in a great measure, to Schiller," said he, "who impelled me to them, because he always wanted something new for his 'Horen.' I had already carried them in my head for many years; they occupied my mind as pleasant images, as beautiful dreams, which came and went, and by playing with which my fancy made me happy. I unwillingly resolved to bid farewell to these brilliant visions, which had so long been my solace, by embodying them in poor, inadequate words. When I saw them on paper, I regarded them with a mixture of sadness. I felt as if I were about to be separated for ever from a beloved friend.

"At other times," continued Goethe, "it has been totally different with my poems. They have been preceded by no impressions or forebodings, but have come suddenly upon me, and have insisted on being composed immediately, so that I have felt an instinctive and dreamy impulse to write them down on the spot. In such a somnambulistic condition, it has

often happened that I have had a sheet of paper lying before me all on one side, and I have not discovered it till all has been written, or I have found no room to write any more. I have possessed many such sheets written crossways, but they have been lost one after another, and I regret that I can no longer show any proofs of such poetic abstraction."

The conversation then returned to the French literature an the modern ultra-romantic tendency of some not unimportant men of genius. Goethe was of opinion that this poetic revolution, which was still in its infancy, would be very favourable to literature, but very prejudicial to the individual authors who effect it.

"Extremes are never to be avoided in any revolution," said he. "In a political one, nothing is generally desired in the beginning but the abolition of abuses; but before people are aware, they are deep in bloodshed and horror. Thus the French, in their present literary revolution, desired nothing at first but a freer form; however, they will not stop there, but will reject the traditional contents together with the form. They begin to declare the representation of noble sentiments and deeds as tedious, and attempt to treat of all sorts of abominations. Instead of the beautiful subjects from Grecian mythology, there are devils, witches, and vampires, and the lofty heroes of antiquity must give place to jugglers and galley slaves. This is piquant! This is effective! But after the public has once tasted this highly seasoned food, and has become accustomed to it, it will always long for more, and that stronger. A young man of talent, who would produce an effect and be acknowledged, and who is great enough to go his own way, must accommodate himself to the taste of the day—nay, must seek to outdo his predecessors in the horrible and frightful. But in this chase after outward means of effect, all profound study, and all gradual and thorough development of the talent and the man from within, is entirely neglected. And this is the greatest injury which can befall a talent, although literature in general will gain by this tendency of the moment.

"But," added I, "how can an attempt which destroys individual talents be favourable to literature in general?"

"The extremes and excrescences which I have described," returned Goethe, "will gradually disappear; but at last this great advantage will remain—besides a freer form, richer and more diversified subjects will have been attained, and no object of the broadest world and the most manifold life will be any longer excluded as unpoetical. I compare the present literary epoch to a state of violent fever, which is not in itself good and desirable, but of which improved health is the happy consequence. That abomination which now often constitutes the whole subject of a poetical work, will in future only appear as an useful expedient; aye, the pure and the noble, which is now abandoned for the moment, will soon be resought with additional ardour."

"It is surprising to me," remarked I, "that even Mérimée, who is one of your favourites, has entered upon this ultra-romantic path, through the horrible subjects of his 'Guzla.'"

"Mérimée," returned Goethe, "has treated these things very differently from his fellow-authors. These poems certainly are not deficient in various horrible motives, such as churchyards, nightly crossways, ghosts and vampires; but the repulsive themes do not touch the intrinsic merit of the poet. On the contrary, he treats them from a certain objective distance, and, as it were, with irony. He goes to work with them like an artist, to whom it is an amusement to try anything of the sort. He has, as I have said before, quite renounced himself, nay, he has ever renounced the Frenchman, and that to such a degree, that at first these poems of Guzla were deemed real Illyrian popular poems, and thus little was wanting for the success of the imposition he had intended.

"Mérimée," continued Goethe, "is indeed a thorough fellow! Indeed, generally, more power and genius are required for the objective treatment of a subject than is supposed. Thus, too, Lord Byron, notwithstanding his predominant personality, has sometimes had the power of renouncing himself altogether, as may be seen in some of his dramatic pieces, particularly in his 'Marino Faliero.' In this piece one quite forgets that Lord Byron, or even an Englishman, wrote it. We live entirely in Venice, and entirely in the time in which the action takes place. The personages speak quite from themselves, and from their own condition, without having any of the subjective feelings, thoughts, and opinions of the poet. That is as it should be. Of our young French romantic writers of the exaggerating sort, one cannot say as much. What I have read of them—poems, novels, dramatic works—have all borne the personal colouring of the author, and none of them ever make me forget that a Parisian—that a Frenchman—wrote them. Even in the treatment of foreign subjects one still remains in France and Paris, quite absorbed in all the wishes, necessities, conflicts, and fermentations of the present day."

"Béranger also," I threw in experimentally, "has only expressed the situation of the great metropolis, and his own interior."

"That is a man," said Goethe, "whose power of representation and whose interior are worth something. In him is all the substance of an important personality. Béranger is a nature most happily endowed, firmly grounded in himself, purely developed from himself, and quite in harmony with himself. He has never asked—what would suit the times? what produces an effect? what pleases? what are others doing?—in order that he might do the like. He has always worked only from the core of his own nature, without troubling himself as to what the public, or what this or that party expects. He has certainly, at different critical epochs, been influenced by the mood, wishes, and necessities of the people; but that has only confirmed him in himself, by proving to him that his own nature is in harmony with that of the people; and has never seduced him into expressing anything but what already lay in his heart.

"You know that I am, upon the whole, no friend to what is called political poems, but such as Béranger has composed I can tolerate. With him there is nothing snatched out of the air, nothing of merely

imagined or imaginary interest; he never shoots at random; but, on the contrary, has always the most decided, the most important subjects. His affectionate admiration of Napoleon, and his reminiscences of the great warlike deeds which were performed under him, and that at a time when these recollections were a consolation to the somewhat oppressed French; then his hatred of the domination of priests, and of the darkness which threatened to return with the Jesuits: these are things to which one cannot refuse hearty sympathy. And how masterly is his treatment on all occasions! How he turns about and rounds off every subject in his own mind before he expresses it! And then, when all is matured, what wit, spirit, irony, and persiflage, and what heartiness, naïveté, and grace, and unfolded at every step! His songs have every year made millions of joyous men; they always flow glibly from the tongue, even with the working-classes, whilst they are so far elevated above the level of the commonplace, that the populace, in converse with these pleasant spirits, becomes accustomed and compelled to think itself better and nobler. What more would you have? and, altogether, what higher praise could be given to a poet?"

"He is excellent, unquestionably!" returned I. "You know how I loved him for years, and can imagine how it gratifies me to hear you speak of him thus. But if I must say which of his songs I prefer, his amatory poems please me more than his political, in which the particular references and allusions are not always clear to me."

"That happens to be your case," returned Goethe; "the political poems were not written for you; but ask the French, and they will tell you what is good in them. Besides, a political poem, under the most fortunate circumstances, is to be looked upon only as the organ of a single nation, and in most cases only as the organ of a single party; but it is seized with enthusiasm by this nation and this party when it is good. Again, a political poem should always be looked upon as the mere result of a certain state of the times; which passes by, and with respect to succeeding times takes from the poem the value which it derived from the subject. As for Béranger, his was no hard task. Paris is France. All the important interests of his great country are concentrated in the capital, and there have their proper life and their proper echo. Besides, in most of his political songs he is by no means to be regarded as the mere organ of a single party; on the contrary, the things against which he writes are for the most part of so universal and national an interest, that the poet is almost always heard as a great voice of the people. With us, in Germany, such a thing is not possible. We have no city, nay, we have no country, of which we could decidedly say—Here is Germany! If we inquire in Vienna, the answer is—this is Austria! and if in Berlin, the answer is—this is Prussia! Only sixteen years ago, when we tried to get rid of the French, was Germany everywhere. Then a political poet could have had an universal effect; but there was no need of one! The universal necessity, and the universal feeling of disgrace, had seized upon the nation like something dæmonic; the inspiring fire which the poet might

have kindled was already burning everywhere of its own accord. Still, I will not deny that Arndt, Körner, and Rückert, have had some effect."

"You have been reproached," remarked I, rather inconsiderately, "for not taking up arms at that great period, or at least co-operating as a poet."

"Let us leave that point alone, my good friend," returned Goethe. "It is an absurd world, which does not know what it wants, and which one must allow to have its own way. How could I take up arms without hatred, and how could I hate without youth? If such an emergency had befallen me when twenty years old, I should certainly not have been the last; but it found me as one who had already passed the first sixties.

"Besides, we cannot all serve our country in the same way, but each does his best, according as God has endowed him. I have toiled hard enough during half a century. I can say, that in those things which nature has appointed for my daily work, I have permitted myself no repose or relaxation night or day, but have always striven, investigated, and done as much, and that as well, as I could. If every one can say the same of himself, it will prove well with all."

"The fact is," said I, by way of conciliation, "that you should not be vexed at that reproach, but should rather feel flattered at it. For what does it show, but that the opinion of the world concerning you is so great, that it desires that he who has done more for the culture of his nation than any other, should at last do everything!"

"I will not say what I think," returned Goethe. "There is more ill-will towards me hidden beneath that remark than you are aware of. I feel therein a new form of the old hatred with which people have persecuted me, and endeavoured quietly to wound me for years. I know very well that I am an eyesore to many; that they would all willingly get rid of me; and that, since they cannot touch my talent, they aim at my character. Now, it is said, I am proud; now, egotistical; now, full of envy towards young men of genius; now, immersed in sensuality; now, without Christianity; and now, without love for my native country, and my own dear Germans. You have now known me sufficiently for years, and you feel what all that talk is worth. But if you would learn what I have suffered, read my 'Xenien,' and it will be clear to you, from my retorts, how people have from time to time sought to embitter my life.

"A German author is a German martyr! Yes, my friend, you will not find it otherwise! And I myself can scarcely complain; none of the others have fared better—most have fared worse; and in England and France it is quite the same as with us. What did not Molière suffer? What Rousseau and Voltaire? Byron was driven from England by evil tongues; and would have fled to the end of the world, if an early death had not delivered him from the Philistines and their hatred.

"And if it were only the narrow-minded masses that persecuted noble men! But no! one gifted man and one genius persecutes another; Platen scandalizes Heine, and Heine Platen, and each seeks to make the other hateful; while the world is wide enough for all to live and to let live; and

every one has an enemy in his own talent, who gives him quite enough to do.

"To write military songs, and sit in a room! That forsooth was my duty! To have written them in the bivouac, when the horses at the enemy's outposts are heard neighing at night, would have been well enough; however, that was not my life and not my business, but that of Theodore Körner. His war-songs suit him perfectly. But to me, who am not of a warlike nature, and who have no warlike sense, war-songs would have been a mask which would have fitted my face very badly.

"I have never affected anything in my poetry. I have never uttered anything which I have not experienced, and which has not urged me to production. I have only composed love-songs when I have loved. How could I write songs of hatred without hating! And, between ourselves, I did not hate the French, although I thanked God that we were free from them. How could I, to whom culture and barbarism are alone of importance, hate a nation which is among the most cultivated of the earth, and to which I owe so great a part of my own cultivation?"

"Altogether," continued Goethe, "national hatred is something peculiar. You will always find it strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture. But there is a degree where it vanishes altogether, and where one stands to a certain extent above nations, and feels the weal or woe of a neighbouring people, as if it had happened to one's own. This degree of culture was conformable to my nature, and I had become strengthened in it long before I had reached my sixtieth year."

(Sup.) Mon., Mar. 15.

This evening, passed a short hour at Goethe's. He spoke a great deal of Jena, and of the arrangements and improvements which he had made in the different branches of the university. For chemistry, botany, and mineralogy, which had formerly been treated only so far as they belonged to pharmacy, he had introduced especial chairs. Above all, he had done much good for the museum of natural history and the library. On this occasion he again related to me, with much self-satisfaction and good humour, the history of his violent occupation of a room adjoining the library, of which the medical faculty had taken possession, and which they would not give up.

"The library," said he, "was in very bad condition. The situation was damp and close, and by no means fit to contain its treasures in a proper manner; particularly as by the purchase of the Büttner library, on the part of the Grand Duke, an addition had been made of 13,000 volumes, which lay in large heaps upon the floor, because, as I have said, there was no room to place them properly. I was really in some distress on that account. An addition should have been made to the building, but for this the means were wanting; and, besides, this addition could easily be avoided, since adjoining the library there

was a large room which was standing empty, and which was quite calculated to supply all our necessities most admirably. However, this room was not in the possession of the library, but was used by the medical faculty, who sometimes employed it for their conferences. I therefore applied to these gentlemen, with this very civil request, —that they would give up this room to me for the library. To this the gentlemen would not agree. They were willing, they said, to give it up if I would have a new room built for their conferences, and that immediately. I replied that I should be very ready to have another place prepared for them, but that I could not promise them a new building immediately. This answer did not appear to have satisfied the gentlemen; for when I sent the next morning for the key, I was told that it could not be found!

"There now remained no other course but to enter as a conqueror. I therefore sent for a bricklayer, and took him into the library, before the wall of the said adjoining room. 'This wall, my friend,' said I, 'must be very thick, for it separates two different parts of the dwelling: just try how strong it is.' The bricklayer went to work, and scarcely had he given five or six hearty blows, when bricks and mortar fell in, and one could see, through the opening, some venerable perukes, with which the room had been decorated. 'Go on, my friend,' said I; 'I cannot yet see clearly enough. Do not restrain yourself, but act just as if you were in your own house.' This friendly encouragement so animated the bricklayer, that the opening was soon large enough to serve perfectly for a door; when my library attendants rushed into the room each with an armful of books, which they threw upon the ground as a sign of possession.

"Benches, chairs, and desks vanished in a moment; and my assistants were so quick and active, that in a few days all the books were arranged in the most beautiful order along the walls of their repository. The doctors, who soon afterwards entered their room, in corpore, through their usual door, were quite confounded to find so great and unexpected a change. They did not know what to say, and retired in silence; but they all harboured a secret grudge against me. Still, when I see them singly, and particularly when I have any one of them to dine with me, they are quite charming, and my very dear friends. When I related to the Grand Duke the course of this adventure, which was certainly achieved with his consent and perfect approbation, it amused him right royally, and we have very often laughed at it since."

Goethe was in a very good humour, and happy in these reminiscences.

"Yes, my friend," continued he, "we had our share of trouble in doing good. Afterwards, when, on account of the great dampness in the library, I wished to take down and remove the whole of the old city wall, which was quite useless, I found no better success. My entreaties, good reasons, and rational representations found no hearing, and I was obliged, at last, here also to go to work as a conqueror. When the city authorities saw my workmen at work upon their old wall, they sent a deputation to the Grand Duke, who was then at Dornburg, with the humble request

that his Highness would be pleased, by a word of command, to check my violent destruction of their venerable old city wall. But the Grand Duke, who had secretly authorized me to take this step, answered very wisely,—'I do not intermeddle with Goethe's affairs. He knows what he has to do, and must act as he thinks right. Go to him, and speak to him yourself, if you have the courage!'

"However, no one made his appearance at my house," continued Goethe laughing; "I went on pulling down as much of the old wall as was in my way, and had the happiness of seeing my library dry at last."

Tues., Mar. 16.

This morning Herr von Goethe paid me a visit, and informed me that his long contemplated tour to Italy had been decided on; that his father had allowed the necessary money; and that he wished me to accompany him. We were both highly pleased, and talked a great deal about our preparations.

When I passed Goethe's house at noon, Goethe beckoned me at the window, and I hastened up to him. He was in the front apartments, and seemed very fresh and cheerful. He began to talk about his son's tour, saying that he approved of it, thought it very rational, and was glad that I would accompany him.

"It will be a good thing for you both," said he, "and your cultivation in particular will receive no small advantage."

He then showed me a Christ with twelve Apostles, and we talked of the poverty of these forms as subjects for sculpture.

"One Apostle," said Goethe, "is always much like another, and very few have enough life and action connected with them to give them character and significance. I have on this occasion amused myself with making a cycle of twelve biblical figures, in which every one is significant and distinct from the rest, and therefore every one is a grateful subject for the artist.

"First comes Adam—the most beautiful of men, as perfect as can be imagined. He may have his hand upon a spade, as a symbol that man is called to till the earth.

"Next Noah, with whom a new creation begins. He cultivates the vine, and therefore this figure may have something of the character of the Indian Bacchus.

"Next Moses, as the first lawgiver.

"Then David, as warrior and king.

"Next to him Isaiah, as prince and prophet.

"Then Daniel, who points to the future Christ.

"Christ.

"Next to him John, who loves the present Christ. Thus Christ would be placed between two youthful figures, one of whom, viz. Daniel, should be painted with a mild expression and long hair, while the other should be impassioned and with short curly hair. But who shall come after John?

"The Captain of Capernaum, as a representation of the faithful, who expect immediate aid.

"Then the Magdalen, as a symbol of penitent man urging forgiveness and eager for reformation. In these two figures the idea of Christianity would be contained.

"Then Paul may follow, who most vigorously propagated the new doctrine.

"After him James, who went to the remotest nations, and represents missionaries.

"Peter would conclude the whole. The artist should place him near the door, and give him an expression as if he examined those who entered, in order to see whether they were worthy to tread the sanctuary.

"What do you say to this cycle? I think it would be richer than that of the twelve Apostles, where all look like each other. Moses and the Magdalen I would represent sitting."

I was very pleased to hear all this, and requested Goethe to write it down, which he promised to do. "I will think it over again," he said, "and then give it with other new things for the thirty-ninth volume."

Wed., Mar. 17.

Dined with Goethe. I asked him respecting a passage in his poems, whether it should be read,—"As thy priest Horace in his rapture promised," as it stands in all the older editions,—or, "As thy priest Propertius," &c., as it stands in the new edition.

"I allowed myself," said Goethe, "to be seduced by Göttling into this last reading. 'Priest Propertius' sounds badly, and therefore I am for the earlier reading."

"Thus, too," said I, "it stood in the manuscript of your 'Helena,' that Theseus carries her off as a slim roe of ten years. In consequence of Göttling's suggestions, you have printed—'a slim roe of seven years,' which is too young both for the beautiful girl herself, and for the twin-brothers Castor and Pollux, who rescue her. The whole story lies so completely in the fabulous ages, that no one can tell how old she really was; and, besides, mythology altogether is so pliant, that we may use things just as we find most convenient."

"You are right," said Goethe; "I also am in favour of her being ten years old when Theseus carries her off, and hence I have written afterwards, —'From her tenth year she has been good for naught.' In the future edition you may again make the roe of seven years into one of ten."

After dinner Goethe showed me two new numbers by Neureuther, after his ballads, and we admired above everything the free cheerful mind of this amiable artist.

(Sup.*) Wed., Mar. 17.

This evening at Goethe's for a couple of hours. By order of the Grand Duchess I brought him back "Gemma von Art," and told him the good

opinion I entertained of this piece.

"I am always glad," returned he, "when anything is produced which is new in invention, and bears the stamp of talent." Then, taking the volume between his hands, and looking at it somewhat askance, he added, "but I am never quite pleased when I see a dramatic author make pieces too long to be represented as they are written. This imperfection takes away half the pleasure that I should otherwise feel. Only see what a thick volume this 'Gemma von Art' is."

"Schiller," returned I, "has not managed much better, and yet he is a very great dramatic author."

"He too has certainly committed this fault." returned Goethe. "His first pieces particularly, which he wrote in the fulness of youth, seem as if they would never end. He had too much on his heart, and too much to say to be able to control it. Afterwards, when he became conscious of this fault, he took infinite trouble, and endeavoured to overcome it by work and study; but he never perfectly succeeded. It really requires a poetical giant, and is more difficult than is imagined, to control a subject properly, to keep it from overpowering one, and to concentrate one's attention on that alone which is absolutely necessary."

Hofrath Riemer was announced, and entered. I prepared to depart, as I knew that this was the evening on which Goethe was accustomed to work with Riemer. But Goethe begged me to remain, which I did very willingly, and thus became a witness of a conversation full of recklessness, irony, and Mephistophilistic humour on Goethe's part.[1]

"So Sömmering is dead," began Goethe. "and scarcely seventy-five wretched years old. What blockheads men are, that they have not the courage to last longer than that! There I praise my friend Bentham, that extremely radical madman; he keeps himself well, and yet he is some weeks older than I am."

"It might be added," returned I, "that he equals you in one other point, for he still works with all the activity of youth."

"That may be," returned Goethe; "but we are at opposite ends of the chain: he wishes to pull down, and I wish to support and build up. To be such a radical, at his age, is the height of all madness."

"I think," rejoined I, "we should distinguish between two kinds of radicalism. The one to build up for the future will first make a clean path by pulling down everything; whilst the other is contented to point out the weak parts and the faults of an administration, in hopes of attaining good without the aid of violent measures. If you had been born in England, you would not certainly have avoided belonging to this last class."

"What do you take me for?" returned Goethe, who now adopted the mien and tone of his Mephistophiles. "I forsooth should have searched

1 Some passages which border on the profane are purposely omitted in this conversation.—Trans.

out abuses, and detected and published them into the bargain? I who in England should have lived upon abuses? If I had been born in England, I should have been a rich Duke, or rather a Bishop with £30,000 a year."

"Very good," returned I; "but if, by chance, you had not drawn the great prize, but a blank? there are so many blanks."

"It is not every one, my dear friend," returned Goethe, "who is made for the great prize. Do you believe that I should have committed the folly of lighting on a blank? I should, above all things, have taken the part of the Thirty-Nine Articles; I should have advocated them on all sides, and in all directions—particularly the Ninth Article, which would have been for me an object of special attention and tender devotion. I would have played the hypocrite, and lied so well and so long, both in rhyme and prose, that my £30,000 a year should not have escaped me. And then, having once attained this eminence, I would have neglected nothing to keep my position. Above all, I would have done everything to make the night of ignorance if possible still darker. Oh, how would I have tried to cajole the good, silly multitude; and how would I have humbled the schoolboys, so that no one should have observed, or even have had the courage to remark, that my brilliant position was based upon the most scandalous abuses."

"With you," answered I, "people would at least have had the consolation of thinking that you had attained such eminence by means of eminent talent. But in England, the most stupid and incapable people are often those who are in enjoyment of the highest worldly prosperity, for which they have to thank not their own deserts, but patronage, chance—and, above all, birth."

"It is the same in the end," returned Goethe, "whether one attains brilliant worldly prosperity through one's own exertions, or through inheritance. The first possessors were still, in every case, people of genius, who turned to their own account the ignorance and weakness of others. The world is so full of simpletons and madmen, that one need not seek them in a madhouse. This reminds me that the late Grand Duke, who knew my objection to madhouses, once endeavoured to take me into one by a sudden stratagem. However, I smelt the rat in time, and told him that I felt no necessity to see the madmen who were in confinement, as I had already seen enough of those who went about at liberty. 'I am very ready,' said I, 'to follow your Highness anywhere, with the sole exception of a madhouse.' ...

"By the way, I have already made a trial in the religious style. As a boy of sixteen, I wrote a dithyrambic poem upon the Descent into hell, which has been printed but not acknowledged, and which has but lately fallen into my hands again. You know it, Riemer?"

"No, your excellency," returned Riemer, "I do not know it. But I recollect that, in the first year after my arrival, you were seriously ill, and that in a state of delirium you recited the most beautiful verses on that subject. These were, doubtless, recollections of that poem of your early youth."

"That is very probable," said Goethe. "I knew a case in which an old man of low condition, who lay at the last gasp, quite unexpectedly recited the most beautiful Greek sentences. People were perfectly convinced that the man did not understand a word of Greek, and there was no end to their astonishment; the cunning had already begun to derive advantage from the credulity of the fools, when it was unfortunately discovered that the old man in his early youth had been obliged to learn all sorts of Greek sentences by heart, in the presence of a boy of high family, whom his example, it was hoped, would incite. He had learned truly classical Greek quite mechanically, without understanding it, and had not thought of it again for fifty years, until, in his last illness, this lumber of words with which he was crammed began to revive."

Conversation now turned upon romances and plays, and their moralizing or demoralizing effect upon the public.

"It must be bad indeed," said Goethe, "if a book has a more demoralizing effect than life itself, which daily displays the most scandalous scenes in abundance, if not before our eyes, at least before our ears. Even with children, people need by no means be so anxious about the effect of a book or a play. Daily life is, as I said before, more instructive than the most effective book."

"But still," remarked I, "with respect to children people take care not to utter things in their presence which are considered improper for them to hear."

"That is laudable enough," said Goethe, "and I do the same myself, but I consider the precaution quite useless. Children, like dogs, have so sharp and fine a scent, that they detect and hunt out everything—the bad before all the rest. They also know well enough how this or that friend stands with their parents; and as they practice no dissimulation whatever, they serve as excellent barometers by which to observe the degree of favour or disfavour at which we stand with their parents.

"Some one had once spoken ill of me in company; and, indeed, the circumstance appeared to me of such importance, that I wished much to discover whence the blow came. People here were generally well disposed towards me. I turned my thoughts in every direction, and could not make out with whom the odious report had originated. All of a sudden a light dawned upon me. I one day met, in the street, some little boys of my acquaintance, who did not greet me as they had been accustomed. This was enough for me, and upon this track I very soon discovered that it was their beloved parents who had set their tongues wagging, at my cost, in so shameful a manner."

Sun., Mar. 21.

Dined with Goethe. He spoke first about his son's journey, saying that we ought not to form too great expectations as to the result.

"People usually come back as they have gone away," said he; "indeed, we must take care not to return with thoughts which do not fit us for after life. Thus, I brought from Italy the idea of fine staircases, and have consequently spoiled my house, making the rooms all smaller than they should have been. The most important thing is to learn to rule oneself. If I allowed myself to go on unchecked, I could easily ruin myself and all about me."

We talked then about ill health, and the reciprocity of body and mind.

"It is incredible," said Goethe, "how much the mind can do to sustain the body. I suffer often from a disordered state of the bowels, but my will, and the strength of the upper part of my body, keep me up. The mind must not yield to the body. Thus I work more easily when the barometer is high than when it is low: since I know this, I endeavour, when the barometer is low, to counteract the injurious effect by great exertion,—and my attempt is successful."

"But there are things in poetry which cannot be forced; and we must wait for favourable hours to give us what we cannot obtain by mental determination. Thus I now take my time with my Walpurgis-night, that there may be throughout the proper strength and grace. I have advanced a good way, and hope to have finished it before your departure.

"Wherever there is a point, I have detached it from the individual objects, and given it a general application, so that the reader has no want of allusions, but cannot tell how they are really directed. I have, however, endeavoured to mark out everything in distinct outline, in the antique style, so that there may be nothing vague or undecided, which might suit the romantic style well enough.

"The idea of the distinction between classical and romantic poetry, which is now spread over the whole world, and occasions so many quarrels and divisions, came originally from Schiller and myself. I laid down the maxim of objective treatment in poetry, and would allow no other; but Schiller, who worked quite in the subjective way, deemed his own fashion the right one, and to defend himself against me, wrote the treatise upon 'Naïve and Sentimental Poetry.' He proved to me that I myself, against my will, was romantic, and that my 'Iphigenia,' through the predominance of sentiment, was by no means so classical and so much in the antique spirit as some people supposed.

"The Schlegels took up this idea, and carried it further, so that it has now been diffused over the whole world; and every one talks about classicism and romanticism—of which nobody thought fifty years ago."

I turned the conversation again upon the cycle of the twelve figures, and Goethe made some explanatory remarks.

"Adam must be represented as I have said, but not quite naked, as I best conceive him after the Fall; he should be clothed with a thin deer skin; and, at the same time, in order to express that he is the father of the human race, it would be well to place by him his eldest son, a fearless boy, looking boldly about him—a little Hercules stifling a snake in his hand.

"And I have had another thought about Noah, which pleases me better than the first. I would not have him like an Indian Bacchus; but I would represent him as a vintager; this would give the notion of a sort of redeemer, who, as the first fosterer of the vine, made man free from the torment of care and affliction."

I was charmed with the happy thought, and resolved to note it down.

Goethe then showed me the engraving of Neureuther, for his legend of the horse-shoe.

"The artist," said I, "has given the Saviour only eight disciples."

"And even these eight," replied Goethe, "are too many; and he has very wisely endeavoured to divide them into two groups, and thus to avoid the monotony of an unmeaning procession."

Wed., Mar. 24.

The liveliest conversation at table today with Goethe. He told me about a French poem which had come in manuscript, in the collection of David, under the title "Le Rire de Mirabeau."

"The poem is full of spirit and boldness," said Goethe, "and you must see it. It seems as if Mephistophiles had prepared the ink for the poet. It is great if he wrote it without having read 'Faust,' and no less great if he had read it."

(Sup.) Mon., Mar. 29.

This evening for some moments at Goethe's; he appeared very calm and cheerful, and in the mildest mood. I found him surrounded by his grandson Wolf and the Countess Caroline Egloffstein, his intimate friend. Wolf gave his dear grandfather a great deal of trouble. He climbed about him, and sat now upon one shoulder, and now upon another. Goethe bore all with the utmost gentleness, inconvenient as the weight of this boy of ten years old must have been to him at his advanced age.

"But, dear Wolf," said the Countess, "do not torment your good grandfather so terribly! He must be quite tired with your weight."

"That does not matter," said Wolf, "we shall soon go to bed, and then my grandfather will have time enough to recover from his fatigue."

"You see," rejoined Goethe, "that love is always somewhat of an impertinent nature."

The conversation turned upon Campe, and his writings for children.

"I have only met with Campe twice in my life," said Goethe. "After an interval of forty years, I last saw him at Carlsbad. I then found him very old, withered, stiff, and formal. He had, during a long life, written only for children, not even for great children of twenty years. He could not endure me. I was an eyesore, a stumbling-block, and he did all he could to avoid me. Chance, however, one day brought me to him quite unexpectedly, and he could not help saying some words to me. 'I have,' said he, 'great respect for the capabilities of your mind! You have

attained extraordinary eminence in various departments. But things of that sort do not effect me, and I cannot set the value upon them which others do.' This rather uncivil candour by no means offended me, and I said all sorts of obliging things in return. Besides, I really have a high opinion of Campe. He has conferred incredible benefits upon children; he is their delight, and, so to speak, their gospel. I should like to see him a little corrected, merely on account of two or three terrible stories which he has had the indiscretion not only to write, but also to introduce into his collection for children. Why should we burden the cheerful, fresh, innocent fancy of children with such horrid impressions?"

(Sup.) Mon., April 5.

It is well known that Goethe is no friend to spectacles.

"It may be a mere whim of mine," said he, on various occasions, "but I cannot overcome it. Whenever a stranger steps up to me with spectacles on his nose, a discordant feeling comes over me, which I cannot master. It annoys me so much, that on the very threshold it takes away a great part of my benevolence, and so spoils my thoughts, that an unconstrained natural development of my own nature is altogether impossible. It always makes on me the impression of the desobligeant, as if a stranger would say something rude to me at the first greeting. I feel this still stronger, since it has been impressed upon me for years how obnoxious spectacles are. If a stranger now comes with spectacles, I think immediately—'he has not read my latest poems!' and that is of itself a little to his disadvantage; or 'he has read them, knows their peculiarity, and sets them at nought,' and that is still worse. The only man with whom spectacles do not annoy me is Zelter; with all others they are horrible. It always seems to me as if I am to serve strangers as an object for strict examination, and as if with their armed glances they would penetrate my most secret thoughts, and spy out every wrinkle of my old face. But whilst they thus endeavour to make my acquaintance, they destroy all fair equality between us, as they prevent me from compensating myself by making theirs. For what do I gain from a man into whose eyes I cannot look when he is speaking, and the mirror of whose soul is veiled to me by a pair of glasses which dazzle me?"

"Some one has remarked," added I, "that wearing spectacles makes men conceited, because spectacles raise them to a degree of sensual perfection which is far above the power of their own nature, but through which the delusion at last creeps in that this artificial eminence is the force of their own nature after all."

"The remark is very good," returned Goethe, "it appears to have proceeded from a natural philosopher. However, when examined, it is not tenable. For if this were actually the case, all blind men would of necessity be very modest; and, on the other hand, all endowed with excellent eyes would be conceited. But this is not the case; we rather find that all mentally and bodily endowed men are the most modest,

while, on the other hand all who have some peculiar mental defect think a great deal more of themselves. It appears that bountiful Nature has given to all those whom she has not enough endowed in higher respects, imagination and presumption by way of compensation and complement.

"Besides, modesty and presumption are moral things of so spiritual a nature, that they have little to do with the body. With narrow-minded persons, and those in a state of mental darkness, we find conceit; while with mental clearness and high endowments we never find it. In such cases there is generally a joyful feeling of strength; but since this strength is actual, the feeling is anything else you please, only not conceit."

We still conversed on various other subjects, and came at last to the "Chaos"—the Weimar journal conducted by Frau von Goethe—in which not only the German gentlemen and ladies of the place take part, but also the young English, French, and other foreigners who reside here; so that almost every number presents a mixture of nearly all the best known European tongues.

"It was a good thought of my daughter," said Goethe, "and she should be praised and thanked for having achieved this highly original journal, and kept the individual members of our society in such activity that it has now lasted for nearly a year. It is certainly only a dilettante pastime, and I know very well that nothing great and durable will proceed from it; but still it is very neat, and, to a certain extent, a mirror of the intellectual eminence of our present Weimar society. Then, which is the principal thing, it gives employment to our young gentlemen and ladies, who often do not know what to do with themselves; through this, too, they have an intellectual centre which affords them subjects for discussion and conversation, and preserves them from mere empty hollow chat. I read every sheet just as it comes from the press, and can say that, on the whole, I have met with nothing stupid, but occasionally something very pretty. What, for instance, could you say against the elegy, by Frau von Bechtolsheim, upon the death of the Grand Duchess Dowager? Is not the poem very pretty? The only thing that could be said against it, or, indeed, against most that is written by our young ladies and gentlemen, is, that, like trees too full of sap, which have a number of parasitical shoots, they have a superabundance of thoughts and feelings which they cannot control, so that they often do not know how to restrain themselves, or to leave off in the right place. This is the case with Frau von Bechtolsheim. In order to preserve a rhyme, she had added another line, which was completely detrimental to the poem, and in some measure spoiled it. I saw this fault in the manuscript, and was able to strike it out in time.

"One must be an old practitioner," he added, laughing, "to understand striking out. Schiller was particularly great in that. I once saw him, on the occasion of his 'Musenalmanach,' reduce a pompous poem of two-and-twenty strophes to seven; and no loss resulted from this terrible operation. On the contrary, those seven strophes contained all the good and effective thoughts of the two-and-twenty."

(Sup.*) Mon., April 19.

Goethe gave me an account of a visit, which he had received today, from two Russians. "They were, upon the whole, very agreeable people," said he; "but one of them did not appear very amiable, inasmuch as he did not utter a single word during his whole visit. He entered with a silent bow, did not open his lips during his stay, and after half an hour took his leave with another silent salutation. He appeared to have come merely to see me and to observe me. He did not take his eyes off me, whilst I sat opposite. That annoyed me, and I therefore began to rattle away the maddest stuff, just as it came into my head. I believe I took the United States of North America as my theme, which I treated with the utmost levity, saying at random all I knew and all I did not know. However, this appeared to please my two foreigners, for they quitted me, as it seemed, not at all dissatisfied."

Wed., April 21.

Today I took my leave of Goethe, as I was to set out with his son for Italy tomorrow morning. We said a great deal in reference to the journey, and he especially recommended me to observe well, and now and then to write to him.

I felt some emotion at leaving Goethe, but was consoled by his strong healthy appearance, and the confident hope that I should be happy enough to see him again.

When I took my departure he gave me an album, in which he had written these words—

TO THE TRAVELLERS

"Es geht vorüber eh' ich's gewahr werde,
Und verwandelt sich eh' ich's merke."—Job.[1]

Weimar, 21st April, 1830.

(Sup.*) Thur., April 22.

Dined with Goethe. Frau von Goethe was present, and the conversation was agreeably animated. Still, little or nothing of it remains in my mind.

During dinner, a foreigner, who was passing through this town, was announced, with the remark that he had no time to wait, and must set off the next morning. Goethe sent word to him, that he regretted that he could not see any one today, but that he would perhaps see him tomorrow at noon. "I think," said he, laughing, "that will be enough."

1 "Lo, he goeth by me, and I see him not; he passeth on also, but I perceive him not."—Job.—Trans.

But, at the same time, he promised his daughter that he would wait after dinner the visit of young Henning, whom she had introduced, out of consideration for his brown eyes, which were said to be like those of his mother.

Frankfort, Sat., April 24.

At about eleven o'clock I took a walk round the city, and through the gardens towards the Taunus Mountain, and was delighted with the noble prospect and vegetation. The day before yesterday, at Weimar, the trees were only in the bud, but here I find the new shoots of the chestnuts already a foot long, and those of the linden trees a quarter of a yard. The grass was a foot high, and thus at the gate I met some girls carrying heavy basket-loads.

I went through the gardens to get a free prospect of the Taunus Mountain; there was a fresh breeze, the clouds moved from the south-west, and cast their shadows upon the mountain as they proceeded to the north-east. Between the gardens I saw some storks alight and rise again, which, taking place in the sunlight between the passing white clouds and the blue sky, produced a pretty effect, and completed the character of the scene. When I returned, I met at the gate the finest cows, brown, white, speckled, and with sleek coats.

The air here is pleasant and healthy, and the water has a sweetish taste. I have never tasted such good beef-steaks at Hamburg as here, and I have excellent white bread.

It is fair time, and the bustle, fiddling, and piping in the streets lasts from morning till late at night. I was much struck by a Savoyard boy, who turned a hurdy-gurdy, and led behind him a dog, on which a monkey was riding. He whistled and sang to us, and for a long time tried to make us give him something. We threw him down more than he could have expected, and I thought he would throw up to us a look of gratitude. However, he did nothing of the kind, but pocketed his money, and immediately looked after others to give him more.

Frankfort, Sun., April 25.

This morning we took a ride about the city, in a very elegant carriage belonging to our host. The magnificent buildings, the beautiful stream, the gardens and grounds, and enticing summer-houses, were refreshing to the senses. However, I soon made the remark, that it is requisite for the mind to elicit thoughts from objects, and that without this everything, after all, will prove indifferent and unmeaning.

At dinner, at the table d'hôte, I saw many faces, but few expressive enough to fix my attention. However, the head waiter interested me highly, so that my eyes constantly followed him and all his movements; and indeed he was a remarkable being. The guests who sat at the long table were about two hundred in number, and it seems almost incredible when I say that nearly the whole of the attendance was performed by

the head waiter, since he put on and took off all the dishes, while the other waiters only handed them to him and received them from him. During all this proceeding nothing was spilt, no one was incommoded, but all went off lightly and nimbly, as if by the operation of a spirit. Thus, thousands of plates and dishes flew from his hands upon the table, and again from the table to the hands of the attendants behind him. Quite absorbed in his vocation, the whole man was nothing but eyes and hands, and he merely opened his closed lips for short answers and directions. Then he not only attended to the table, but to the orders for wine and the like, and so well remembered everything, that when the meal was over he knew everybody's score, and took the money. I admired the comprehensive power, the presence of mind, and the strong memory of this remarkable young man. At the same time he was perfectly quiet and self-possessed, and always ready for a jest and a smart retort, so that a constant smile played upon his lips. A French captain of the old guard complained to him, at the end of the meal, that the ladies retired. He at once gave the evasive answer:—"C'est pour vous autres; nous sommes sans passion." He spoke French and English perfectly, and I was told that he was master of three languages besides. I afterwards entered into conversation with him, and found reason to admire his rare cultivation in every respect.

At the performance of "Don Juan," in the evening, we found reason to regret Weimar. The voices of the company were good, and their talents were fair, but they all played like children of nature who owed nothing to tuition. They did not enunciate clearly, and went on as if no public were present. The acting of some of them gave occasion to the remark that the ignoble without character is vulgar and intolerable, while character at once elevates it into the higher region of art. The public was very loud and boisterous, and there was no lack of calls and encores. Zerlina fared both well and ill, for one-half of the house hissed, while the other applauded. Party spirit was thus heightened, and always resulted in an uproar.

(Sup.*) Wed., May 12.

Before Goethe's window stood a little bronze figure of Moses; a copy of the renowned original, by Michael Angelo. The arms appeared to me too long and too stout in proportion to the rest of the body, and I openly expressed this opinion to Goethe.

"But the two heavy tables with the Ten Commandments," exclaimed he, sharply, "do you think it was a trifle to carry them? And do you believe that Moses, who had to command and to curb an army of Jews, could have been contented with mere ordinary arms?"

Goethe laughed as he said this, so that I could not find out whether I was really in error, or whether he was defending the artist by way of a joke.

Milan, May 28.

I have now been here for three weeks, and it is high time for me to write down something.

The great Teatro de la Scala, to our regret, was closed. We went in and saw it filled with scaffolding. Various repairs are going on, and we are told that an addition is being made of a tier of boxes. The principal singers have taken advantage of this opportunity to travel. Some, they say, are in Paris, some in Vienna.

I visited the Marionette theatre (Puppet-show). This theatre is, perhaps, of its kind, the best in the world. It has a high celebrity, and as soon as you approach Milan you hear of it.

The Teatro de la Canobiana, with its five tiers of boxes, is the largest after La Scala, and holds three thousand persons. I like it very much. I have often been in it, and have always seen the same opera and the same ballet. For three weeks they have performed Rossini's opera "Il Conte Ory," and the ballet "L' Orfana di Genevra." The scenes painted by San Quirico, or under his direction, have a most pleasing effect, and are modest enough to allow themselves to be outshone by the dresses of the actors. San Quirico, it is said, has many clever persons in his employ. All orders are sent to him in the first instance, and he sends them to others, and gives directions, so that everything is done in his name, and he himself does but little. It is said that he gives a handsome yearly salary to several artists of talent, and pays it even when they are ill and do nothing throughout the year.

During the performance of the opera I was highly pleased not to see the prompter's box, which generally so unpleasantly conceals the feet of the actor. I was also pleased with the situation of the conductor. He stood a little raised in the middle of the orchestra, next to the stalls, so that he could see and be seen by his whole band, giving directions to the right and left, and having a full view of the stage over their heads. In Weimar, on the contrary, the conductor is so placed that he has indeed a full view of the stage, but the band is behind him, so that he is always obliged to turn round if he would give directions to any one of the players. The band itself is very numerous. I counted sixteen basses, eight of which were placed at each extremity. The players, who are nearly a hundred in number, are turned towards the conductor on both sides, so that they have their backs turned to the pit-boxes by the proscenium, with one eye towards the stage and the other towards the pit, and with the conductor directly in front.

With respect to the voices of the singers, I was delighted with the purity and strength of the tone, and the freedom and absence of effort in their enunciation.

I thought of Zelter, and wished he was by my side. I was pleased above all with the voice of Signora Corradi-Pantanelli, who played the page. I spoke with others concerning this excellent singer, and heard that she was engaged for next winter at La Scala. The prima donna who

played the Countess Adele, was Signora Albertini, a young débutante. There is in her voice something very soft and pure, as the light of the sun. Every one who comes from Germany must be delighted with her to the highest degree. A young basso also distinguished himself. His voice is very powerful, but somewhat inflexible; and his acting, though unconstrained, indicates the infancy of his art. The choruses went admirably, and kept the greatest precision with regard to the orchestra. With respect to the gesticulation of the actors, I observed a certain quiet moderation, whereas I had anticipated an expression of the lively Italian temperament. The paint was a mere tinge of red, such as one likes to see in nature, and did not at all give the impression of rouged cheeks.

Considering the strength of the orchestra, I found it remarkable that the players never drowned the voices of the singers, but that these always were predominant. I spoke on the subject at the table d'hôte, and heard an intelligent young man give the following explanation:—

"The German bands," said he, "are egotistical, and wish as bands to come out and do something. An Italian band, on the other hand, is discreet. It knows well enough that in an opera the singing of the human voices is the principal matter, and that the orchestral accompaniment should only be subservient. Hence, however many violins, clarionets, trumpets, and basses, are played in an Italian orchestra, the impression of the whole will always be soft and pleasant; while a German band, with a third of the strength, very soon becomes loud and noisy."

I could not answer words so convincing, and was glad to find my problem so well solved.

"Still," I remarked, "are not the modern composers also in fault, through making the instrumental part of their operas too strong?"

"Certainly," replied the stranger, "modern composers have fallen into this fault; but never truly great masters, like Mozart and Rossini. These, indeed, in their accompaniments, introduce distinct themes, independent of the melody of the vocal part; but, nevertheless, they have always used such moderation, that the voice of the singer is always in the ascendant. On the other hand, while with modern masters there is real poverty in the accompaniment, they often drown the singing by their violent instrumentation."

I gave my assent to these remarks of the intelligent young stranger. The person who sat next to me at table told me he was a young Livonian Baron, who had long resided in London and Paris, and had now been here for five years, studying very hard.

I must mention something else which I observed in the opera, and which gave me much pleasure. It is the circumstance that the Italians treat night on the stage not as actual night, but only symbolically. It was always unpleasant to me that, in the German theatres, when it was supposed to be night, a perfect night set it, so that the expression of the actors, and often their persons vanished altogether, and nothing but mere darkness was visible. The Italians manage more wisely. On their

stage night is never actual, but only an indication. The back of the stage is a little darkened—that is all—and the actors come so much into the foreground that they are completely lighted, and not the least expression escapes us. In painting the same method should be adopted, and I should be surprised to find pictures in which the faces were so darkened by night that their expression could not be recognized. I hope I shall never find such a picture by a good master.

I find the same excellent maxim applied in the ballet. A nocturnal scene was represented, in which a girl was attacked by a robber. The stage is only a little darkened, so that all the movements and the expression of the face are perfectly visible. At the shrieks of the girl the assassin escapes, and the peasants hasten from their cottages with lights. These are not dim, but of a whitish flame, and it is only by the contrast of this very great brilliancy that we perceive it was night in the previous scene.

What I had been told in Germany about the loud Italian public I have found confirmed; and, indeed, the longer the opera is played, the more does the noise of the public increase. A fortnight ago I saw one of the first representations of the "Conte Ory." The singers were received with applause on their entrance; the audience, to be sure, talked during the less striking scenes, but when good airs were sung all was still, and general approbation rewarded the singers. The choruses went excellently, and I admired the precision with which voices and orchestra always kept together. But now, when the opera has been given every evening since that time, the public has totally ceased to pay attention; everybody talks, and the house resounds with the noise. Scarcely a hand is stirred, and one can scarcely imagine how the singers can open their lips on the stage, or how the instrumentalists can play a note in the orchestra. There is an end to zeal and precision; and the foreigner, who likes to hear something, would be in despair—if despair were at all possible in so cheerful an assembly.

Milan, May 30.

I will here record something which I have hitherto remarked with pleasure, or which has at any rate interested me in Italy.

On the Simplon, amid the desert of snow and mist, in the vicinity of a refuge, a boy and his little sister were journeying up the mountain by the side of our carriage. Both had on their backs little baskets filled with wood, which they had gathered in the lower mountains, where there is still some vegetation. The boy gave us some specimens of rock crystal and other stone, for which we gave him some small coins. The delight with which he cast stolen glances at his money as he passed by our carriage, made upon me an indelible impression. Never before had I seen such a heavenly expression of felicity. I could not but reflect that God has placed all sources and capabilities for happiness in the human heart; and

that, with respect to happiness, it is perfectly indifferent how and where one dwells.

(Sup.[1]) Mon., Aug. 2.

The news of the Revolution of July, which had already commenced, reached Weimar today, and set every one in a commotion. I went in the course of the afternoon to Goethe's. "Now," exclaimed he to me, as I entered, "what do you think of this great event? The volcano has come to an eruption; everything is in flames, and we have no longer a transaction with closed doors!"

"A frightful story," returned I. "But what could be expected under such notoriously bad circumstances, and with such a ministry, otherwise than that the whole would end in the expulsion of the royal family?"

"We do not appear to understand each other, my good friend," returned Goethe. "I am not speaking of those people, but of something quite different. I am speaking of the contest, so important for science, between Cuvier and Geoffrey de Saint Hilaire, which has come to an open rupture in the academy."

This expression of Goethe's was so very unexpected that I did not know what to say, and for some minutes felt my thoughts perfectly at a standstill.

"The matter is of the highest importance," continued Goethe, "and you can form no conception of what I felt at the intelligence of the sitting of the 19th of July. We have now in Geoffrey de Saint Hilaire a powerful and permanent ally. I see how great must be the interest of the French scientific world in this affair, because, notwithstanding the terrible political commotion, the sitting of the 19th of July was very fully attended. However, the best of it is, that the synthetic manner of treating nature, introduced by Geoffrey into France, cannot be kept back any more. The affair has now become public, through the free discussion of the academy, and that in the presence of so large an audience. It is no longer referred to secret committees, and arranged and got rid of, and smothered behind closed doors. From the present time, mind will rule over matter in the physical investigations of the French. There will be glances of the great maxims of creation, of the mysterious workshop of God! Besides, what is all intercourse with nature, if, by the analytical method, we merely occupy ourselves with individual material parts, and do not feel the breath of the spirit, which prescribes to every part its direction, and orders, or sanctions, every deviation, by means of an inherent law!

"I have exerted myself in this great affair for fifty years. At first, I was alone, then I found support, and now at last, to my great joy, I am surpassed by congenial minds. When I sent my first discovery of intermediate bones to Peter Camper, I was, to my infinite mortification,

1 (Sup.*) Sat., Aug. 21.

utterly ignored. With Blumenbach I fared no better, though, after personal intercourse, he came over to my side. But then I gained kindred spirits in Sömmering, Oken, Dalton, Carus, and other equally excellent men. And now Geoffrey de Saint Hilaire is decidedly on our side, and with him all his important scholars and adherents in France. This occurrence is of incredible value to me; and I justly rejoice that I have at last witnessed the universal victory of a subject to which I have devoted my life, and which, moreover, is my own par excellence."

I recommended to Goethe a hopeful young man. He promised to do something for him, but appeared to have little confidence.

"Whoever," said he, "has, like myself, during a whole life lost valuable time and money through the protection of young talents, and those talents which have at first awakened the highest hopes, but of which nothing has come in the end, must, by degrees, lose all enthusiasm and pleasure in pursuing such a course. It is now the turn of you younger people to take my part and play the Mæcenas."

Apropos of this declaration of Goethe's, I compared the delusive promises of youth with trees which bear double blossom, but not fruit.

I[1] was about to proceed with my communication, but I was interrupted, and wrote nothing more during my further residence in Italy, though there was not a day in which I did not receive some important impression, and make some important observation. It was not until I had parted from Goethe's son, and had left the Alps behind me, that I wrote as follows to Goethe:—

Geneva, Sept. 12, 1830.

I have so much to tell you, that I do not know where I shall begin, and where I shall end.

Your excellency has remarked in jest that travelling on is a very pleasant matter, if there were no coming back. I find this remark confirmed to my sorrow, as I feel myself at a sort of crossway, and do not know which direction to take.

My residence in Italy, short as it was, has not been—as indeed might be expected—without important influence upon me. A bountiful nature has been discovered to me with its wonders, and has asked me how far I have advanced to comprehend such a language. Great works of man, great actions have excited me, and have made me look to myself to ascertain my own capabilities. Existences of a thousand kinds have come into contact with me, and have asked me how it stands with my own. Thus I find living within me three great requisites,—namely, to increase my knowledge; to improve my condition; and above all, in order to secure these, to do something.

With respect to this last requisite, I am by no means in doubt as to what is to be done. For a long time I have had at heart a work, which has occupied my

1 Here, of course, Eckermann speaks.—Trans.

leisure for some years, and which is as far complete as a new-built ship, which still lacks its sails and rigging to be fit for sea.

I mean those conversations on great maxims in all departments of science and art, as well as on the various revelations touching higher human interests, works of mind, and the chief personages of the age, to which the six years, which I have been happy enough to pass in your society, have offered such frequent occasion. These conversations have been for me a source of infinite culture; and, as I have found the greatest delight in hearing them, and being instructed by them, I wish to give the same pleasure to others, by writing them down, and thus preserving them for the better class of humanity.

Your excellency has occasionally seen some sheets of these conversations; you have honoured them with your approbation, and have frequently encouraged me to proceed in my undertaking. This I have done at intervals, as well as my unsettled life at Weimar allowed, so that now I have abundant materials for about two volumes.

When I set out for Italy I did not put these important manuscripts into my trunk with my other papers, but, after sealing them up in a separate parcel, confided them to the care of our friend Soret, with the request that if any mishap befell me on the journey, and I did not return, he would place them in your hands.

After the visit to Venice, during our second stay at Milan, I was attacked by a fever, so that I was very ill for some nights, and lay for a whole week in a very miserable condition, without the slightest appetite. In my lonely hours I chiefly thought of the manuscript, and felt uneasy when I reflected that it was not in a state sufficiently clear and complete to be used at once. The fact occurred to me that a great deal was written only with pencil, that some was obscure and improperly expressed, that much was merely hinted, and that, in a word, a regular revision and a last hand would be requisite.

Under these circumstances, and with this feeling, I had an anxious desire for my papers. The pleasure of seeing Naples and Rome was gone, and I felt a wish to return to Germany, that, secluded from everybody, I might complete the manuscript.

Without mentioning what was working within me, I spoke to your son about the state of my health. He felt the danger of dragging me farther in the sultry climate, and we agreed that I should in the first place visit Genoa, and that, if my health did not improve there, I should be at liberty to return to Germany.

In accordance with this view we had resided for some time in Genoa, when we received a letter from you, in which you seemed, though at a distance, to feel our position, and stated that, if I had any inclination to return, I should be welcome.

We paid all reverence to your hint, and were delighted that, from the other side of the Alps, you gave your assent to an arrangement which had just been made between us. I resolved to set off at once, but your son thought it better that I should remain a little longer, and set off on the same day as himself.

This I did readily, and it was at five o'clock in the morning, on Sunday, the 25th July, that we gave each other a farewell embrace in the streets of Genoa. Two carriages were stationed; one was to go along the coast up to Leghorn, the other was to cross the mountains for Turin, and in this I placed myself with other passengers. Thus we parted in opposite directions, both deeply moved, and with the heartiest wishes for our mutual welfare.

After a three days' journey, in great heat and dust, through Novi, Alexandria, and Asti, I came to Turin, where it was necessary for me to rest some days, looking about me, and to wait a more fitting opportunity to cross the Alps. This occurred on Monday, the 2nd of August, when we crossed Mount Cenis, and arrived at Chambery at six o'clock in the evening. On the afternoon of the 7th, I found opportunity to proceed to Aix; and late on the 8th, amid rain and darkness, I reached Geneva, where I put up at the sign of the "Crown."

This inn was thronged with Englishmen, who, having just come from Paris, and having been eyewitnesses of the extraordinary scenes that had taken place there, had a great deal to tell. You may imagine what an effect the first experience of these world-shaking events had upon me, with what interest I read the newspapers, which had been suppressed in Piedmont, and how eagerly I listened to the narratives of the new comers who arrived every day, and to the gossip and disputes of the politicians at the table d'hôte. Everybody was in a state of the greatest excitement, and an endeavour was made to trace the consequences which might result to the rest of Europe from such violent measures. I visited our fair friend, Sylvestre, and Soret's parents and brother; and as in such excited times one must have an opinion, I laid it down in my own mind that the French ministers were chiefly culpable for reducing the monarch to measures, by which confidence and respect for the sovereign were compromised with the people.

It was my intention to write to you in detail immediately on my arrival at Geneva; but the excitement and distraction of the first days were so great, that I could not collect myself to communicate facts in the form I desired. Then, on the 15th of August, I received a letter from Genoa, from our friend Sterling, containing information which troubled me exceedingly, and prevented all communication with Weimar. Sterling told me in this letter that your son, on the very day when he had parted from me, had broken his collar-bone, in consequence of the carriage overturning, and had been laid up at Spezzia. I wrote at once, by way of reply, that I was ready to cross the Alps at the very first hint, and that I should not leave Geneva to proceed on my way to Germany until I received perfectly satisfactory news from Genoa. In expectation of this, I took a private lodging, and made use of my stay to improve myself in the French language.

At last, on the 28th of August, a double day of rejoicing was prepared for me; a second letter from Sterling delighted me with the information that your son had in a short time quite recovered from his accident, was thoroughly safe,

sound, and in excellent spirits. Thus all my anxiety on his account was at once removed and in the stillness of my heart I cited the lines—

Du danke Gott wenn er dich presst,
Und dank' ihm wenn er dich wieder entlässt.

Give thanks to God when hard he presses,
And thank him, too, when he releases.

I now seriously set about giving you an account of myself, and was about to tell you much the same as what is written in the preceding pages. I was about to inquire again whether I might not be permitted, in quiet seclusion, far away from Weimar, to complete that manuscript which I have so much at heart, since I felt that I could not be perfectly free and happy till I had laid before you the long-cherished work, stitched and fairly copied, that you might sanction its publication.

Now, however, I have received letters from Weimar, in which I see that my speedy return is expected, and that there is an intention to give me a place. I can but return thanks for such kindness, though it seems counter to my present plans, and brings me into a state of discord with myself.

If I now returned to Weimar, a speedy completion of my literary plans would be impossible. The old distractions would return, and in our little city, where one person is perpetually in contact with another, I should again be disturbed by various trivial circumstances, without being of decided use to myself or any one else.

Weimar, I grant, contains much that is good and excellent, much that I have long loved, and that I love still. Nevertheless, when I look back upon it, I fancy that I see, at the city gates, an angel with a fiery sword, to prevent my entrance, and to drive me back.

I am, to my own knowledge, a strange sort of being. To certain things I adhere most constantly—I cleave to my plans for many years and obstinately carry them out through a thousand windings and difficulties; but in the several collisions of ordinary life no one is more dependent, wavering, and susceptible of impressions than myself. These two peculiarities constitute the varying, and, at the same time, secure destiny of my life. If I look back upon the path along which I have travelled, the circumstances through which I have passed present a motley variety; but if I look deeper, I see through all a certain simple track leading to a higher aspiration, and that I have even succeeded in ennobling and improving myself at successive steps of the scale.

Even now it is this very impressionable and pliable peculiarity of my character which, from time to time, compels me to rectify my mode of life; just as a mariner, whom the caprices of various winds have turned from his course, always sails again the old track.

Taking an office is now not compatible with the literary plans I have so long

deferred. Neither is it any longer my plan to give lessons to young Englishmen. I have learned the language, which is all I wanted, and at this I am delighted. I do not deny the advantages I have gained from a long intercourse with young foreigners, but everything has its end, and its period of change.

Altogether, oral instruction and influence are quite out of my way. They belong to a profession for which I have neither talent nor training. I am totally without the gift of eloquence; so that, generally speaking, any living soul who sits opposite to me exercises such an influence over me, that I forget myself, that I am absorbed in the peculiarities and interests of another, and that, on this account, I feel a sense of oppression, and can rarely attain a free and powerful operation of my thoughts.

On the other hand, with my paper before me, I feel quite free and self-possessed. Hence the written development of my thoughts is my real delight, and my real life, so that I regard every day as lost on which I have not written some pages to my own satisfaction.

It is now an impulse of my whole nature to act from myself upon a wide circle, to acquire influence in literature, and, as a furtherance of my good fortune, to gain some renown.

Literary fame considered by itself is, indeed, scarcely worth the trouble of earning; I have even see that it can be very burthensome and distressing. Nevertheless, it has this advantage, that it shows the active aspirant that his operations have found a soil,—and this is a divine sort of feeling, which elevates, and gives a degree of thought and power which would not otherwise be attained.

If, on the other hand, one has confined oneself too long in a narrow sphere, the mind and character are injured; one becomes at last incapable of great things, and to elevate oneself becomes a difficulty.

If the Grand Duchess really intends to do something for me, persons of such high rank can easily find a form in which to manifest their friendly disposition. If she will support and patronize my next literary efforts she will do a good work, the fruits of which shall not be lost.

Of the prince, I can say that he has a special place in my heart. I expect much good from his mental capacity and his character, and shall be glad to place my little acquirements at his disposal. I shall constantly endeavour to increase in cultivation, and he will constantly grow older; so that while I improve in giving, he will improve in receiving.

But, above all, I have at heart the completion of that manuscript, which I mention once more. I should like to remain for some months in quiet seclusion, with my betrothed and her relations, in the neighbourhood of Göttingen, and to devote myself to this task, that freeing myself from an old burden, I may prepare myself for others anew. My life has been for some years at a stand-still, and I should like it once more to flow freely. Moreover, my health is delicate and uncertain, I am not sure of remaining long in this world, and I should like to leave behind me something good, that would preserve my name for a while in the

memory of mankind.

I can, however, do nothing without you—without your sanction and your blessing. Your further wishes with respect to myself are unknown to me, nor do I know the good that is designed for me among those in high places. With me the case stands as I have stated, and from my clear explanation you will easily see whether reasons important for my happiness render my speedy return desirable, or whether, with a heart at ease, I may carry out my own mental plans.

In a few days I shall go from here through Neufchatel, Colmar, and Strasbourg, stopping by the way to look about me, and shall proceed to Frankfort, if occasion occurs. Now, I should be happy if I could receive a few lines from you at Frankfort, and beg of you to address me there, poste restante.

I am glad to relieve my mind by the confession of its heavy burden, and hope in my next letter to communicate something of a lighter nature to your excellency.

Pray give my compliments to Hofrath Meyer, Oberbaudirector Coudray, Professor Riemer, Chancellor von Müller, and whoever is with you, and may be kind enough to remember me.

As for yourself, I press you to my heart, and, retaining feelings of the deepest love and reverence, remain, wherever I may be,

Ever yours, E.

Geneva, Sept. 14th, 1830.

To my great delight I learned, from your last letter at Genoa, that the gaps and the conclusion of the "Classical Walpurgis-night" have been happily surmounted. The first three acts, it seems, are quite done, the "Helen" is connected together, and thus the hardest task is accomplished. The end, as you have told me, is already complete, and I hope that the fourth act will likewise be soon conquered, and that thus something great may be accomplished for the edification and exercise of future ages. My expectations are extraordinary, and every piece of news which shows me a triumph of the poetical powers will be received by me with delight.

During my travels in Italy I have had frequent occasion to think of "Faust," and to apply some classical passages. When in Italy I saw the handsome men, and the fresh thriving children, I thought of the verses:—

Hier ist das Wohlbehagen erblich, &c.

On every cheek and lip we trace
Joy, as the patrimonial wealth;
Each is immortal in his place,
Each glowing with content and health.
And thus beneath the sunny days
To manly strength the infant grows,

We look, exclaiming with amaze—
"Children of men, or gods, are those?"

On the other hand, when I was absorbed in the sight of the beautiful scenery, and feasted my heart and my eyes on lakes, mountains, and valleys, some invisible little devil seemed to be making sport with me, whispering into my ear:—

If I had not rattled and shaken
Would the world have been so fair?

All power of calm contemplation was then gone, absurdity began to rule, I felt a sort of revolution in my soul, and I could not do otherwise than finish with a laugh.

On these occasions I felt plainly enough that the poet should be always positive. Men use poets to express what they cannot express themselves. They are overcome by a feeling—by a phenomenon; they look after words, but find their own stock insufficient, and then the poet comes to their assistance, and by satisfying them sets them free.

With this feeling I have often blessed those first lines, while I have laughingly cursed the others every day. But who could do without them in the position for which they are made, and in which they have the most beautiful influence?

I have not kept a regular journal in Italy; the phenomena are too great, too numerous, and too varied for me to be willing or able to master them in a moment. Nevertheless, I have kept my eyes and ears open, and have made many observations. I shall group my reminiscences together, and treat of them under separate heads. I have especially made some good observations relative to the "Theory of Colours," which I hope shortly to produce. There is in them nothing actually new, but still it is pleasant to find new manifestations of an old law.

At Genoa, Sterling displayed a great interest for the theory. What he has learned of Newton's theory has not satisfied him, and hence he has open ears for those principles of your theory which I am often able to communicate. If opportunity could be found to send a copy of the work to Genoa, I may venture to say that such a present would not be unacceptable to him.

Here in Geneva, I found, three weeks ago, an ardent disciple in our lady-friend, Sylvestre. In this instance, I have remarked that the simple is harder to be apprehended than one supposes, and that it requires great practice to find constantly the fundamental principle amid the various details of the phenomena. The exercise, however, gives great dexterity to the mind, since nature is very delicate, and one must always take care not to do her violence by too hasty an expression.

Generally, however, there is not in Geneva the trace of any interest in so large a subject. Not only is the library here without a copy of your "Theory of Colours," but it is not even known that there is such a work in the world. This

may be the fault more of the Germans than of the Genevese, but it annoys me and provokes me to caustic remarks.

Lord Byron, it is well known, remained here for some time; and as he did not like society, he passed his days and nights in the open country, and on the lake, of which I have more to say in this place, and of which there is a noble monument in his "Childe Harold." He also remarked the colour of the Rhone; and though he could not divine the cause of it, he nevertheless showed a susceptible eye. In a note to the third canto, he says:

"The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is blue to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago."

The Rhone, as it narrows itself to pass through Geneva, divides itself into two arms, which are crossed by four bridges, and on these the colour of the water may be well observed by all who are coming or going.

Now, it is remarkable that the water of one arm is blue, as was perceived by Byron, while that of the other is green. The arm in which the water appears blue flows more rapidly, and has so deep a channel that no light can penetrate it, and consequently there is perfect darkness below. The very clear water acts as a dense medium, and from our well-known laws the finest blue is produced. The water of the other arm is not so deep, the light reaches the bottom, so that we see the pebbles; and as it is not dark enough to become blue, but at the same time is not smooth, and the ground is not sufficiently pure, white, and shining to be yellow, the colour remains between the two extremes, and appears as green.

If, like Byron, I had a taste for mad pranks, and the means to play them off, I would make the following experiments:

In the green arm of the Rhone, near the bridge, where people pass by thousands every day, I would fasten a large black board, or something of the kind, so far below the surface that a pure blue would be produced; and, not far from this, a very large piece of white shining tin, at such a depth that a clouded yellow would appear in the sunshine. When the people as they passed saw the yellow and blue spots in the green water, they would be teased by a riddle, which they would not be able to solve. One thinks of all sorts of pleasantries when one travels; but this seems to me to be good of its kind, inasmuch as there is some sense in it, and it might be of some use.

Some time ago I was at a bookseller's, and in the first duodecimo which I took into my hands, my eye fell upon a passage, which I translate thus:

"But tell me; if we discover a truth, must we communicate it to others? If you make it known, you are persecuted by an infinite number of people who gain their living from the error you oppose, saying that this error itself is the truth, and that the greatest error is that which tends to destroy it."

It seemed to me that this passage applied so well to the manner in which the scientific by profession have received your "Theory of Colours," that it must have been written on purpose; and I was so highly pleased, that I bought the

book for the sake of the passage. It contained the "Paul and Virginia," and the "Indian Cottage," by Bernardin de St. Pierre, and hence I had no reason to regret my bargain. I read it with delight; the clear noble sense of the author was quite refreshing, and I could perceive and appreciate his refined art, especially in the apt application of well-known similes.

I have here, too, made my first acquaintance with Rousseau and Montesquieu, but lest my letter should itself become a book, I will for the present pass over these, as well as much else which I should like to say.

Since I have disburdened my mind of the long letter of the day before yesterday, I have felt more free and cheerful than I have been for years, and I could go on writing and talking for ever. It will be absolutely necessary for me to stay, at least for the present, at a distance from Weimar. I hope that you approve this plan, and can already anticipate the time when you will say that I have done right.

Tomorrow the theatre here will be open with the "Barber of Seville," which I mean to see; then I seriously intend to take my departure. The weather seems to clear up and be favourable. It has rained here since your birthday, which opened with storms. These were passing all day long in this direction, from Lyons up the Rhone, across the lake, and towards Lausanne, so that it was thundering constantly. I pay 16 sous a day for a room, which commands a beautiful prospect of the lake and the mountains. Yesterday it was raining below, the weather was cold, and the summits of the Jura appeared, after the passing shower, for the first time white with snow, which, however, has disappeared today. The promontory of Mont-Blanc begins already to array itself in permanent white; along the shore of the lake, amid the green of a luxuriant vegetation, some trees are still yellow and brown; the nights become cold, and we can see that autumn is at hand.

My hearty remembrances to Frau von Goethe, Fräulein Ulrica, and Walter, Wolf, and Alma. I have a great deal to tell Frau von Goethe about Sterling, and shall write tomorrow.

I hope to receive a letter from your excellency at Frankfort, and am happy in the anticipation.

With the best wishes and most constant affection, I remain,—E.

On the 21st of September I set off from Geneva, and after remaining a couple of days at Berne, I arrived on the 27th at Strasburg, where, again, I remain for some days.

Here, as I passed a hair-dresser's window, I saw a small bust of Napoleon, which, viewed from the street against the darkness of the room, exhibited all the gradations of blue, from a pale milky hue to a deep violet. I suspected that this bust, seen from the interior of the room against the light, would exhibit all the gradations of yellow; and I could not resist the impulse of the moment to rush into the house, though the owners were unknown to me.

My first glance was at the bust, which to my great delight shone upon me

with the most brilliant colours on the active side from the palest yellow to a dark ruby-red. I asked eagerly whether this bust of the great hero was not to be disposed of. The master replied that, from a similar respect for the emperor, he had lately brought the bust from Paris, but that since my affection seemed, from my enthusiastic joy, greatly to exceed his own, the right of possession belonged to me, and he would readily part with it.

This glass image was of inestimable value in my eyes, and I could not refrain from looking at the worthy owner with some astonishment, when for a few francs he placed it in my hands. I sent it with a remarkable medal, purchased at Milan, as a little present to Goethe, who could prize it according to its merits.

Afterwards, at Frankfort, I received the following letters:—

FIRST LETTER

I write to tell you as briefly as possible that both your letters from Geneva arrived safe, though not before the 26th of September. I have only to say in haste,—remain in Frankfort till we have thoroughly considered how you are to pass next winter.

I enclose a letter for Herr Geheimrath von Willemer and his lady, which you will be kind enough to deliver as soon as possible. You will find in them two friends, who are united with me in the fullest sense of the word, and will render your abode at Frankfort useful and agreeable.

So much for the present. Write to me as soon as you have received this letter.—Yours faithfully, GOETHE.

Weimar, September 26th, 1830.

SECOND LETTER

I send you the heartiest greetings, my dearest friend, in my native city, and hope that you will have passed the few days there in social enjoyments with my excellent friends. If you wish to go to Nordheim, and to remain there for a short time, I have nothing to object. If you intend in your quiet hours to occupy yourself with the manuscript which is in Soret's hands, I shall be all the better pleased, as I do not wish it to be soon published, but shall be glad to go through it with you and correct it. Its value will be increased if I can attest that it is conceived perfectly in my spirit. More I do not say, but leave the rest to yourself, and expect to hear farther. Of your other friends I have not spoken to one since the receipt of your letter.—Your hearty well-wisher, J. W. VON GOETHE.

Weimar, 12th October, 1830.

THIRD LETTER

The lively impression which you received from the remarkable bust, and the colours it produced—the desire to obtain it—the pleasant adventure you achieved on that account, and the kind thought of making me a present of

it—all this shows how thoroughly you are penetrated with the grand primitive phenomenon which here appears thoroughly revealed. This idea—this feeling, with all its fruitfulness, will accompany you through your whole life, and will manifest itself in various productive ways. Error belongs to libraries, truth to the human mind,—books may be increased by books, while the intercourse with living primitive law gratifies the mind that can embrace the simple, disentangle the perplexed, and enlighten the obscure.

If your Dæmon again brings you to Weimar, you shall see the image standing in a strong clear sum, where beneath the calm blue of the transparent face the thick mass of the breast and the epaulettes go through the ascending and descending scale of every shade from the strongest ruby-red. As the granite head of Memnon utters sounds, so does this glass figure produce a coloured halo. Here we see the hero victorious even for the theory of colours. Receive my warmest thanks for this unexpected confirmation of a doctrine I have so much at heart.

With your medal, too, you have doubly and trebly enriched my cabinet. My attention has been called to a man called Dupré, an excellent sculptor, brass founder, and medallist. He it was who modelled and cast the likeness of Henry IV. on the Pont-Neuf. Being stimulated by the medal you sent me, I looked over the rest of my collection, and found some very excellent ones of the same name, and others probably by the same hand, so that your gift has afforded me a pleasant impulse.

As for my "Metamorphosis" with Soret's translation, we have only reached the fifth sheet, and I long doubted whether I should curse or bless this undertaking, but now I again find myself forced back to the contemplation of organic nature; I am pleased, and willingly pursue my task. The maxims which I have entertained for forty years are still valid,—they serve to guide one successfully through the whole labyrinth of the comprehensible to the very limit of the incomprehensible, where, after much profit, one may reasonably stop. No philosopher of the old or new world has been able to reach any farther. One can scarcely venture to say more in writing.—J. W. VON GOETHE.

(Sup.[1]) Wed., Oct. 13.

Goethe showed me some tables in which he had written many names of Plants in the Latin and German languages, in order to learn them by heart. He told me that he had a room which had been completely papered with such tables, and in which, whilst walking round, he had studied and learned from the walls. "It grieved me," said he, "that it was afterwards whitewashed. I had also another room, upon which were written chronological notes of my labours during a long series of years, and to which I always added the latest. This also was unfortunately

1 (Sup.*) Wed., Oct. 20.

whitewashed, which I regret no less, as it might now be of great service to me."

For a short hour with Goethe, in order to consult with him, on the part of the Grand Duchess, concerning a silver escutcheon, which the Prince intends to present to the Cross-bow Archers Company in this town, of which he has become a member.

Our conversation soon turned upon other subjects, and Goethe begged me to give him my opinion upon the Saint-Simonians.

"The principal aim of their theory," returned I, "appears to be—that each should work for the happiness of the whole, as a necessary condition of his own happiness."

"I think," returned Goethe, "that each ought to begin with himself, and make his own fortune first, from which the happiness of the whole will at last unquestionably follow. Altogether, this theory appears to me perfectly impracticable. It is in opposition to all nature, all experience, and all the course of events for thousands of years. If each one only does his duty as an individual, and if each one works rightly in his own vocation, it will be well with the whole. Never, in my vocation as an author, have I asked,—what would the multitude have, and how can I be of service to the whole, but I have always endeavoured to improve myself and sharpen my own faculties, to raise the standard of my own personality, and then to express only that which I had recognized as good and true. This has certainly, as I will not deny, worked usefully in a large sphere; still, it was not my aim, but the necessary result, which is found in all the effects of natural powers. If, as an author, I had made the wishes of the great multitude my aim, and had endeavoured to satisfy these, I should have told them short stories, and made sport with them, like the late Kotzebue."

"That cannot be contradicted," returned I. "But, however, there is not merely a happiness which I enjoy as a single individual, but also one which I enjoy as a citizen and member of a great community. If one does not lay down as a principal the attainment of the greatest possible happiness for a whole people, from what basis should legislation proceed?"

"If that is what you are driving at," said Goethe, "I have nothing to reply. But in such a case, only a very select few could make use of your principle. It would be only a receipt for princes and legislators, although it appears to me that the tendency of laws should be rather to diminish the amount of evil than to produce an amount of happiness."

"Both," returned I, "come pretty much to the same thing. Bad roads, for instance, appear to me a great evil. But if a prince introduce good roads into his state down to the poorest hamlet, not only is a great evil removed, but a great good is gained for his people. Again, a tardy administration of justice is a great evil. But if a prince, by establishing a public civil mode of proceeding, affords to his people speedy justice, not merely is a great evil removed, but a great good is conferred."

"In this key," rejoined Goethe, "I would pipe quite another song. However, we leave some evils untouched that something may remain upon which mankind can further develop their powers. In the mean while, my doctrine is this,—let the father take care of his house, the artizan of his customers, and the clergy of mutual love, and the police will not disturb our joy."

During my stay at Nordheim, which I did not reach till the end of October, having stopped some time at Frankfort and Cassel, every circumstance combined to make my return to Weimar desirable.

Goethe had not approved of a speedy publication of my conversations, and hence a successful opening of a purely literary career was not to be thought of.

Then the sight of her whom I had ardently loved for many years, and the feeling of her great qualities, which was every day renewed, excited in me the desire of a speedy union, and the wish for a secure subsistence.

Under these circumstances I received a message from Weimar, by order of the Grand Duchess, and hailed it with delight, as may be seen by the following letter to Goethe:—

Nordheim, Nov. 6, 1830. —Man appoints, and God disappoints; and, before we can turn about, our circumstances and our wishes have been otherwise than we anticipated.

Some weeks ago I had a certain dread of returning to Weimar, and now, as matters stand, I shall not only soon and gladly return, but I shall harbour the thought, and take up my residence there, and settle for good

I received a few days ago a letter from Soret, with the offer of a fixed salary, on the part of the Grand Duchess, if I will return and go on as hitherto instructing the Prince. Some other good news Soret will communicate by word of mouth; and from all this I gather that I am kindly thought of.

I should like to write an answer in the affirmative to Soret, but I hear that he is gone to his family at Geneva, and hence I can only address your excellency with the request that you will be pleased to communicate to her imperial highness my resolution to return soon.

I hope at the same time that this intelligence will give you some pleasure, since you have so long had at heart my happiness and peace of mind.

I send you the warmest greetings from all your friends, and hope shortly to see you once more. —E.

On the afternoon of the 20th November I left Nordheim, and set off for Göttingen, which I reached at dusk.

In the evening, at the table d'hôte, when the landlord heard that I had come from Weimar, and was on my way back, he calmly told me that the great poet Goethe had had to undergo a severe misfortune in his old

age, since, according to the papers of the day, his only son had died of paralysis, in Italy.

I passed a sleepless night. The event which affected me so nearly was constantly before my eyes. The following days and nights, which I passed on the road, and in the Mühlhausen and Gotha, were no better. Being alone in the carriage, under the influence of the gloomy November days, and in desert fields, where there was no external object to distract my attention or to cheer me, I in vain endeavoured to fix my attention upon other thoughts. While among the people at the inns, I constantly heard of the mournful event which so nearly affected myself, as of one of the novelties of the day. My greatest fear was, that Goethe, at his advanced years, would not be able to surmount the violent storm of paternal feelings. And what an impression, I thought, will my own arrival make—when I departed with his son, and now come back alone. It will seem as though he has not really lost him till he sees me.

With these thoughts and feelings, I reached the last station before Weimar, on Tuesday, the 23rd of November, at six o'clock in the evening. I felt, for the second time in my life, that human existence has heavy moments through which one must pass. I communed in thought with higher beings above me, when I was struck by the light of the moon, which came from amid thick clouds, and after shining brightly for some moments was wrapped in darkness as before. Whether this was chance, or something more, I took it as a favourable omen from above, and thus received unexpected encouragement.

I just greeted the people at my residence, and then set off at once for Goethe's house. I first went to Frau von Goethe. I found her already in mourning, but calm and collected, and we had a great deal to say to each other.

Thur., Nov. 25.

This morning Goethe sent me some books, which had arrived as presents for me from English and German authors.

At noon I went to dine with him. I found him looking at a portfolio of engravings and drawings, which had been offered him for sale. He told me he had had the pleasure that morning of a visit from the Grand Duchess, to whom he had mentioned my return.

Frau von Goethe joined us, and we sat down to dinner. I was obliged to give an account of my travels. I spoke of Venice, Milan, Genoa; and he seemed particularly interested about the family of the English consul there. I then spoke of Geneva; and he asked with sympathy after the Soret family, and Herr von Bonstetten. He wished for a particular description of the latter, which I gave him as well as I could.

After dinner, I was pleased that Goethe began to speak of my "Conversations."

"It must be your first work," said he; "and we will not let it go till the whole is complete, and in order."

Still, Goethe appeared to me unusually silent today, and oftentimes lost in thought, which I feared was no good sign.

Tues., Nov. 30.

Last Friday, we were thrown into no small anxiety. Goethe was seized with a violent hemorrhage in the night, and was near death all the day. He lost, counting the vein they opened, six pounds of blood, which is a great quantity, considering that he is eighty years old. However, the great skill of his physician, Hofrath Vogel, and his incomparable constitution, have saved him this time, so that he recovers rapidly, has once more an excellent appetite, and sleeps again all night. Nobody is admitted, and he is forbidden to speak; but his ever active mind cannot rest; he is already thinking of his work. This morning, I received from him the following note, written in bed, with a lead pencil: —

"Have the goodness, my best doctor, to look once again at the accompanying poems, with which you are familiar, and to re-arrange the others which are new, so as to adapt them to their place in the whole. 'Faust' shall presently follow. In hope of a happy meeting, GOETHE.

"Weimar, 30th November 1830."

On Goethe's complete recovery, which soon followed, he devoted his whole attention to the first act of "Faust," and to the completion of the fourth volume of "Dichtung und Wahrheit."

He wished me to examine his short heretofore unpublished papers, and to look through his journals and letters, that we might know how to proceed with the new edition.

Examining my "Conversations" with him was at present out of the question. Besides, I thought it wiser, instead of occupying myself with what I had already written, to increase my stock with something new, while opportunity was still vouchsafed me by a kindly fate.

Sat., Jan. 1.

OF Goethe's letters to various persons, copies of which have been kept in parcels since the year 1807, I have during the last weeks carefully gone through the series of several years. I will in the following paragraphs set down some general remarks, which may be used in some future edition.

1.—In the first place, the question has arisen,—whether it is expedient to give these letters merely in the shape of extracts.

To this I reply that altogether it has been Goethe's nature to go to work with some intention even in the smallest matters, and that this seems to have been particularly the case with regard to these letters, where the author has always devoted his whole soul to the subject, so that not only is every sheet perfectly written from beginning to end, but there is not a line which does not reveal a superior nature and thorough cultivation.

It is my opinion, therefore, that the letters should be given entire, especially as the single passages of importance often receive their true lustre and real significance only through what precedes and follows.

Then, if we look closely at the matter, and fancy these letters laid before a large and varied world, who would presume to say which passage was important and worthy of communication, and which was not? The grammarian, the biographer, the philosopher, the moralist, the man of natural science, the artist, the poet, the academician, the actor, and so on ad infinitum, have each of them his own peculiar interest, so that one will skip a passage which another regards as highly important, and applies to himself.

Thus, for instance, in the first series belonging to 1807, there is a letter to a friend, whose son is about to devote himself to a forest-life, and to whom Goethe prescribes the course which the young man is to adopt. A young author will probably pass over a letter of this kind, while a forester will certainly perceive with delight that the poet has looked at his department as well as others, and has here also tried to give good counsel.

I repeat, therefore, that I am for giving these letters just as they are, without mutilation, especially as they are already distributed entire, and we may be sure that the persons who have received them will some day print them as they have been written.

2.—*If, however, there are letters which one would scruple to publish entire, but which contain good isolated passages, one may copy these passages, and either assign them to the year to which they belong, or make of them a special collection, accordingly as it seems most expedient.*

3.—*It is possible that a letter may appear of no importance in the first parcel in which we find it, and that we may be against its publication. If, however, it is found that such a letter has consequences in after years, and may be regarded as the first link of an extended chain, it will be rendered important by this very circumstance, and may be classed with those fit for publication.*

4.—*The doubt may arise, whether it is more expedient to arrange the letters according to the persons to whom they are addressed, or to let them follow according to years, without any further order.*

I am for the latter method,—first because it will cause a beautiful and ever refreshing variety; for, when another persons is addressed, not only is there always a change in the style, but the subjects themselves are different, so that the theatre, poetical labours, natural studies, domestic affairs, communications with friends and with persons of rank, pass along in ever-varied succession.

I am also for an arrangement according to years, and without further order, because the letters of any one year, through contemporary influences, not only bear the character of that year, but show the circumstances and occupations of the writer in every direction, so that such letters would be perfectly fitted to complete, with a fresh animated detail, the summary biography of the "Tag und Jahreshefte," already printed.

5.—*Letters which other persons have already printed, because, perhaps, they contain an acknowledgment of their merits, or some other commendation or peculiarity, should be again introduced in this collection, partly because they belong to the series, partly because these persons will be gratified by the proof afforded to the world that their documents were genuine.*

6.—*The question whether a letter of introduction shall be received into the collection or not, shall be decided after due consideration of the person recommended. If he has done nothing, and the letter contains nothing else of value, it is to be omitted; if, on the other hand, he has gained an honourable name in the world, it is to be inserted.*

7.—*Letters to persons who are known through Goethe's Life, such as Lavater, Jung, Behrisch, Kniep, Hackert, and others, are of themselves interesting, and should be published, even if they contain nothing of importance.*

8.—*We must not be too fastidious in the publication of these letters, since they give us an idea of Goethe's broad existence and varied influence in all directions; while his deportment towards persons most unlike each other, and in the most different position, may be regarded as highly instructive.*

9.—*If several letters treat of the same subject, the best are to be selected; and when a certain point appears in several letters, it should be struck out in some, and left where it is best expressed.*

10.—In the letters of 1811 and 1812, there are perhaps twenty places where the autograph of remarkable persons is requested. These and similar passages must not be suppressed, as they appear highly characteristic and amiable.

The preceding paragraphs have been occasioned by a survey of the letters of 1807, 1808, and 1809. Any general remarks that may occur in the further progress of the work will be added as a supplement.—E.

Weimar, January 1, 1831.

Today, after dinner, I discussed this matter with Goethe, point by point, and he gave his assent to my suggestions. "In my will," said he, "I will appoint you editor of these papers, and thus show that we have perfectly agreed as the method to be observed."

(Sup.[1]) Tues., Jan. 4.

I perused, with Goethe, some books of drawings, by my friend Töpfer, of Geneva, whose talent is equally great as an author and as a draughtsman; but who, until now, appears to have liked to express his lively conceptions in visible forms rather than in transient words. The number which contained the adventures of Doctor Festus, in light pen-and-ink sketches, gave quite the impression of a comic novel, and pleased Goethe highly. "This is mad stuff, indeed!" exclaimed he, from time to time, as he turned over one leaf after another; "all sparkles with talent and intelligence Some pages could not be excelled. If, for the future, he would choose a less frivolous subject, and restrict himself a little, he would produce things beyond all conception."

"He has been compared with Rabelais," remarked I, "and reproached with having imitated him and borrowed his ideas."

"People do not know what they would have," returned Goethe. "I find nothing of the sort; on the contrary, Töpfer appears to me to stand quite upon his own feet, and to be as thoroughly original as any genius I have met."

I found Coudray with Goethe, examining some architectural drawings. I had about me a five-franc piece of 1830, with the likeness of Charles the Tenth, which I produced. Goethe joked about the pointed head. "The organ of Veneration appears to have been very largely developed in him." remarked he. "Doubtless, from his excessive piety, he did not deem it necessary to pay his debts; on the other hand, we are deeply indebted to him, since, thanks to the freaks of his genius, Europe will not soon be quiet again."

We spoke about "Rouge et Noir," which Goethe regarded as Stendhal's best work.

1 (Sup.*) Wed., Jan. 17.

"Still I cannot deny," added he, "that some of his female characters are a little too romantic. Nevertheless, they all give evidence of great observation and psychological penetration, so that one may willingly pardon the author for some improbability in his details."

(Sup.*) Tues., Jan. 23.

With the Prince at Goethe's. His grandchildren were amusing themselves with conjuring tricks, in which Walter is particularly skilful. "I do not object," said Goethe, "to the boys filling up their spare hours with these follies. It is, especially in the presence of a small public, an excellent means of exercise in speaking freely, and acquiring some bodily and mental activity, of which we Germans have by no means a superabundance. The slight vanity that is occasioned is a disadvantage which is certainly over-balanced by such a gain."

"Besides, the spectators take care enough to damp such feelings," remarked I, "because they generally look very sharply at the little juggler's fingers, and are malicious enough to laugh at his blunders, and to mortify him by publishing his little secrets."

"It is with them as with actors," added Goethe; "who are applauded today and hissed to-morrow, by which means all is kept in the right track."

Wed., Feb. 9.

Yesterday I continued reading Voss's "Luise" with the Prince, and made to myself several remarks on the subject of that book. The great merits of the author in depicting the locality, and the external circumstances of the persons, delighted me; still, it appeared to me that the poem should have had a more lofty import,—and this remark especially occurred to me in those passages where the persons express their sentiments in dialogue. In the "Vicar of Wakefield" there is also a country pastor with his family, but the poet had a higher knowledge of the world, and this was communicated to his personages, all of whom exhibit greater mental variety. In the "Luise" all stand on the level of a narrow cultivation, though there is sufficient to satisfy thoroughly a certain class of readers. As for the verse, it seems to me that the hexameter is far too pretentious for such narrow subjects, and is, moreover, often a little forced and affected, and that the periods do not always flow naturally enough to be read with ease.

Today, at dinner, I talked over this point with Goethe. "The earlier editions of the poem," said he, "are far better in that respect, and I remember that I read it aloud with pleasure. Afterwards Voss touched it up a great deal, and, from his technical crotchets, spoiled the ease and nature of the verse. Indeed, nowadays technicalities are everything, and the critics begin to torment themselves,—whether in a rhyme an S should be followed by an *S*, and not an *S* by a 'double *S*.' If I were young and bold enough, I would purposely offend against all these technical whims;

I would employ alliteration, assonance, false rhyme, and anything else that came into my head, but I would keep the main point in view, and endeavour to say such good things that every one would be tempted to read them and to learn them by heart."

Fri., Feb. 11.

Today, at dinner, Goethe told me that he had begun the fourth act of "Faust," and thus intended to proceed, which pleased me highly. He then spoke with great praise of Carl Schöne, a young philologist of Leipsic, who had written a work on the costume in the tragedies of Euripides, and who, notwithstanding his great learning, had displayed no more of it than was necessary for his purpose.

"I like to see," said Goethe, "how, with a productive sense, he goes to the point at once, while other modern philologists give themselves far too much trouble about technicalities, and long and short syllables.

"It is always a sign that a time is unproductive when it goes so much into technical minutiæ; and thus also it is a sign that an individual is unproductive when he occupies himself in a like manner.

"Then there are other faults which act as impediments. Thus, for instance, in Count Platen there are nearly all the chief requisites of a good poet;—imagination, invention, intellect, and productiveness, he possesses in a high degree; he also shows a thoroughly technical cultivation, and a study and earnestness, to be found in few others. With him, however, his unhappy polemical tendency is a hindrance.

"That amid the grandeur of Naples and Rome he could not forget the miserable trivialities of German literature, is unpardonable in so eminent a genius. The 'Romantic Œdipus' shows that, especially with regard to technicalities, Platen was just the man to write the best German tragedy; but now, in this piece, he has used the tragic motives for purposes of parody, how will he write a tragedy in good earnest?

"And then (what is not enough kept in mind) these quarrels occupy the thoughts; the images of our foes are like ghosts which intercept all free production, and cause great disorder in a nature already sufficiently susceptible.

"Lord Byron was ruined by his polemic tendency; and Platen should, for the honour of German literature, quit for ever so unprofitable a path."

Sat., Feb. 12.

I have been reading the New Testament, and thinking of a picture which Goethe lately showed me, where Christ is walking on the water, and Peter coming towards him, on the waves, begins to sink, in a moment of faint-heartedness.

"This," said Goethe, "is one of the most beautiful legends, and one which I love better than any. It expresses the noble doctrine that man, through faith and hearty courage, will come off victor in the most

difficult enterprises, while he may be ruined by the least paroxysm of doubt."

Sun., Feb. 13.

Dined with Goethe. He told me that he was going on with the fourth act of "Faust," and had succeeded to his wish in the beginning.

"I had," said he, "long since the what, as you know, but was not quite satisfied about the how; hence it is the more pleasant that good thoughts have come to me.

"I will now go on inventing, to supply the whole gap, from the 'Helena' to the fifth act, which is finished, and write down a detailed plan, that I may work with perfect comfort and security on those parts which first attract me.

"This act acquires quite a peculiar character, so that, like an independent little world, it does not touch the rest, and is only connected with the whole by a slight reference to what precedes and follows."

"It will then," said I, "be perfectly in character with the rest; for, in fact, Auerbach's cellar, the witches' kitchen, the Blocksberg, the imperial diet, the masquerade, the paper-money, the laboratory, the classic Walpurgis-night, the Helena, are all of them little independent worlds, which, each being complete in itself, do indeed work upon each other, yet come but little in contact. The great point with the poet is to express a manifold world, and he uses the story of a celebrated hero merely as a sort of thread on which he may string what he pleases. This is the case with 'Gil Blas' and the 'Odyssey.'"

"You are perfectly right," said Goethe; "and the only matter of importance in such compositions is, that the single masses should be clear and significant, while the whole always remains incommensurable,—and even on that account, like an unsolved problem, constantly lures mankind to study it again and again."

I then spoke of a letter from a young soldier, whom I and other friends had advised to go into foreign service, and who now, not being pleased with his situation abroad, blames all those who advised him.

"Advice is a strange matter," said Goethe, "and when one has looked about one in the world long enough, to see how the most judicious enterprises fail, and the most absurd often succeed, one becomes disinclined to give advice to any one. At bottom, too, there is a confinement with respect to him who asks advice, and a presumption in him who gives it. A person should only give advice in matters where he himself will cooperate. If any one asks me for good advice, I say I am ready to give it, but only on condition that he will promise me not to take it."

The conversation turned on the New Testament, and I mentioned that I had been reading again the passage where Christ walks on the sea, and Peter meets him.

"When one has not for some time read the Evangelists," said I, "one

is always astonished at the moral grandeur of the figures. We find in the lofty demands made upon our moral power of will a sort of categorical imperative."

"Especially," said Goethe, "you find the categorical imperative of faith, which, indeed, Mahomet carried still farther."

"Altogether," said I, "the Evangelists, if you look closely into them, are full of differences and contradictions; and the books must have gone through strange revolutions of destiny before they were brought together in the form in which we have them now."

"It is like trying to drink out a sea," said Goethe, "to enter into an historical and critical examination of them. It is the best way, without farther ado, to adhere to that which is set down, and to appropriate to oneself so much as one can use for one's moral strengthening and culture. However, it is pleasant to get a clear notion of the localities, and I can recommend you to nothing better than Röhr's admirable book on Palestine. The late Grand Duke was so pleased with this book, that he bought it twice, giving the first copy to the library, after he had read it, and keeping the other always by him."

I wondered that the Grand Duke should take an interest in such matters.

"Therein," said Goethe, "he was great. He was interested in everything of any importance, in whatsoever department it lay. He was always progressive, and sought to domesticate with himself all the good inventions and institutions of his time. If anything failed, he spoke of it no more. I often thought how I should excuse to him this or that failure; but he always ignored it in the cheerfulest way, and was immediately engaged with some new plan. This was a greatness peculiar to his own nature; not acquired, but innate."

We looked, after dinner, at some engravings after the most modern artists, especially in the landscape department, and we remarked with pleasure that nothing false could be detected.

"For ages there has been so much good in the world," said Goethe, "that one ought not in reason to wonder when it operates and produces good in its turn."

"The worst of it is," said I, "that there are so many false doctrines, and that a young genius does not know to what saint he should devote himself."

"Of this we have proofs," said Goethe; "we have seen whole generations ruined or injured by false maxims, and have also suffered ourselves. Then there is the facility nowadays of universally diffusing every error by means of printing. Though a critic may think better after some years, and diffuse among the public his better convictions, his false doctrine has operated in the mean while, and will in future, like a spreading weed, continue to co-operate with what is good. My only consolation is, that a really great talent is not to be led astray or spoiled."

We looked further at the engravings, "These are really good things," said Goethe. "You have before you the works of very fair talents, who

have learned something, and have acquired no little taste and art. Still, something is wanting in all these pictures—the Manly. Take notice of this word, and underscore it. The pictures lack a certain urgent power, which in former ages was generally expressed, but in which the present age is deficient, and that with respect not only to painting, but to all the other arts. We have a more weakly race, of which we cannot say whether it is so by its origin, or by a more weakly training and diet."

"We see here," said I, "how much in art depends on a great personality,[1] which indeed was common enough in earlier ages. When, at Venice, we stand before the works of Titian and Paul Veronese, we feel the powerful mind of these men, both in their first conception of the subject, and in the final execution. Their great energetic feeling has penetrated the members of the whole picture, and this higher power of the artist's personality expands our own nature, and elevates us above ourselves, when we contemplate such works. This manly mind of which you speak is also to be found especially in the landscapes of Rubens. They, indeed, consist merely of trees, soil, water, rocks, and clouds, but his own bold temperament has penetrated into the forms, and thus while we see familiar nature we see it penetrated by the power of the artist, and reproduced according to his views."

"Certainly," said Goethe, "personality is everything in art and poetry; nevertheless, there are many weak personages among the modern critics who do not admit this, but look upon a great personality in a work of poetry or art merely as a kind of trifling appendage.

"However, to feel and respect a great personality one must be something oneself. All those who denied the sublime to Euripides were either poor wretches incapable of comprehending such sublimity, or shameless charlatans, who, by their presumption, wished to make more of themselves, and really did make more of themselves than they were."

Mon., Feb. 14.

Dined with Goethe. He had been reading the memoirs of General Rapp, through which the conversation turned upon Napoleon, and the feelings which must necessarily have been experienced by Madame Letitia at finding herself the mother of so powerful a family. She had given birth to Napoleon, her second son, when she was eighteen years old, and her husband three-and-twenty, so that he had a physical advantage in the youthful strength of his parents. After him she bore three sons, all remarkably endowed, clever and energetic in practical things, and all with a certain poetical talent. These four sons are followed by three daughters, and last of all comes Jerome, who seems to have been the least endowed of all.

1 "Personality," which is used here and elsewhere as an equivalent for "Persönlichkeit," is not a common expression, but its meaning will be obvious.—Trans.

Talent is indeed not hereditary, but it requires an apt physical substratum, and then it is by no means indifferent whether one is the first or the last born, nor whether one is the issue of strong and young, or weak and old parents.

"It is remarkable," said I, "that, of all talents, the musical shows itself earliest; so that Mozart in his fifth, Beethoven in his eighth, and Hummel in his ninth year, astonished all near them by their performance and compositions."

"The musical talent," said Goethe, "may well show itself earliest of any; for music is something innate and internal, which needs little nourishment from without, and no experience drawn from life. Really, however, a phenomenon like that of Mozart remains an inexplicable prodigy. But how would the Divinity find everywhere opportunity to do wonders, if he did not sometimes try his powers on extraordinary individuals, at whom we stand astonished, and cannot understand whence they come?"

Tues., Feb. 15.

Dined with Goethe. I told him about the theatre; he praised the piece given yesterday—"Henry III.," by Dumas—as very excellent, but naturally found that such a dish would not suit the public.

"I should not," said he, "have ventured to give it, when I was director; for I remember well what trouble we had to smuggle upon the public the 'Constant Prince,'[1] which has far more general human interest, is more poetic, and in fact lies much nearer to us, than 'Henry III.'"

I spoke of the "Grand Cophta," which I had been lately re-perusing. I talked over the scenes one by one, and, at last, expressed a wish to see it once on the stage.

"I am pleased," said Goethe, "that you like that piece, and find out what I have worked into it. It was indeed no little labour to make an entirely real fact first poetical, and then theatrical. And yet you will grant that the whole is properly conceived for the stage. Schiller was, also, very partial to it; and we gave it once, with brilliant effect, for the higher order of persons. But it is not for the public in general; the crimes of which it treats have about them an apprehensive character, which produces an uncomfortable feeling in the people. Its bold character places it, indeed, in the sphere of 'Clara Gazul;' and the French poet might really envy me for taking from him so good a subject. I say so good a subject, because it is in truth not merely of moral, but also of great historical significance; the fact immediately preceded the French Revolution, and was, to a certain extent, its foundation. The Queen, through being implicated in that unlucky story of the necklace, lost her dignity, and was no longer respected, so that she lost, in the eyes of the people, the ground where she was unassailable. Hate injures no one; it is contempt that casts men

1 "Il Principe Constante," by Calderon.—Trans.

down. Kotzebue had been hated long; but before the student dared to use his dagger upon him, it was necessary for certain journals to make him contemptible."

Thurs., Feb. 17.

Dined with Goethe. I brought him his "Residence at Carlsbad," for the year 1807, which I had finished revising that morning. We spoke of wise passages, which occur there as hasty remarks of the day.

"People always fancy," said Goethe, laughing, "that we must become old to become wise; but, in truth, as years advance, it is hard to keep ourselves as wise as we were. Man becomes, indeed, in the different stages of his life, a different being; but he cannot say that he is a better one, and, in certain matters, he is as likely to be right in his twentieth, as in his sixtieth year.

"We see the world one way from a plain, another way from the heights of a promontory, another from the glacier fields of the primary mountains. We see, from one of these points, a larger piece of the world than from the other; but that is all, and we cannot say that we see more truly from any one than from the rest. When a writer leaves monuments on the different steps of his life, it is chiefly important that he should have an innate foundation and good-will; that he should, at each step, have seen and felt clearly, and that, without any secondary aims, he should have said distinctly and truly what has passed in his mind. Then will his writings, if they were right at the step where they originated, remain always right, however the writer may develop or alter himself in after times."

I heartily assented to this excellent remark.

"Lately," continued Goethe, "I found a piece of waste paper which I read. 'Humph,' said I to myself, 'what is written there is not so bad; you do not think otherwise, and would not have expressed yourself very differently.' But when I looked closely at the leaf, it was a fragment from my own works. For, as I am always striving onwards, I forget what I have written, and soon regard my productions as something quite foreign."

I asked about "Faust," and what progress he had made with it.

"That," said Goethe, "will not again let me loose. I daily think and invent more and more of it. I have now had the whole manuscript of the second part stitched together, that it may lie a palpable mass before me. The place of the yet wanting fourth act I have filled with white paper; and, undoubtedly, what is finished will allure and urge me to complete what has yet to be done. There is more than people think in these matters of sense, and we must aid the spiritual by all manner of devices."

He sent for the stitched "Faust," and I was surprised to see how much he had written; for a good folio volume was before me.

"And all," said I, "has been done in the six years that I have been here; and yet, amid so many other occupations, you could have devoted but

little time to it. We see how much a work grows, even if we only now and then add something!"

"Of that one is still more convinced as one grows older," said Goethe; "while youth believes all must be done in a single day. If fortune favour, and I continue in good health, I hope in the next spring-months to get a great way on with the fourth act. It was, as you know, long since invented; but the other parts have, in the course of the execution, grown so much, that I can now use only the outline of my first invention, and must fill out this introduced portion so as to make it of a piece with the rest."

"A far richer world is displayed," said I, "in this second part than in the first."

"I should think so," said Goethe. "The first part is almost entirely subjective; it proceeded entirely from a perplexed, impassioned individual, and his semi-darkness is probably highly pleasing to mankind. But, in the second part, there is scarcely anything of the subjective; here is seen a higher, broader, clearer, more passionless world, and he who has not looked about him and had some experience, will not know what to make of it."

"There will be found exercise for thought," said I; "some learning may also be needful. I am glad that I have read Schelling's little book on the Cabiri, and that I now know the drift of that famous passage in the Walpurgis-night."

"I have always found," said Goethe, laughing, "that it is well to know something."

Fri., Feb. 18.

Dined with Goethe. We talked of different forms of government; and it was remarked what difficulties an excess of liberalism presents, inasmuch as it calls forth the demands of individuals, and, from the quantity of wishes, one does not know which to satisfy. It will be found that one cannot succeed in the long run with over-great goodness, mildness, and moral delicacy, while one has beneath a mixed and sometimes vicious world to manage and hold in respect.

It was also remarked that the art of governing is a great metier, requiring the whole man, and that it is therefore not well for a ruler to have too strong tendencies for other affairs, as, for instance, a predominant inclination for the fine arts; since thus not only the interest of the Prince, but also the powers of the State, must be withdrawn from more necessary matters. A predominating love for the fine arts better suits rich private persons.

Goethe told me that his "Metamorphosis of Plants," with Soret's translation, was going on well, and that, in his supplementary labours on these subjects, particularly on the "Spiral," quite unexpected favourable things had come to his aid from without.

"We have," said he, "as you know, been busy with this translation

for more than a year; a thousand hindrances have come in our way; the enterprise has often come to an absolute standstill, and I have often cursed it in silence. But now I can do reverence to all these hindrances; for during these delays things have ripened abroad among other excellent men, so that they now bring the best grist to my mill, advance me beyond all conception, and will bring my work to a conclusion which I could not have imagined a year ago. The like has often happened to me in life; and, in such cases, one is led to believe in a higher influence, in something dæmonic (dämonisch), which we adore without trying to explain it further."

Sat., Feb. 19.

Dined at Goethe's, with Hofrath Vogel. A pamphlet on the island of Heligoland had been sent to Goethe, which he read with great interest, telling us what he found most important in it.

After we had talked about this very peculiar locality, conversation took a medical turn, and Vogel told us, as the news of the day, how the natural small-pox, in defiance of all inoculation, had again broken out in Eisenach, and had carried off many in a short time.

"Nature," said Vogel, "plays us a trick every now and then; and we must watch her very closely, if our theory is to keep pace with her. Inoculation was thought so sure and infallible, that a law was made to enforce it. But now this Eisenach affair, where the persons who have been inoculated are nevertheless attacked by the natural small-pox, casts a suspicion on the infallibility of the remedy, and weakens the motive for observing the law."

"Nevertheless," said Goethe, "I am against any departure from the strict law for inoculation, since these trifling exceptions are nothing in comparison with the great benefits which it confers."

"I am of the same opinion," said Vogel, "and would even maintain that in all cases where the natural disease is not prevented by the artificial one, the inoculation has been imperfect. For inoculation to have a protective power it must be strong enough to produce fever. Mere irritation of the skin without fever will not suffice. I have this day proposed in council that a stronger inoculation for the small-pox shall be incumbent on all the parties throughout the country who have to perform it."

"I hope that your proposal has been carried," said Goethe. "Indeed, I am always for a rigid adherence to a law, especially at a time like ours, when out of weakness and excessive liberality one is always conceding too much."

It was then remarked that we were beginning to be too gentle and lax with regard to the responsibility of criminals, and that medical testimony and opinion often had the effect of making the criminal evade the penalty he had incurred. On this occasion Vogel praised a young physician, who had always shown strength of character in such cases, and who

lately, when the court was in doubt whether a certain infanticide was responsible or not, had given his testimony that she unquestionably was so.

Sun., Feb. 20.

Dined with Goethe. He told me that he had tested my observation on the blue shadows in the snow, viz. that they were produced by the reflection of the blue sky, and that he acknowledged its correctness. "But both causes may, however, co-operate." said he, "and the demand (Forderung) excited by the yellowish light may strengthen the appearance of the blue." This I willingly conceded, and rejoiced that Goethe at last agreed with me.

"I am sorry," said I, "that I did not on the spot write down the observations on colour which I made at Mont Rose and Mont Blanc. The chief result, however, was, that at a distance of from eighteen to twenty miles, in the brightest noonday sun, the snow appeared yellow and even reddish, while the dark parts of the mountains, which were free from snow, stood out in the most decided blue. This phenomenon did not surprise me, as I could have predicted that the semi-transparent mass which intervened would give a deep yellow tone to the white snow as it reflected the noonday sun; but, nevertheless, it pleased me, inasmuch as it fully confuted the erroneous opinion of some scientific persons, that the air has the property of giving a blue colour. For if the air had been blue of itself, the snow, for a space of twenty miles—that is to say, the distance between me and Mont Rose—must have appeared bright blue, or a whitish blue, and not yellow and yellowish red."

"This observation," said Goethe, "is important, and completely confutes every error."

"In fact," said I, "the doctrine of the dense medium is so simple that one is easily misled into the belief that it can be communicated to another in a few days. The difficulty is to apply the law, and to recognize a primitive phenomenon in phenomena that are conditioned and concealed a thousand different ways."

"I will compare it with whist," said Goethe, "the laws and rules of which are very easy to teach, but which one must have played a long time before one can become a master. Altogether we learn nothing from mere hearing, and he who does not take an active part in certain subjects knows them but half and superficially."

Goethe then told me of the book of a young natural philosopher, which he could not help praising, on account of the clearness of his descriptions, while he pardoned him for his teleological tendency.

"It is natural to man," said Goethe, "to regard himself as the final cause of creation, and to consider all other things merely in relation to himself so far as they are of use to him. He makes himself master of the vegetable and animal world, and while he claims other creatures as a fitting diet, he acknowledges his God, and praises His goodness in this paternal care.

He takes milk from the cow, honey from the bee, wool from the sheep; and while he gives these things a purpose which is useful to himself, he believes that they were made on that account. Nay, he cannot conceive that even the smallest herb was not made for him, and if he has not yet ascertained its utility, he believes that he may discover it in future.

"Then, too, as man thinks in general, so does he always think in particular, and he does not fail to transfer his ordinary views from life into science, and to ask the use and purpose of every single part of our organic being.

"This may do for a time, and he may get on so for a time in science, but he will soon come to phenomena, where this small view will not be sufficient, and where, if he does not take a higher stand, he will soon be involved in mere contradictions.

"The utility-teachers say that oxen have horns to defend themselves; but I ask, why is the sheep without any—and when it has them, why are they twisted about the ears so as to answer no purpose at all?

"If, on the other hand, I say the ox defends himself with his horns because he has them, it is quite a different matter.

"The question as to the purpose—the question Wherefore is completely unscientific. But we get on farther with the question How? For if I ask how has the ox horns, I am led to study his organization, and learn at the same time why the lion has no horns, and cannot have any.

"Thus, man has in his skull two hollows which are never filled up. The question wherefore could not take us far in this case, but the question how informs me that these hollows are remains of the animal skull, which are found on a larger scale in inferior organization, and are not quite obliterated in man, with all his eminence.

"The teachers of utility would think that they lost their God if they did not worship Him who gave the ox horns to defend itself. But I hope I may be allowed to worship Him who, in the abundance of His creation, was great enough, after making a thousand kinds of plants, to make one more, in which all the rest should be comprised; and after a thousand kinds of animals, a being which comprises them all—a man.

"let people serve Him who gives to the beast his fodder, and to man meat and drink as much as he can enjoy. But I worship Him who has infused into the world such a power of production, that, when only the millionth part of it comes out into life, the world swarms with creatures to such a degree that war, pestilence, fire, and water cannot prevail against them. That is my God!"

Mon., Feb. 21.

Goethe praised Schelling's last discourse, with which he had calmed the students at Munich.

"It is thoroughly good," said he; "and we rejoice once again at the distinguished talent which we have long known and revered. In this case he had an excellent subject and a worthy purpose, and his success

has been as great as possible. If the same could be said of the subject and purpose of his work on the Cabiri, that would claim praise from us also, since there also he has displayed in it his rhetorical talent and art."

Schelling's "Cabiri" brought the conversation to the classic Walpurgis-night, and the difference between this and the scenes on the Brocken in the first part.

"The old Walpurgis-night," said Goethe, "is monarchical, since the devil is there respected throughout as a decided chief. But the classic Walpurgis-night is thoroughly republican; since all stand on a plain near one another, so that each is as prominent as his associates, and nobody is subordinate or troubled about the rest."

"Moreover," said I, "in the classic assembly all are sharply outlined individualities, while, on the German Blocksberg, each individuality is lost in the general witch-mass."

"Therefore," said Goethe, "Mephistophiles knows what is meant when the Homunculus speaks to him of Thessalian witches. A connoisseur of antiquity will have something suggested by these words (Thessalian witches), while to the unlearned it remains a mere name."

"Antiquity," said I, "must be very living to you, else you could not make all these figures step so freshly into life, and treat them with such freedom as you have."

"Without a lifelong occupation with plastic art," said Goethe, "it would not have been possible to me. The difficulty was in observing due moderation amid such plenty, and avoiding all figures that did not perfectly fit into my plan. I made, for instance, no use of the Minotaur, the Harpies, and certain other monsters."

"But what you have exhibited in that night," said I, "is so grouped, and fits so well together, that it can be easily recalled by the imagination and made into a picture. The painters will certainly not allow such good subjects to escape them; and I especially hope to see Mephistophiles among the Phorcyades, when he tries the famous mask in profile."

"There are a few pleasantries there," said Goethe, "which will more or less occupy the world in all sorts of ways. Suppose the French are the first to perceive 'Helena,' and to see what can be done with it for the stage. They will spoil the piece as it is, but they will make a wise use of it for their own purposes, and that is all we can expect or desire. To Phorcyas they will certainly add a chorus of monsters, as is indeed already indicated in one passage."

"It would be a great matter," said I, "if a clever part of the romantic school treated the piece as an opera throughout, and Rossini collected all his great talent for a grand composition, to produce an effect with the 'Helena.' It affords opportunities for magnificent scenes, surprising transformations, brilliant costumes, and charming ballets, which are not easily to be found elsewhere, to say nothing of the fact that this abundance of sensible material rests on the foundation of an ingenious fable that could scarcely be excelled."

"We will wait for what the gods bring us," said Goethe, "such things

are not to be hurried. The great matter is for people to enter into it, and for managers, poets, and composers to see their advantage in it."

Tues., Feb. 22.

Upper-Consistorial Councillor Schwabe met me in the street. I walked with him a little way; he told me of his manifold occupations, and thus I was enabled to look into the important sphere of action of this distinguished man. He said that he employed his spare hours in editing a little volume of new sermons; that one of his school-books had lately been translated into Danish, that forty-thousand copies of it had been sold, and that it had been introduced into the best schools of Prussia. He begged me to visit him, which I gladly promised to do.

At dinner with Goethe, I spoke of Schwabe, and Goethe agreed entirely with my praises of him.

"The Grand Duchess," said he, "values him highly; and, indeed, she always knows what people are worth. I shall have him drawn for my collection of portraits, and you will do well to visit him, and ask his permission in this respect.

"Visit him, and show sympathy in what he is doing and planning. It will be interesting for you to observe a peculiar sphere of action, which cannot be rightly understood without a closer intercourse with such a man."

Wed., Feb. 23.

Before dinner, while walking in the Erfurt road, I met Goethe, who stopped me and took me into his carriage. We went a good way by the fir-wood, and talked about natural history.

The mountains and hills were covered with snow, and I mentioned the great delicacy of the yellow, observing that at a distance of nine miles, with some density intervening, a dark surface rather appeared blue than a white one yellow. Goethe agreed with me, and we then spoke of the high significance of the primitive phenomena, behind which we believe the Deity may directly be discerned.

"I ask not," said Goethe, "whether this highest Being has reason and understanding, but I feel that He is Reason, is Understanding itself. Therewith are all creatures penetrated; and man has so much of it that he can recognize parts of the Highest."

At table, the efforts of certain inquirers into nature were mentioned, who, to penetrate the organic world, would ascend through mineralogy.

"This," said Goethe, "is a great mistake. In the mineralogical world the simplest, in the organic world the most complex, is the most excellent. We see, too, that these two worlds have quite different tendencies, and that a stepwise progress from one to the other is by no means to be found."

I treasured this remark as of great importance.

Thurs., Feb. 24.

I read Goethe's essay on Zahn in the Viennese Jahrbücher, and was filled with admiration when I thought of the premises which the writing of it presupposed.

At dinner Goethe told me that Soret had been with him, and that they had made good progress with the translation of the Metamorphosis.

"The difficulty in nature," said Goethe, "is to see the law where it is concealed from us, and not to be misled by phenomena which contradict our senses. For in nature there is much which contradicts our senses, and is nevertheless true. That the sun stands still, that he does not rise and set, but that the earth performs a diurnal revolution with incredible swiftness, contradicts the senses as much as anything, but yet no well-informed person doubts that this is the case. Thus, too, there are in the vegetable kingdom contradictory phenomena, with which we must be very careful not to be led into false ways."

Sat., Feb. 26.

Today I read a great deal of Goethe's "Theory of Colours," and was pleased to find that, by frequently exercising myself on the phenomena, I had become sufficiently master of the work to feel its great merits with some degree of clearness. I thought, with admiration, what it must have cost to put such work together, since I observed not merely the final results, but looked deeper, and saw what must have been gone through that these firm results might be attained.

Only a man of great moral power could accomplish this, and whoever would imitate him must take a very high position. All that is indelicate, untrue, egotistical, must vanish from the mind, or real true nature must scorn him. If men considered this, they would willingly devote some years of their life to master the sphere of such a science in such a manner, that they might thus test their senses, intellect, and character. They would have respect for all that is according to law, and approach the Deity as closely as it is possible for a terrestrial mind.

On the contrary, people occupy themselves too much with poetry, and supersensuous mysteries which are subjective, pliable things, making no further claims on man, but flattering him, and, at best, leaving him just where he was.

In poetry, only the really great and pure advances us; and this exists as a second nature, either elevating us to itself or rejecting us. On the other hand, defective poetry develops our faults, inasmuch as we take into ourselves the infectious weaknesses of the poet. Yes, take them in, without knowing it, because we cannot perceive a defect in that which is consonant to our nature.

To draw advantage from both the good and the bad in poetry, we must already be in a very high position, and have such a foundation that we can regard things of the sort as objects external to ourselves.

Hence I commend an intercourse with nature, who in no wise favours

our weaknesses, but either makes something out of us, or will have nothing at all to do with us.

Mon., Feb. 28.

I have been occupied all day with the manuscript of the fourth volume of Goethe's life, which he sent me yesterday, that I might see if anything remained to be done. I am very happy with this work, when I reflect what it already is, and what it may become. Some books appear quite complete, and leave nothing to desire. In others, on the contrary, a certain want of congruity may be observed, which may have arisen from the fact that the author has worked at very different epochs.

This fourth volume is altogether very different from the three preceding. Those constantly proceed in a certain given direction, while the course is through many years. In this volume, on the contrary, time seems scarcely to move, and we can see no decisive effort on the part of the principal character; much is undertaken but not completed, much is willed but otherwise directed, and thus we everywhere feel the influence of a secret power, a kind of destiny, drawing out many threads for the web which future years must complete.

This volume, therefore, affords a suitable occasion to speak of that secret, problematical power, which all men feel, which no philosopher explains, and over which the religious help themselves with consoling words.

Goethe names this unspeakable world and life-enigma the Dæmonic (dämonisch); and, while he defines its nature, we feel that so it is, and the curtains seem to have been drawn away from before certain backgrounds of our life. We seem to see further and more clearly, but soon perceive that the object is too great and manifold, and that our eyes only reach a certain limit.

Man is born only for the little; only what is known to him can be comprehended by him, or give him pleasure. A great connoisseur understands a picture; he knows how to combine the various particulars into the Universal, which is familiar to him; the whole is, to him, as living as the details. Neither does he entertain a predilection for detached portions; he asks not whether a face is ugly or beautiful, whether a passage is light or dark, but whether everything is in its place, according to law and order. But if we show an ignorant man a picture of some compass, we shall see that, as a whole, it leaves him unmoved or confused; that some parts attract, others repel him; and that he at last abides by little things which are familiar to him, praising, perhaps, the good execution of a helmet or plume.

But, in fact, we men play more or less the part of this ignorant person before the great destiny-picture of the world. The lighted part, the Agreeable, attracts us, the shadowy and unpleasant parts repel us, the whole confuses us, and we vainly seek the idea of a single Being to whom we attribute such contradictions.

Now, in human things, one may indeed become a great connoisseur, inasmuch as one may appropriate to oneself the art and knowledge of a master, but, in divine things, this is only possible with a being equal to the Highest. Nay, if the Supreme Being attempted to reveal such mysteries to us, we should not understand them or know what to do with them; but again resemble that ignoramus before the picture, to whom the connoisseur cannot by all the talking in the world impart the premises on which he judges. On this account it is quite right that forms of religion have not been given directly by God himself, but, as the work of eminent men, have been conformed to the wants and the understanding of a great mass of their fellows. If they were the work of God, no man could understand them; but, being the work of men, they do not express the Inscrutable.

The religion of the highly-cultivated ancient Greeks went no further than to give separate expressions of the Inscrutable by particular Deities. As these individualities were only limited beings, and a gap was obvious in the connection of the whole, they invented the idea of a Fate, which they placed over all; but as this in its turn remained a many-sided Inscrutable, the difficulty was rather set aside than disposed of.

Christ thought of a God, comprising all in one, to whom he ascribed all qualities which he found excellent in himself. This God was the essence of his own beautiful soul; full of love and goodness, like himself: and every way suited to induce good men to give themselves up trustingly to him, and to receive this Idea, as the sweetest connection with a higher sphere. But, as the great Being whom we name the Deity manifests himself not only in man, but in a rich, powerful nature, and in mighty world-events, a representation of him, framed from human qualities, cannot of course be adequate, and the attentive observer will soon come to imperfections and contradictions, which will drive him to doubt, nay, to despair, unless he be either little enough to let himself be soothed by an artful evasion, or great enough to rise to a higher point of view.

Such a point Goethe early found in Spinoza; and he acknowledges with joy how much the views of that great thinker answered the wants of his youth. In him he found himself, and in him therefore could he fortify himself to the best advantage.

And as these views were not of the subjective sort, but had a foundation in the works and manifestations of God through the world, so were the not mere husks which he, after his own later, deeper search into the world and nature, threw aside as useless, but were the first root and germ of a plant that went on growing with equally healthy energy for many years, and at last unfolded the flower of a rich knowledge.

His opponents have often accused him of having no faith; but he merely had not theirs, because it was too small for him. If he spoke out his own, they would be astonished; but they would not be able to comprehend him.

But Goethe is far from believing that he knows the Highest Being as it is. All his written and oral expressions intimate that it is somewhat

inscrutable, of which men can only have approximating perceptions and feelings.

For the rest, nature and we men are all so penetrated by the Divine, that it holds us; that we live, move, and have our being in it; that we suffer and are happy under eternal laws; that we practise these, and they are practised on us, whether we recognize them or not.

The child enjoys his cake without knowing anything of the baker; the sparrow the cherries, without thinking how they grew.

Wed., Mar. 2.

I dined with Goethe today, and the conversation soon turning again on the Dæmonic, he added the following remarks to define it more closely.

"The Dæmonic," said he, "is that which cannot be explained by Reason or Understanding; it lies not in my nature, but I am subject to it."

"Napoleon," said I, "seems to have been of the dæmonic sort."

"He was so thoroughly," said Goethe, "and in the highest degree, so that scarce any one is to be compared with him. Our late Grand Duke, too, was a dæmonic nature, full of unlimited power of action and unrest, so that his own dominion was too little for him, and the greatest would have been too little. Dæmonic beings of such sort the Greeks reckoned among their demigods."

"Is not the Dæmonic," said I, "perceptible in events also?"

"Particularly," said Goethe, "and, indeed, in all which we cannot explain by Reason and Understanding. It manifests itself in the most varied manner throughout all nature—in the invisible as in the visible. Many creatures are of a purely dæmonic kind; in many parts of it are effective."

"Has not Mephistophiles," said I, "dæmonic traits too?"

"No," said Goethe, "Mephistophiles is much too negative a being. The Dæmonic manifests itself in a thoroughly active power.

"Among artists," he continued, "it is found more among musicians—less among painters. In Paganini, it shows itself in a high degree; and it is thus he produces such great effects."

I was much pleased at all these remarks, which made more clear to me what Goethe meant by the Dæmonic.

Thurs., Mar. 3.

At noon with Goethe. He was looking through some architectural designs, and observed it required some courage to build palaces, inasmuch as we are never certain how long one stone will remain upon another.

"Those are most fortunate," said he, "who live in tents, or who, like some Englishmen, are always going from one city and one inn to another, and find everywhere a good table ready."

Sun., Mar. 6.

At dinner talked on various subjects with Goethe. We spoke of children and their naughty tricks, and he compared these to the stem-leaves of a plant, which fall away gradually of their own accord; and which need not be corrected with great severity.

"Man," said he, "has various stages which he must go through, and each brings with it its peculiar virtues and faults, which, in the epoch to which they belong, are to be considered natural, and in a manner right. On the next step he is another man; there is no trace left of the earlier virtues or faults; but others have taken their place. And so on to the final transformation, with respect to which we know not what we shall be."

After dinner, Goethe read me fragments, which he had kept from 1775, of Hanswurst's Hochzeit ("Hanswurst's wedding"). Kilian Brustfleck opens the piece with a monologue, in which he complains that Hanswurst's education, despite all his care, has come to no good. This scene, and all the rest, were written in the tone of Faust. A productive force, powerful even to wantonness, displayed itself in every line; and I could not but lament that it went so far beyond all bounds, that even the fragments cannot be communicated.

Goethe read me the list of the dramatis personæ, which nearly filled three pages, and were about a hundred in number. There were all the nicknames imaginable; some of them so comic and ludicrous, that we could not help laughing at them. Many referred to bodily defects, and distinguished a figure so that it came like life before the eye; others indicated the most various follies and vices, and afforded a deep look into the breadth of the immoral world. Had the piece been finished, people must have admired the invention that could combine such various symbolical figures in one single action.

"It was not to be imagined that I could finish the piece," said Goethe; "for it demanded a high degree of wanton daring, which I had at moments, but which did not in fact lie in the serious tenor of my nature, and on which I could not depend. Then in Germany our circles are too limited for one to come forward with such an undertaking. On a broad ground, like Paris, one might venture such eccentricities, just as one can there be a Béranger, which would be quite impossible at Frankfort or Weimar."

Tues., Mar. 8.

Dined today with Goethe, who began by telling me that he had been reading "Ivanhoe."

"Walter Scott," said he, "is a great genius; he has not his equal; and we need not wonder at the extraordinary effect he produces on the whole reading world. He gives me much to think of; and I discover in him a wholly new art, with laws of its own."

We spoke then of the fourth volume of the biography, and came upon the subject of the Dæmonic before we were aware.

"In poetry," said Goethe, "especially in that which is unconscious, before which reason and understanding fall short, and which therefore produces effects so far surpassing all conception, there is always something dæmonic.

"So it is with music, in the highest degree, for it stands so high that no understanding can reach it, and an influence flows from it which masters all, and for which none can account. Hence, religious worship cannot dispense with it; it is one of the chief means of working upon men miraculously. Thus the Dæmonic loves to throw itself into significant individuals, especially when they are in high places, like Frederic and Peter the Great.

"Our late Grand Duke had it to such a degree, that nobody could resist him. He had an attractive influence upon men by his mere tranquil presence, without needing even to show himself good-humoured and friendly. All that I undertook by his advice succeeded; so that, in cases where my own understanding and reason were insufficient, I needed only to ask him what was to be done, when he gave me an answer instinctively, and I could always be sure of happy results.

"He would have been enviable indeed if he could have possessed himself of my ideas and higher strivings; for when the dæmonic spirit forsook him, and only the human was left, he knew not how to set to work, and was much troubled at it.

"In Byron, also, this element was probably active in a high degree, whence he possessed powers of attraction to a great extent, so that women especially could not resist him."

"Into the idea of the Divine," said I, by way of experiment, "this active power which we name the Dæmonic would not seem to enter."

"My good friend," said Goethe, "what do we know of the idea of the Divine? and what can our narrow ideas tell of the Highest Being? Should I, like a Turk, name it with a hundred names, I should still fall short, and, in comparison with such boundless attributes, have said nothing."

Wed., Mar. 9.

Goethe continued to speak of Sir Walter Scott with the highest acknowledgment.

"We read far too many poor things," said he; "thus losing time, and gaining nothing. We should only read what we admire, as I did in my youth, and as I now experience with Sir Walter Scott. I have just begun 'Rob Roy,' and will read his best novels in succession. All is great—material, import, characters, execution; and then what infinite diligence in the preparatory studies! what truth of detail in the execution! We see, too, what English history is; and what a thing it is when such an inheritance falls to the lot of a clever poet. Our German history, in five volumes, is, on the other hand, sheer poverty; so that, after 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' writers went immediately into private life, giving us an

'Agnes Bernauerin,' and an 'Otto von Wittelsbach,'[1] which was really not much."

I said that I had been reading "Daphnis and Chloe," in Courier's translation.

"That, also," said Goethe, "is a masterpiece, which I have often read and admired, in which Understanding, Art, and Taste appear at their highest point, and beside which the good Virgil retreats somewhat into the background. The landscape is quite in the Poussin style, and appears, behind the personages, finished with a very few strokes.

"You know Courier found, in the Florentine Library, a new manuscript, containing the principal passage of the poem which was not in the preceding editions. Now, I must acknowledge that I have always read and admired the poem in its imperfect state, without observing or feeling that the proper apex was wanting. But this may be a proof of the excellence of the poem, since what we possessed satisfied us so completely that we never thought of what was deficient."

After dinner, Goethe showed me a drawing by Coudray, of an extremely tasteful door for the Dornburg Castle, with a Latin inscription, signifying, that he who entered should find friendly reception and entertainment, and that to him who passed by a happy journey was wished.

Goethe had translated this inscription into a German distich, and placed it as a motto over a letter which he had written, in the summer of 1828, after the death of the Grand Duke, during his residence at Dornburg, to Colonel von Beulwitz. I had heard much in public of this letter, and was very glad when Goethe showed it me today, with the drawing of the door.

I read the letter with great interest, admiring the skill with which he had used the localities of the Dornburg Castle and the valley below to introduce the noblest views—views suited to raise man up after sustaining a great loss, and to place him on his feet again.

I was much pleased with this letter, observing that one need not travel far in search of good material, but that all depends on the aptness of the poet's mind to produce something valuable from the most trifling occasions.

Goethe put the letter and drawing in a portfolio by themselves to preserve both for the future.

Thurs., Mar. 10.

I read today, with the Prince, Goethe's novel of the "Tiger and the Lion,"[2] and while he was highly pleased at feeling the effect of a great art, I was no less so at taking a clear view of a finished composition. I felt

1 These are two plays written after the manner of "Gotz": the first is by Count Joseph von Törring; the second, by Francis Babo.

2 "Die Novelle."—Trans.

a certain omnipresence of thought, which may have arisen from the fact that the poet cherished the subject in his mind for so many years, and thus became so completely master of his subject that he could survey the whole and the details with the greatest clearness, and place every single part just where it was wanted, and might prepare and influence what was coming. Everything has a relation to what is to come and to what has preceded, everything is right in its place, so that as a composition we can scarcely conceive anything more perfect. As we went on reading I felt the strongest wish that Goethe could contemplate this gem of a novel as the work of another. At the same time, I reflected that there was a great advantage in the dimensions of the subject, enabling the poet to put all skilfully together, and the reader to approach the whole and its details with some reason.

(Sup.*) Thurs., Mar. 10.

This morning a short half hour with Goethe. I had to bring him the information that the Grand Duchess had determined to bestow the sum of a thousand dollars upon the directors of the theatre, to be employed in the cultivation of promising young talent. This information gave evident pleasure to Goethe, who has at heart the further prosperity of the theatre.

I had then to consult him concerning a commission of another kind. It is the intention of the Grand Duchess to invite to Weimar the best German author of the present time, provided he is without employment or fortune, and merely lives on the fruits of his talent, and to provide a sinecure place for him, so that he may find leisure to allow all his works to attain the utmost perfection, and not be in the piteous case of working hastily from necessity, to the prejudice of his own talent and of literature.

"The intention of the Grand Duchess," returned Goethe, "is most princely, and I bow before her noble views; but it will be very difficult to make a proper choice. The most distinguished of our present men of genius are already in easy circumstances, through state employment, pensions, and their own private resources. Besides, every one would not suit here, and every one would not be really assisted by coming. I will, however, bear the noble design in mind, and see what good the next year may bring us."

Fri., Mar. 11.

At dinner with Goethe, talked on various subjects. "It is a peculiarity of Walter Scott's," said he, "that his great talent in representing details often leads him into faults. Thus, in 'Ivanhoe,' there is a scene where they are seated at a table in a castle-hall, at night, and a stranger enters. Now, he is quite right in describing the stranger's appearance and dress, but it is a fault that he goes to the length of describing his feet, shoes, and stockings. When we sit down in the evening, and some one comes in, we see only the upper part of his body. If I describe the feet, daylight enters at once, and the scene loses its nocturnal character."

I felt the force of these words, and noted them down for future occasions.

Goethe then continued to speak with great admiration of Sir Walter Scott. I requested him to put his view on paper, which he refused to do, remarking that Scott's art was so high that it is hard to give a public opinion about him.

Mon., Mar. 14.

Dined with Goethe, and talked of several subjects. I had to tell him of the "Dumb Girl of Portici," which had been represented the day before yesterday; when we said that a properly-grounded motive for a revolution was not shown at all, and that this very circumstance pleased people, inasmuch as every one could fill up the gap with something that was offensive in his own city and country.

"The whole opera," said Goethe, "is, in fact, a satire upon the people, for when it makes a public matter of a fisher-girl's amour, and calls the prince a tyrant because he marries a princess, it appears as absurd and ridiculous as possible."

After dinner Goethe showed me some drawings, illustrative of Berlin phrases, in which the liveliest subjects were represented, and we praised the moderation of the artist in approaching caricature, without actually going into it.

Tues., Mar. 15.

I occupied myself the whole morning with the manuscript of the fourth volume of "Truth and Poetry," and wrote the following notes for Goethe:—

The second, fourth, and fifth books may be deemed complete, with the exception of some trifles that can easily be settled in a final revision.

Here followed some remarks on the first and third books:—

FIRST BOOK.—The narrative of Jung's failure with the ophthalmic operation is so seriously important that it induces deep internal reflection; and, if told in society, would assuredly occasion a pause in conversation. I therefore suggest that it should terminate the first book, in order that a kind of pause may be produced.

The pretty anecdotes of the fire in the Judengasse (Jew's lane), and the skating in the mother's red velvet cloak, which are now at the end of the first book, and are not rightly placed there, should properly be connected with the portion which treats of unconscious, unpremeditated poetic production. For those events refer to a similarly happy state of mind, which, once in action, does not long think and ask what is to be done, but has already acted before the thought comes.

THIRD BOOK.—According to our plan, the book would comprise all that might be dictated respecting the external political condition of 1775, the internal

condition of Germany, the education of the nobility, &c.[1]

All that belongs to "Hanswurst's Hochzeit" and other poetical projects—carried out and not carried out—might, if it did not better suit the fourth book, which is already very thick, or interrupt the connection, which is well observed there, be properly introduced in the third.

I have collected all the outlines and fragments for this purpose in the third book, and wish all happiness and inclination to dictate what is still wanting, with fresh spirit and wonted grace.—E.

Dined with the Prince and M. Soret. We talked a great deal about Courier, and then about the conclusion of Goethe's "Novel," when I made the remark that in that work import and art stood too high for people to know what to make of it. They like to hear and see over and over again what they have seen and heard already; and as they are accustomed to find the flower Poetry in thoroughly poetical fields, they are amazed when they see it springing from a thoroughly real soil. In the poetical region people will put up with anything, and no wonder is too great for belief; but here, in the broad light of real day, they are startled by the slightest deviation from the ordinary course of things. Being surrounded by a thousand wonders to which we are accustomed, we are troubled at a single one which has hitherto been new. Again, mankind finds no difficulty in believing the wonders of an earlier period, but to give a sort of actuality to a wonder that happens today, and to know it is a higher reality by the side of that which is visibly real,—this does not seem to lie in human capacity, or, if it does, it seems to have been expelled by education. Our age will hence become more and more prosaic, and, with the exception of faith in the supernatural, all poetry will gradually disappear.

As a conclusion to Goethe's "Novel," nothing is required but the feeling that man is not quite deserted by higher beings, but that, on the contrary, they keep their eye on him, sympathize with him, and, in case of need, come to his assistance.

There is something so natural in this belief, that it belongs to man, is a constituent part of his being, and is innate with all nations, as the foundation of all religion. In the first human beginnings, it appears strong; but it does not yield to the highest culture, so that we find it still great in Plato, and, last of all, just as brilliant in the author of "Daphnis and Chloe." In this charming poem, the Divine operates under the form of Pan and the nymphs, who take an interest in pious shepherds and lovers, save and protect them in the daytime, appear to them in dreams at night, and tell them what is to be done. In Goethe's "Novel," this Invisible Guardian is conceived under the form of the Eternal and the

1 The remarks here referred to are in the second book of the fourth volume (the 17th of the whole); otherwise, Eckermann's suggestions seem to have been followed.—Trans.

Angels, who once, in a den, amid fierce lions, guarded the prophet, and who here, in the presence of a similar monster, afford their protection to a good child. The lion does not tear the boy to pieces, but rather appears mild and docile; for those higher beings who have been active through all eternity participate in the affair.

But that this may not appear too marvellous to an incredulous nineteenth century, the poet makes use of a second powerful motive, namely, that of music, the magic power of which has been felt by mankind from the earliest times, and by which we allow ourselves to be governed every day, without knowing how it happens.

And as Orpheus by this magic drew after him all the beasts of the forest, and as in the last Greek poem a young shepherd leads goats with his flute, so that to different melodies they disperse and assemble, fly from the enemy and graze in quiet, so in Goethe's "Novel" does music exercise its power on the lion, inasmuch as the violent beast yields to the melodies of the dulcet flute, and follows whithersoever he is led by the innocence of the boy.

When I have spoken with divers people about such inexplicable things, I have observed that man is so deeply impressed with his excellent qualities, that he does not hesitate to endow the gods with them, but cannot easily resolve to give a part of them to brutes.

Wed., Mar. 16.

Dined with Goethe, to whom I brought back the fourth volume of his life, and conversed much about it.

We also spoke of the conclusion to "William Tell," and I expressed my wonder that Schiller should have committed the fault of lowering his hero by his unworthy conduct to the fugitive Duke of Suabia, whom he judges severely while he boasts of his own deed.

"It is scarcely conceivable," said Goethe, "but Schiller, like others, was subject to the influence of women; and, if he committed such a fault, it was rather on account of this influence, than from his own fine nature."

Fri., Mar. 18.

Dined with Goethe. I brought him "Daphnis and Chloe," which he wished to read once more.

We spoke of higher maxims, whether it was good or possible to communicate them to others. "The capacity of apprehending what is high," said Goethe, "is very rare; and therefore, in common life, a man does well to keep such things for himself, and only to give out so much as is needful to have some advantage against others."

We touched upon the point that many men, especially critics and poets, wholly ignore true greatness, while they assign an extraordinary value to mediocrity.

"Man," said Goethe, "recognizes and praises only that which he himself is capable of doing; and as certain people have their proper

existence in the mediocre, they get a trick of thoroughly depreciating that in literature which, while faulty, may have good points, that they may elevate the mediocre, which they praise, to a greater eminence."

I noted this that I might know how to think of such a practice in future.

We then spoke of the "Theory of Colours," and of certain German professors who continue to warn their pupils against it as a great error.

"I am sorry, for the sake of many a good scholar," said Goethe; "but, for myself, it is quite indifferent; my theory is as old as the world, and cannot always be repudiated and set aside."

Goethe then told me that he was making good progress with his new edition of the "Metamorphosis of Plants," and Soret's translation, which was more and more felicitous.

"It will be a remarkable book," said he, "inasmuch as the most varied elements are worked up into one whole. I have inserted some passages from some important young German naturalists, and it is pleasing to see that such a good style has been formed among the better writers in Germany, that we cannot tell whether one or the other is speaking. However, the book gives me more trouble than I thought, and I was at first led into the undertaking almost against myself, but something Dæmonic prevailed, which was not to be resisted."

"You did well," said I, "in yielding to such influences, for the Dæmonic seems to be of such a powerful nature, that it is sure to carry its point at last."

"Only," replied Goethe, "man, in his turn, must endeavour to carry his point against the Dæmonic, and, in the present case, I must try by all industry and toil to make my book as good as lies in my power, and as circumstances will allow. Such matters are in the same predicament as the game which the French call codille, where a great deal is decided by the dice which are thrown, but where it is left to the skill of the player to place the men well on the board."

I respected these excellent remarks, which I stored up as good doctrine, and as a rule for practice.

Sun., Mar. 20.

Goethe told me at table that he had been lately reading "Daphnis and Chloe."

"The book," said he, "is so beautiful, that, amid the bad circumstances in which we live, we cannot retain the impression we receive from it, but are astonished anew every time we read it. The clearest day prevails in it, and we think we are looking at nothing but Herculanean pictures, while these paintings react upon the book, and assist our fancy as we read."

"I was much pleased," said I, "at a certain isolation in which the whole is placed. There is scarcely a foreign allusion to take us out of those happy regions. Of the deities, Pan and the nymphs are alone active, and other is scarcely named, and still we see that these are quite enough for

the wants of shepherds."

"And yet, notwithstanding all this isolation," said Goethe, "a complete world is developed. We see shepherds of every kind, agriculturists, gardeners, vine-dressers, sailors, robbers, and warriors, besides genteel townsmen, great lords, and serfs."

"We also see man," said I, "in all his grades of life, from his birth to his old age; and all the domestic cicumstances which are occasioned by changes of season pass before our eyes."

"Then the landscape," said Goethe,—"how clearly is it given with a few touches! We can see, rising behind the persons, vineyards, fields, and orchards; below, the meadow and the stream; and, in the distance, the broad sea. Then there is not a trace of gloomy days, of mists, clouds, and damp, but always the clearest bluest sky, a charming air and the driest soil, so that one would readily stretch one's naked limbs anywhere.

"The whole poem,"[1] continued Goethe, "shows the highest art and cultivation. It has been so well considered, that not a motive is wanting, but all are of the best and most substantial kind; as, for instance, that of the treasure near the dolphin on the shore. Then there is a taste, and a perfection, and a delicacy of feeling, which cannot be excelled. Everything that is repulsive and disturbs from without the happy condition which the poem expresses—such as invasion, robbery, and war—is got rid of as quickly as possible, so that scarcely a trace of it is left. Then vice appears in the train of the townsmen, and there not in the principal characters, but in a subordinate personage. All this is of the highest beauty."

"Then," said I, "I was much pleased to see how well the relation between master and servant is expressed. On the one hand, there is the kindest treatment; on the other, in spite of all naïve freedom, great respect and an endeavour to gain, in any way, the favour of the master. Thus the young townsman, who has rendered himself odious to Daphnis, endeavours, when the latter is recognized as his master's son, to regain his favour by boldly rescuing Chloe from the cowherds, and bringing her back to him."

"All these things," said Goethe, "show great understanding; it is excellent also that Chloe preserves her innocence to the end,—and the motives for this are so well contrived, that the greatest human affairs are brought under notice. One must write a whole book properly to estimate all the great merits of this poem, and one would do well to read it every year, to be instructed by it again and again, and to receive anew the impression of its great beauty."

Mon., Mar. 21.

We talked on political subjects,—of the incessant disturbances at Paris, and the fancy of young people to meddle in the highest affairs of state.

1 "Gedicht" has a wider meaning than the English word "poem."—Trans.

"In England, also," said I, "the students some time ago tried to obtain an influence on the decision of the Catholic question by sending in petitions; but they were laughed at, and no further notice was taken of them."

"The example of Napoleon," said Goethe, "has, especially in the young people of France who grew up under that hero, excited a spirit of egotism; and they will not rest until a great despot once again rises up among them, in whom they may see the perfection of what they themselves wish to be. The misfortune is, that a man like Napoleon will not so soon again be born; and I almost fear that some hundred thousands of human lives will be wasted before the world is again tranquillized.

"Of literary influence there can be no thought at present; one can now do nothing further than quietly prepare good things for a more peaceful time."

After these few political remarks, we spoke again of "Daphnis and Chloe." Goethe praised Courier's translation as perfect.

"Courier did well," said he, "to respect and retain Amyot's old translation, and only in parts to improve, to purify, and bring it nearer the original. The old French is so naïve, and suits the subject so perfectly, that it will not be easy to make, in any language, a more perfect translation of this book."

We then spoke of Courier's own works,—of his little fugitive pieces, and the defence of the famous ink-spot on the manuscript at Florence.

"Courier," said Goethe, "is a great natural talent. He has features of Lord Byron, as also of Beaumarchais and Diderot. He is like Byron in command over all things which may serve him as argument,—like Beaumarchais in his adroitness as an advocate,—like Diderot in dialectic skill,—and it is not possible to be more spirited and witty.[1] However, he seems not entirely to clear himself from the ink-spot accusation, and is, in his whole tendency, not sufficiently positive to claim unqualified praise. He is at variance with all the world, and we cannot but suppose that some fault is on his side."

We spoke of the difference between the German notion of Geist, and the French Esprit.

"The French Esprit," said Goethe, "means nearly the same with our German word Witz. Our Geist might, perhaps, be expressed in French by Esprit and Ame. It includes the idea of productivity, which is not in the French Esprit."

"Voltaire," said I, "had nevertheless what we name Geist in the German sense of the word. And as Esprit does not suffice, what word do the French use?"

"In such a lofty instance," said Goethe, "they say Génie."

1 The words "spirited and witty" are used by the American translator as an equivalent for the untranslatable "geistreich." The remarks which immediately follow touch upon this most difficult word.—Trans.

"I am now reading," said I, "a volume of Diderot, and am astonished by the extraordinary talent of the man. And what knowledge! what a power of language! We look into a great animated world, where one constantly stimulated another, and mind and character were kept in such constant exercise, that both must be flexible and strong. But it seems to me quite extraordinary to see what men the French had in their literature in the last century. I am astonished when I only look at it."

"It was the metamorphosis of a hundred-year-old literature," said Goethe, "which had been growing ever since Louis XIV., and stood now in full flower. But it was really Voltaire who excited such minds as Diderot, D'Alembert, and Beaumarchais; for to be somewhat near him a man needed to be much, and could take no holidays."

Goethe then told me of a young professor of the Oriental languages and literature at Jena, who had lived a long time at Paris, and was so highly cultivated, that he wished I would make his acquaintance.

As I went, he gave me an essay, by Schrön, on the expected comet, that I might not remain entirely a stranger to such matters.

Tues., Mar. 22.

After dinner, Goethe read to me passages from the letter of a young friend, at Rome. Some German artists appeared there with long hair, moustachios, shirt-collars turned over on old-fashioned German coats, tobacco-pipes, and bull-dogs. They do not seem to visit Rome for the sake of the great masters, or to learn anything. To them Raphael seems weak, and Titian merely a good colourist.

"Niebuhr," said Goethe, "was right when he saw a barbarous age coming. It is already here, we are in the midst of it; for wherein does barbarism consist, unless in not appreciating what is excellent!"

Our young friend then gave an account of the carnival, the election of the new pope, and the revolution which broke out immediately after.

We saw Horace Vernet ensconcing himself like a knight, while some German artists stay quietly at home, and cut off their beards, which seems to intimate that they have not, by their conduct, made themselves very popular among the Romans.

We discussed the question whether the errors now perceptible in some young German artists had proceeded from individuals, and spread abroad by intellectual contagion, or whether they had their origin in the general tendency of the time.

"They come," said Goethe, "from a few individuals, and have now been in operation for forty years. The doctrine was, that the artist chiefly needs piety and genius to be equal to the best. Such a doctrine was very flattering, and was eagerly snatched up. For, to become pious, a man need learn nothing, and genius each one inherited from his mother. One need only utter something that flatters indolence and conceit, to be sure of plenty of adherents among commonplace people."

Fri., Mar. 25.

Goethe showed me an elegant green elbow-chair, which he had lately bought at an auction

"However," said he, "I shall use it but little, or not at all; for all kinds of commodiousness are against my nature. You see in my chamber no sofa; I always sit in my old wooden chair, and never till a few weeks ago have I had a leaning-place put for my head. If surrounded by convenient tasteful furniture, my thoughts are absorbed, and I am placed in an agreeable but passive state. Unless we are accustomed to them from early youth, splendid chambers and elegant furniture are for people who neither have nor can have any thoughts."

Sun., Mar. 27.

After long expectations, the finest spring weather has come at last. On the perfectly blue heaven floats only some little white cloud now and then, and it is warm enough to resume summer clothing.

Goethe had the table covered in a pavilion in the garden, and so we dined once more in the open air. We talked of the Grand Duchess; how she is quietly at work in all directions, doing good, and making the hearts of all her subjects her own.

"The Grand Duchess," said Goethe, "has as much intellect and sweetness as good-will; she is a true blessing to the country. And as men are everywhere quick to feel whence they receive benefits, worshipping the sun and kindly elements, I wonder not that all hearts turn to her with love, and that she is speedily appreciated, as she deserves to be."

I mentioned that I had begun "Minna von Barnhelm" with the Prince, and observed how excellent this piece appeared to me.

"Lessing," said I, "has been spoken of as a cold man of understanding; but I find in this drama as much heart, soul, charming naturalness, and free world culture of a fresh, cheerful, living man, as one could desire."

"You may imagine," said Goethe, "what an effect that work produced on us young people when it came out in that dark time. Truly it was a glittering meteor. It taught us to perceive that there was something higher than that of which the weak literary epoch gave any notion. The first two acts are a model in the art of introduction; from which much has been learned, and much may be learned still. Nowadays, indeed, writers are not curious about this art: the effect, which was once expected in the third act, they will now have in the first scene: and they do not reflect that it is with poetry as with going to sea, where we should push from the shore, and reach a certain elevation before we unfurl all our sails."

Goethe had some excellent Rhine wine brought, which had been sent by his Frankfort friends, as a present, on his last birthday. He told some stories about Merck, and how he could not pardon the Grand Duke for having once, in the Ruhl near Eisenach, praised an ordinary wine as excellent.

"Merck and I," he continued, "were always to one another as Mephistophiles to Faust. Thus he scoffed at a letter written by my father from Italy, in which the latter complained of the miserable way of living, —the heavy wine, the food to which he was unaccustomed, and the mosquitoes. Merck could not forgive him, in that delicious country and surrounded by such magnificence, for being troubled about such little matters as eating, drinking, and flies.

"All Merck's tauntings, no doubt, proceeded from a high state of culture; only, as he was not productive, but had, on the contrary, a decidedly negative tendency, he was ever more inclined to blame than praise, and was involuntarily always seeking for means to gratify this inclination."

We talked of Vogel, and his ministerial talents; of ———, and his character.

"———," said Goethe, "is a man by himself—a man who can be compared with no other. He was the only one who sided with me in opposing the freedom of the press: he stands fast; one can depend on him; he will always abide by what is legitimate."

After dinner, we walked up and down in the garden, taking our pleasure in the white snowdrops and yellow crocuses, now in full flower. The tulips, too, were coming out; and we talked of the splendour and costliness of this growth of Holland.

"A great flower-painter," said Goethe, "is not now to be expected: we have attained too high a degree of scientific truth; and the botanist counts the stamina after the painter, while he has no eye for picturesque lights and grouping."

Mon., Mar. 28.

Today I again passed some very delightful hours with Goethe. "My 'Metamorphosis of Plants,'" said he, "is as good as finished. What I have to say about the spiral and Herr von Martius is also as good as done, and I have this morning resumed the fourth volume of my 'Autobiography,' and drawn up a scheme of what I have yet to do. I may almost say that I find it enviable to be allowed, at my advanced age, to write the history of my youth, and to describe an epoch which is, in many respects, of high significance."

We talked over the several particulars, which were present to my mind as well as to his.

"In the description of your love-affair with Lili," said I, "we never miss your youth, but these scenes bear the perfect breath of early years."

"That is because such scenes are poetical," said Goethe, "and I was able to compensate by the force of poetry for the feeling of youthful love, in which I was deficient."

We then talked of the remarkable passage, in which Goethe describes his sister's situation. "This chapter," said he, "will be read with interest by many ladies of education, for there will be many like my sister in this

respect, that, with superior mental and moral endowments, they are without the advantage of personal beauty."

"That, when a ball or festival was at hand," said I, "she was generally afflicted with an eruption in the face, is so odd that it may be ascribed to the influence of something dæmonic."

"She was a remarkable being," said Goethe; "she stood morally very high, and had not a trace of sensuality about her. The thought of resigning herself to a man was repulsive to her, and we may imagine that this peculiarity caused many unpleasant hours in marriage. Women who have a similar aversion, or do not love their husbands, will feel the force of this. On this account I could never look upon my sister as married; she would have been much more in her place as an abbess in a convent.

"Although she was married to one of the best of men, she was still unhappy in a married life, and hence it was that she so passionately opposed my projected union with Lili."

Tues., Mar. 29.

We talked today about Merck, and Goethe told me some more characteristic features.

"The late Grand Duke," said he, "was very fond of Merck, so that he at once became his security for a debt of four thousand dollars. Before long, Merck, to our astonishment, sent the bond back. His circumstances had not improved, and we could not divine what sort of negociation he had made. When I saw him again, he explained the enigma thus—

"'The Duke,' said he, 'is an excellent, generous man, who trusts and helps men whenever he can. Now, I thought to myself, "If you cheat him out of his money, that will prejudice a thousand others; for he will lose his precious trustfulness, and many unfortunate but worthy men will suffer, because one was a rascal." Well now—what have I done? I have made a speculation, and borrowed the money from a scoundrel, for if I cheat him it will be no matter; but if I had cheated our good lord, it would have been a pity.'"

We laughed at the whimsical greatness of the man.

"Merck had a habit," continued Goethe, "of continually shouting he, he, as he talked. This habit grew upon him with advancing years, till at length it was like the bark of a dog. He fell at last into a deep hypochondriacal gloom, the consequence of his many speculations, and finished by shooting himself. He imagined he must become bankrupt; but it was found that his affairs were by no means in so bad a state as he had supposed."

Wed., Mar. 30.

We talked again of the Dæmonic.

"It throws itself willingly into figures of importance," said Goethe, "and prefers somewhat dark times. In a clear prosaic city, like Berlin, for instance, it would scarcely find occasion to manifest itself."

In this remark Goethe expressed what I had been thinking some days since. This gave me pleasure, as we always feel delight in finding our thoughts confirmed.

Yesterday and this morning I had been reading the third volume of his "Biography," and felt, as in the case of a foreign language, when, after making some progress, we again read a book, which we thought we understood before, but now first perceive in its minutest touches and delicate shades.

"Your 'Biography,'" said I, "is a book by which we find our culture greatly assisted."

"Those are merely results from my life," said he; "and the particular facts that are related serve only to confirm a general reflection—a higher truth."

"What you state about Basedow," said I, "how, in order to attain his higher ends, he stood in need of persons, and would have gained their favour, but never reflected that he would spoil all by such a totally reckless utterance of his offensive religious views, and by making men regard with suspicion that to which they adhered with love, —these and similar traits appear to me highly important."

"I imagine," said Goethe, "that there are in the book some symbols of human life. I called it *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (*Poetry and Truth*), because it raises itself by higher tendencies from the region of a lower Reality. Now Jean Paul, in the spirit of contradiction, has written Wahrheit aus meinem Leben (Truth out of my Life), as if the truth from the life of such a man could be any other than that the author was a Philistine. But the Germans do not easily understand how to receive anything out of the common course, and what is of a high nature often passes by them without their being aware of it. A fact of our lives is valuable, not so far as it is true, but so far as it is significant."

Thurs., Mar. 31.

Dined at the Prince's with Soret and Meyer. We talked of literary matters, and Meyer gave an account of his first acquaintance with Schiller.

"I was walking with Goethe," said he, "in the place called the Paradise, near Jena, where we met Schiller, and conversed with him for the first time. He had not yet completed his 'Don Carlos;' he had just returned from Swabia, and seemed very sick, and in a state of nervous suffering. His face was like the picture of a crucified Christ. Goethe thought he could not live a fortnight; but as his situation became more agreeable he grew better, and, indeed, it was not till then that he wrote all his important works."

Meyer then related some traits of Jean Paul and Schlegel—both of whom he had met at a public-house in Heidelberg—and some pleasant reminiscences of his residence in Italy, which entertained us highly.

I always feel happy near Meyer; probably because he is a self-relying,

satisfied person, who takes but little notice of the circumstances around him, but at suitable intervals exhibits his own comfortable soul. At the same time, he is everywhere well-grounded, possesses the greatest treasure of knowledge, and a memory to which the most remote events are as present as if they happened yesterday. He has a preponderance of understanding which might make us dread him, if it did not rest upon the noblest culture; but, as it is, his quiet presence is always agreeable, always instructive.

(Sup.*) Wed., Mar. 31.

Goethe had been for some time very unwell, so that he could only see his most intimate friends. Some weeks before, bleeding had been ordered him; then he felt uneasiness and pain in his right leg, until at last his internal complaint vented itself by a wound in the foot; when improvement speedily followed. This wound, too, has now healed for some days, and he is now as lively as ever.

The Grand Duchess had paid him a visit today, and had returned very well satisfied. She had inquired after his health; when he very gallantly answered, that until today he had not perceived his recovery, but that her presence had made him once more feel the blessing of restored health.

Fri., April 1.

At table talked with Goethe on various subjects. He showed me a water-colour drawing by Herr von Reutern, representing a young peasant, who stands in the market-place of a small town near a female basket-seller. The young man is surveying the baskets, which lie before him, while two females, who are seated, and a stout lass, who stands by them, regard his comely, youthful face with satisfaction. The picture is so prettily composed, and there is such naïveté and truth in the expression of the figures, that one cannot look at it enough.

"Water-colour painting," said Goethe, "is brought to a very high degree in this picture. There are some silly folks who say that Herr von Reutern is indebted to no one in his art, but has everything from himself, as if a man could have anything from himself but clumsiness and stupidity. If this artist has had no master so called, he has nevertheless had intercourse with excellent masters, and from these, as well as from great predecessors and ever present nature, he has acquired what he now possesses. Nature has given him an excellent talent, and nature and art together have perfected him. He is excellent, and in many respects unique, but we cannot say that he has everything from himself. Of a thoroughly crazy and defective artist, we may, indeed, say he has everything from himself; but of an excellent one, never."

Goethe then showed me a work by the same artist, a frame richly painted with gold and various colours, with a place left in the middle for an inscription. At the top there was a building in the Gothic style; rich

arabesques, with landscapes and domestic scenes interwoven, ran down the two sides; at the bottom was a pleasant woodland scene, with the freshest grass and foliage.

"Herr von Reutern," says Goethe, "wishes I would write neatly in the blank space; but his frame is such a splendid work of art, that I dread to spoil the picture with my handwriting. I have composed some verses for the purpose, and think it will be better to have them inserted by the hand of a caligrapher. I would then sign them myself. What do you advise in this matter?"

"If I were Herr von Reutern," said I, "I should be grieved to have the poem in the hand of another; happy, if it were written in your own. The painter has displayed art enough in the frame—none is needed in the writing; it is only important that it should be genuine—in your own hand. I advise you, too, not to use the Roman, but the German text; for your hand has in that a more peculiar character, and, besides, it harmonizes better with the Gothic design in the frame."

"You may be right," said Goethe; "and in the end it will be the shortest way. Perhaps today will bring a courageous moment, in which I may venture upon it. But if I make a blot on the beautiful picture," he added, laughing, "you shall answer for it."

"Write only," said I, "and it will be well, however it may be."

Tues., April 5.

At noon with Goethe. "In Art," said he, "we do not easily meet a talent that gives us more pleasure than that of Neureuther. Artists seldom confine themselves to what they can do well; most are always trying to do more than they can, and are too fond of going beyond the circle in which Nature has placed their talent. But of Neureuther, we can say that he stands above his talent. Objects from all departments of nature are at his command; he draws ground, rocks, and trees, as well as men or animals, and, while he lavishes such wealth on slight marginal drawings, he seems to play with his capabilities, and the spectator feels that pleasure which is ever wont to accompany a free, easy libation from abundant means.

"No one has gone so far as he in marginal drawings; even the greater talent of Albert Dürer has been to him less a pattern than an incitement. I will send a copy of these drawings to Scotland, to Mr. Carlyle, and hope thus to make no unwelcome present to that friend."

(Sup.*) Wed., April 14.

A soirée at the Prince's. One of the old gentlemen present, who remembered many things of the first years of Goethe's residence here, related to us the following very characteristic anecdote:—

"I was present," said he, "when Goethe, in the year 1784, made his well-known renowned speech, on the solemn opening of the Ilmenau mine, to which he had invited all the officers and influential persons of

the town and environs. He appeared to have had his speech well in his head; for he spoke for a long while with perfect fluency, and without any hesitation. All at once, however, he appeared to be quite forsaken by his good genius; the thread of his thoughts seemed to be cut off, and he appeared quite to have lost the power of grasping what he had further to say. This would have thrown any one else into great embarrassment, but it was not so with him. On the contrary, he looked for at least ten minutes, steadily and quietly, round the circle of his numerous audience, who were so struck by his personal power, that during the very long and almost ridiculous pause, every one remained perfectly quiet. At last he appeared to have again become master of his subject; he went on with his speech, and, without hesitation, continued it very ably to the end, as unembarrassed and serene as if nothing had happened."

Mon., May 2.

Goethe delighted me with the information that he had lately succeeded in almost finishing the fifth act of "Faust," which had hitherto been wanting.

"The purport of these scenes," said he, "is above thirty years old; it was of such importance that I could not lose my interest in it, but so difficult to carry out that it frightened me. By various arts I am now in the right train again, and, if fortune favours, I shall write off the fourth act at once."

Goethe then mentioned a well-known author. "He is a genius," said he, "to whom party-hatred serves as an alliance, and who would have produced no effect without it. We find frequent instances in literature, where hatred supplies the place of genius, and where men of small talent appear important, by coming forward as organs of a party. Thus too, in life, we find a multitude of persons, who have not character enough to stand alone; these in the same way attach themselves to a party, by which they feel themselves strengthened, and can at last make some figure.

Sun., May 15.

Dined alone with Goethe in his work-room. After much cheerful discourse he at last turned the conversation to his personal affairs, by rising and taking from his desk a written paper.

"When one, like myself," said he, "has passed the age of eighty, one has hardly a right to live, but ought each day to hold oneself ready to be called away, and think of setting one's house in order. I have, as I lately told you appointed you in my will editor of my literary remains, and have this morning drawn up, as a sort of contract, a little paper, which I wish you to sign with me."

With these words, Goethe placed before me the paper, in which I found mentioned by name the works, both finished and unfinished, which were to be published after his death. I had come to an understanding with him

upon essentials, and we both signed the contract.

The material, which I had already from time to time been busy in revising, I estimated at about fifteen volumes. We then talked of certain matters of detail, which had not been yet decided.

"The case may arise," said Goethe, "that the publisher is unwilling to go beyond a certain number of sheets, and that hence some part of the material must be omitted. In that case, you may omit the polemic part of my 'Theory of Colours.' My peculiar doctrine is contained in the theoretical part; and as the historical part is already of a polemic character, inasmuch as the leading errors of the Newtonian theory are discussed there, you will almost have polemics enough. I by no means disavow my severe dissection of the Newtonian maxims; it was necessary at the time, and will also have its value hereafter; but, at bottom, all polemic action is repugnant to my proper nature, and I can take but little pleasure in it."

We next talked about the "Maxims and Reflections," which had been printed at the end of the second and third volumes of the "Wanderjahre."

When he began to remodel and finish this novel, which had previously appeared in one volume,[1] Goethe intended to expand it into two, as indeed is expressed in the announcement of the new edition of his entire works. But, as the work progressed, the manuscript grew beyond expectation; and, as his secretary wrote widely, Goethe was deceived, and thought that he had enough not only for two but for three volumes, and accordingly the manuscript went in three volumes to the publishers. However, when the printing had reached a certain point, it was found that Goethe had made a miscalculation, and that the two last volumes especially were too small. They sent for more manuscript, and, as the course of the novel (Roman) could not be altered, and it was impossible to invent, write, and insert a new tale (Novelle) in the hurry of the moment, Goethe was really in some perplexity.

Under these circumstances he sent for me, told me the state of the case, and mentioned at the same time how he thought to help himself out of the difficulty, laying before me two large bundles of manuscript, which he had caused to be fetched for that purpose.

"In these two parcels you will find various papers hitherto unpublished, detached pieces, finished and unfinished, opinions on natural science, art, literature, and life, all mingled together. Suppose you were to make up from these, six or eight printed sheets to fill the gaps in my 'Wanderjahre.' Strictly speaking, they have nothing to do with it, but the proceeding may be justified by the fact that mention is made of an archive in Makaria's house, in which such detached pieces are preserved. Thus we shall not only get over a great difficulty for the moment, but find a fitting vehicle for sending a number of very interesting things into

1 This original shorter "Wanderjahre" is the one translated by Mr. Carlyle, and inserted in his "Specimens of German Romance." The larger novel, which appears in Goethe's collected works, has not, to my knowledge, been translated.—Trans.

the world."

I approved of the plan, set to work at once, and completed the desired arrangement in a short time. Goethe seemed well satisfied. I had put together the whole in two principal parts, one under the title—"From Makaria's Archive;" the other under the head—"According to the Views of the Wanderer." And as Goethe, at this time, had just finished two important poems, one—"On Schiller's Skull," and the other—"Kein Wesen kann zu nichts zerfallen" (No being can fall away to nothing), he was desirous to bring out these also, and we added them at the close of the two divisions.

But when the "Wanderjahre" came out, no one knew what to make of it. The progress of the romance was seen to be interrupted by a number of enigmatical sayings, the explanation of which could be expected only from men of certain departments, such as artists, literati, and natural philosophers, and which greatly annoyed all other readers, especially those of the fair sex. Then, as for the two poems, people could as little understand them as they could guess how they got into such a place. Goethe laughed at this.

"What is done, is done," said he today, "and all you have to do is, when you edit my literary remains, to insert these things in their proper places, so that when my works are republished, they may be distributed in proper order, and the 'Wanderjahre' may be reduced to two volumes, according to the original intention."

We agreed that I should hereafter arrange all the aphorisms relating to Art in a volume on subjects of art, all relating to Nature in a volume on natural science in general, and all the ethical and literary maxims in a volume likewise adapted for them.

Wed., May 25.

We talked of "Wallenstein's Camp." I had often heard that Goethe had assisted in the composition of this piece, and, in particular, that the Capuchin sermon came from him. Today, at dinner, I asked him, and he replied—

"At bottom, it is all Schiller's own work. But, as we lived in such a relation that Schiller not only told me his plan, and talked it over with me, but also communicated what he did from day to day, hearing and using my remarks, I may be said to have had some share in it. For the Capuchin sermon, I sent him a discourse, by Abraham a Sancta Clara, from which he immediately composed his with great talent.

"I scarcely remember that any passages came from me except the two lines—

Ein Hauptmann den ein andrer erstach
Liess mir ein paar glückliche Würfel nach.

A captain, whom another slew,
Left me a pair of lucky dice.

Wishing to give some motive for the peasant's possession of the false dice, I wrote down these lines in the manuscript with my own hand. Schiller had not troubled himself about that, but, in his bold way, had given the peasant the dice without inquiring much how he came by them. A careful linking together of motives was, as I have said, not in his way; whence, perhaps, his pieces had so much the greater effect on the stage."

Sun., May 29.

Goethe told me of a boy who could not console himself after he had committed a trifling fault.

"I was sorry to observe this," said he, "for it shows a too tender conscience, which values so highly its own moral self that it will excuse nothing in it. Such a conscience makes hypochondriacal men, if it is not balanced by great activity."

A nest of young hedge-sparrows, with one of the old birds, which had been caught with bird-lime, had lately been brought me. I saw with admiration that the bird not only continued to feed its young in my chamber, but even, when set free through the window, returned to them again. Such parental love, superior to danger and imprisonment, moved me deeply, and I, today, expressed my surprise to Goethe.

"Foolish man!" he replied, with a meaning smile; "if you believed in God, you would not wonder.

"Ihm ziemt's, die Welt im Innern zu bewegen,
Natur in Sich, Sich in Natur zu hegen,
So daas, was in Ihm lebt, und webt, und ist,
Nie Seine Kraft, nie Seinen Geist vermisst.

He from within glories to move the world,
To foster Nature in Himself, Himself
In Nature, so that all that lives in Him
Is ne'er without His spirit and His strength.

"Did not God inspire the bird with this all-powerful love for its young, and did not similar impulses pervade all animate nature, the world could not subsist. But thus is the divine energy everywhere diffused, and divine love everywhere active."

Goethe made a similar remark a short time ago, when a model from Myron's cow, with the suckling calf, was sent him by a young sculptor.

"Here," said he, "we have a subject of the highest sort—the nourishing principle which upholds the world, and pervades all nature, is here brought before our eyes by a beautiful symbol. This, and similar images, I call the true symbols of the omnipresence of God."

Goethe showed me today the beginning of the fifth act of "Faust," which has hitherto been wanting. I read to the place where the cottage of Philemon and Baucis is burned, and Faust, standing by night on the balcony of his palace, smells the smoke, which is borne to him by a light breeze.

"These names, Philemon and Baucis," said I, "transport me to the Phrygian coast, reminding me of the famous couple of antiquity. But our scene belongs to modern days, and a Christian landscape."

"My Philemon and Baucis," said Goethe, "have nothing to do with that renowned ancient couple, and the tradition connected with them. I gave this couple the names merely to elevate the characters. The persons and relations are similar, and hence the use of the names has a good effect."

We then spoke of Faust, whom the hereditary portion of his character—discontent—has not left even in his old age, and who, amid all the treasures of the world, and in a new dominion of his own making, is annoyed by a couple of lindens, a cottage, and a bell, which are not his. He is therein not unlike Ahab, King of Israel, who fancied he possessed nothing, unless he could also make the vineyard of Naboth his own.

"Faust," said Goethe, "when he appears in the fifth act, should, according to my design, be exactly a hundred years old, and I rather think it would be well expressly to say so in some passage."

We then spoke of the conclusion, and Goethe directed my attention to the passage—

Delivered is the noble spirit
From the control of evil powers;
Who ceaselessly doth strive with merit
That we should save and make him ours
If Love celestial never cease
To watch him from its upper sphere;
The children of eternal peace
Bear him to cordial welcome there.[1]

"In these lines," said he "is contained the key to Faust's salvation. In Faust himself there is an activity which becomes constantly higher and purer to the end, and from above there is eternal love coming to his aid. This harmonizes perfectly with our religious views, according to which we cannot obtain heavenly bliss through our own strength alone, but with the assistance of divine grace.

"You will confess that the conclusion, where the redeemed soul is carried up, was difficult to manage; and that I, amid such supersensual matters, about which we scarcely have even an intimation, might easily have lost myself in the vague, if I had not, by means of sharply-drawn

1 This is Mrs. Fuller's version, with a slight alteration.—Trans.

figures, and images from the Christian Church, given my poetical design a desirable form and substance."

In the following weeks Goethe finished the fourth act, which had yet been wanting; so that in August the whole second part was sewed together quite complete. Goethe was extremely happy in having at last attained this object, towards which he had been striving so long.

"My remaining days," said he, "I may now consider a free gift; and it is now, in fact, of little consequence what I now do, or whether I do anything."

(Sup.) Sun., June 20.

This afternoon a short half hour at Goethe's, whom I found still at dinner.

We conversed upon some subjects of natural science; particularly upon the imperfection and insufficiency of language, by which errors and false views which afterwards could not easily be overcome were spread abroad. "The case is simply this," said Goethe. "All languages have arisen from surrounding human necessities, human occupations, and the general feelings and views of man. If, now, a superior man gains an insight into the secret operations of nature, the language which has been handed down to him is not sufficient to express anything so remote from human affairs. He ought to have at command the language of spirits to express adequately his peculiar perceptions. But as this is not the case, he must, in his views of the extraordinary in nature, always grasp at human expressions, with which he almost always falls too short, lowering his subject, or even injuring and destroying it."

"If you say this," said I, "you who always pursue your subjects very closely, and, as an enemy to phrases, can always find the most fitting expressions for your higher perceptions, there is something in it. But I should have thought that, generally, we Germans might be contented. Our language is so extraordinarily rich, elaborated, and capable of progress, that even if we are obliged sometimes to have recourse to a trope, we can still arrive pretty nearly at the proper expression. The French are at a great disadvantage when compared with us. With them the expression for some higher view of nature by a trope, generally borrowed from a technicality, is at once material and vulgar, so that it is by no means adequate to a higher view."

"How right you are," said Goethe, "has appeared to me lately, on the occasion of the dispute between Cuvier and Geoffrey de St. Hilaire. Geoffrey de St. Hilaire is a man who has certainly a great insight into the spiritual workings of nature; but his French language, so far as he is constrained to use traditional expressions, leaves him quite in the lurch. And this not only in mysteriously spiritual, but also in visible, purely corporeal subjects and relations. If he would express the single parts of an organic being, he has no other word but materialien: thus,

for instance, the bones, which, as homogeneous parts, form the organic whole of an arm, are placed upon the same scale of expression as the stones and planks with which a house is built.

"In the same inappropriate manner," continued Goethe, "the French use the expression composition, in speaking of the productions of nature. I can certainly put together the individual parts of a machine made of separate pieces, and, upon such a subject, speak of a composition; but not when I have in my mind the individual parts of an organic whole, which produce themselves with life, and are pervaded by a common soul."

"It appears to me," added I, "that the expression composition is also inappropriate and degrading to genuine productions of art and poetry."

"It is a thoroughly contemptible word," returned Goethe, "for which we have to thank the French, and of which we should endeavour to rid ourselves as soon as possible. How can one say, Mozart has composed (componirt) *Don Juan*! Composition! As if it were a piece of cake or biscuit, which had been stirred together out of eggs, flour, and sugar! It is a spiritual creation, in which the details, as well as the whole, are pervaded by one spirit, and by the breath of one life; so that the producer did not make experiments, and patch together, and follow his own caprice, but was altogether in the power of the dæmonic spirit of his genius, and acted according to his orders."

(Sup.[1]) Sun., June 27.

We spoke of Victor Hugo. "He has a fine talent," said Goethe, "but quite entangled in the unhappy romantic tendency of his time, by which he is seduced to represent, together with what is beautiful, also that which is most insupportable and hideous. I have lately been reading his 'Notre Dame de Paris,' and required no little patience to support the horror with which this reading has inspired me. It is the most abominable book that ever was written! Besides, one is not even indemnified for the torture one has to endure by the pleasure one might receive from a truthful representation of human nature or human character. His book is, on the contrary, utterly destitute of nature and truth! The so-called acting personages whom he brings forward are not human beings with living flesh and blood, but miserable wooden puppets, which he deals with as he pleases, and which he causes to make all sorts of contortions and grimaces just as he needs them for his desired effects. But what an age it must be which not only renders such a book possible, and calls it into existence, but even finds it endurable and delightful."

I and the Prince accompanied his Majesty, the King of Würtemburg, to Goethe's. On our return the king appeared much pleased, and deputed me to convey his thanks to Goethe, for the pleasure this visit had given him.

1 (Sup.*) Wed., July 14.

(Sup.[1]) Thurs., July 15.

A moment with Goethe, when I executed my yesterday's commission from the king. I found him occupied in studies relative to the spiral tendency of plants; of which new discovery his opinion is, that it will be carried a great way, and that it will exercise a great influence upon science. "There is nothing," said he, "beyond the pleasure which the study of nature produces. Her secrets are of unfathomable depth, but it is granted to us men to look into them more and more; and the very fact that she remains unfathomable at last perpetually charms us to approach her again and again, and ever to seek for new lights and new discoveries."

After dinner, a short half hour with Goethe, whom I found in a very cheerful, mild, humour. He spoke of various things, at last of Carlsbad; and he joked about the various love affairs which he had experienced there. "A little passion," said he, "is the only thing which can render a watering-place supportable; without it, one dies of ennui. I was almost always lucky enough to find there some little 'elective affinity' (Wahlverwandtschaft), which entertained me during the few weeks. I recollect one circumstance in particular, which even now gives me pleasure.

"I one day visited Frau von Reck. After a commonplace chat, I had taken my leave, and met, as I went out, a lady with two very pretty young girls. 'Who was that gentleman who just now left you?' asked the lady. 'It was Goethe,' answered Frau von Reck. 'Oh, how I regret,' returned the lady, 'that he did not stay, and that I have not had the happiness of making his acquaintance!' 'You have lost nothing by it, my dear,' said Frau von Reck. 'He is very dull amongst ladies, unless they are pretty enough to inspire him with some interest. Ladies of our age must not expect to make him talkative or amiable.'

"When the two young ladies left the house with their mother, they thought of Frau von Reck's words. 'We are young, we are pretty,' said they, 'let us see if we cannot succeed in captivating and taming this renowned savage!' The next morning, on the promenade by the Sprudel, they made me, in passing, the most graceful and amiable salutations, and I could not forbear taking the opportunity of approaching and accosting them. They were charming! I spoke to them again and again, they led me to their mother, and so I was caught. From that time we saw each other daily, nay, we spent whole days together. In order to make our connection more intimate, it happened that the betrothed of the one arrived, when I devoted myself more exclusively to the other. I was also very amiable to the mother, as may be imagined; in fact, we were all thoroughly pleased with one another, and I spent so many happy days with this family, that the recollection of them is even now highly agreeable. The two girls soon related to me the conversation between

1 (Sup.*) Tues., July 20.

their mother and Frau von Reck, describing the conspiracy which they had contrived for my conquest, and brought to a fortunate issue."

An anecdote of another kind occurs to me, which Goethe had related to me before, but which may find a place here.

"I was once walking," said he, "towards evening, in the castle garden with a friend, when, at the end of an avenue, we unexpectedly remarked two other persons of our circle, who were walking in quiet conversation with one another. I cannot name either the lady or the gentleman; but that is not to the purpose. They conversed and appeared to think of nothing,—when, suddenly, their heads inclined towards each other, and they exchanged a hearty kiss. They then resumed their former direction, and continued their conversation as if nothing had happened. 'Did you see it?' exclaimed my friend, full of astonishment; 'may I believe my eyes?' 'I did see it,' returned I, quietly, 'but I do not believe it.'"

(Sup.[1]) Mon., Aug. 2.

We spoke of the metamorphosis of plants, and especially of Decandolle's doctrine of symmetry, which Goethe considers a mere delusion.

"Nature," added he, "does not reveal herself to every one. On the contrary, she deports herself towards many like a young tantalizing girl, who allures us by a thousand charms, but at the moment when we expect to seize her and to possess her, slips from our arms."

The meeting of the society for the promotion of agriculture was held today at Belvidere. We had also the first exposition of products and objects of industry, which was richer than had been expected. Then there was a great dinner of the numerous assembled members. Goethe joined them, to the joyful surprise of all present. He remained some time, and surveyed the objects exhibited with evident interest. His appearance made a most agreeable impression, especially upon those who had not seen him before.

(Sup.) Thurs., Dec. 1.

Passed a short time with Goethe, in varied conversation. We then came to Soret.

"I have lately been reading a very pretty poem of his," said Goethe, "a trilogy,—the first two parts of which possess an agreeable rusticity, but the last, under the title 'Midnight,' bears a sombre character. In this 'Midnight' he has succeeded. In reading it, one actually breathes the breath of night; almost as in the pictures of Rembrandt, in which one also seems to feel the night-air. Victor Hugo has treated similar subjects, but not with such felicity. In the nocturnal scenes of this indisputably great man, it is never actually night; on the contrary, the subjects remain always as distinct and visible as if it were still day, and the represented

1 (Sup.*) Wed., Oct. 19.

night were merely a deception. Soret has, unquestionably, surpassed the renowned Victor Hugo in his 'Midnight.'"

I was pleased at this commendation, and resolved to read the said trilogy, by Soret, as soon as possible. "We possess, in our literature, very few trilogies," remarked I.

"This form," returned Goethe, "is very rare amongst the moderns generally. It sometimes happens that one finds a subject which seems naturally to demand a treatment in three parts; so that in the first there is a sort of introduction, in the second a sort of catastrophe, and in the third a satisfying denouement. In my poem of 'The Youth and the Fair Miller' these requisites are found, although when I wrote it I by no means thought of making a trilogy. My 'Paria,' also, is a perfect trilogy; and, indeed, it was a trilogy that I intentionally treated this cycle. My 'Trilogie der Leidenschaft' (*Trilogy of Passion*), as it is called, was, on the contrary, not originally conceived as a trilogy, but became a trilogy gradually, and to a certain extent incidentally. At first, as you know, I had merely the elegy, as an independent poem. Then Madame Szymanowska, who had been at Marienbad with me that summer, visited me, and, by her charming melodies, awoke in me the echo of those youthful happy days. The strophes which I dedicated to this fair friend are therefore written quite in the metre and tone of the elegy, and suit very well as a satisfactory conclusion. Then Weygand wished to prepare a new edition of my 'Werther,' and asked me for a preface; which to me was a very welcome occasion to write 'My poem to Werther.' But as I had still a remnant of that passion in my heart, the poem as it were formed itself into an introduction to the elegy. Thus it happened that all three poems which now stand together are pervaded by the same love-sick feeling; and the 'Trilogie der Leidenschaft' formed itself I knew not how.

"I have advised Soret to write more trilogies, and, indeed he should do it as I have described. He should not take the trouble to seek a particular subject for a trilogy, but should rather select, from the rich store of his unprinted poems, one that is especially pregnant with meaning, and, when occasion offers, add a sort of introduction, and conclusion, yet still so that the three productions are separated by a perceptible gap. In this manner one attains one's end far more easily, and spares oneself much thinking, which is notoriously, as Meyer says, a very difficult thing."

We then spoke of Victor Hugo, remarking that his too great fertility had been highly prejudicial to his talent.

"How can a writer help growing worse, and destroying the finest talent in the world," said Goethe, "if he has the audacity to write in a single year two tragedies and a novel; and further, when he only appears to work in order to scrape together immense sums of money. I do not blame him for trying to become rich, and to earn present renown; but if he intends to live long in futurity, he must begin to write less and to work more."

Goethe then went through "Marie de Lorme," and endeavoured to make it clear to me that the subject only contained sufficient material

to make one single good and really tragical act; but that the author had allowed himself, by considerations of quite a secondary nature, to be misled into stretching out his subject to five long acts. "Under these circumstances," said Goethe, "we have merely the advantage of seeing that the poet is great in the representation of details, which certainly is something, and that no trifle."

Wed., Dec. 21.

Dined with Goethe. We talked of the reason why his "Theory of Colours" had been so little diffused.

"It is very hard to communicate," said he, "for, as you know, it requires not only to be read and studied, but to be done, and this is difficult. The laws of poetry and painting may likewise be communicated to a certain extent; but to be a good poet and painter genius is required, which is not to be communicated. To receive a simple, primitive phenomenon, to recognize it in its high significance, and to go to work with it, requires a productive spirit, which is able to take a wide survey, and is a rare gift, only to be found in very superior natures.

"And even this is not enough. For, as with every rule, and with all genius, one is yet no painter, but still requires uninterrupted practice, so with the 'Theory of Colours' it is not enough for one to know the chief laws and have a suitable mind, but it is necessary to occupy oneself constantly with the several single phenomena, which are often very mysterious, and with their deductions and combinations.

"Thus, for instance, we know well enough the general proposition that a green colour is produced by a mixture of yellow and blue; but before a person can say that he comprehends the green of the rainbow, or of foliage, or of sea-water, there will be requisite a thorough investigation of the whole region of colour, with a consequent acme of acuteness, which scarcely any one has yet attained."

After dinner, we looked at some landscapes by Poussin.

"Those places," observed Goethe, "on which the painter throws the principal light, do not admit of detail in the execution; and therefore water, masses of rock, bare ground, and buildings, are most suitable subjects to bear the principal light. Things, on the contrary, which require more detail in the drawing cannot well be used by the artist in those light places.

"A landscape painter," continued Goethe, "should possess various sorts of knowledge. It is not enough for him to understand perspective, architecture, and the anatomy of men and animals; he must also have some insight into botany and mineralogy, that he may know how to express properly the characteristics of trees, plants, and the character of the different sorts of mountains. It is not, indeed, necessary that he should be an accomplished mineralogist, since he has to do chiefly with lime, slate and sandstone mountains, and only needs know in what forms they lie, how they are acted upon by the atmosphere, and what

sort of trees thrive, and are stunted upon them."

He showed me then some landscapes, by Hermann von Schwanefeld, making various remarks upon the art and personality of that eminent man.

"We find in him," said he, "art and inclination more completely identified than in any other. He has a deep love for nature, and a divine tranquillity, which communicates itself to us when we look upon his pictures. He was born in the Netherlands, and studied at Rome, under Claude Lorraine. On this master he formed himself to the highest degree of perfection, and developed his fine capacities in the freest manner."

We looked into an "Artist's Lexicon," to see what was said of Hermann von Schwanefeld, and found him censured for not equaling his master.

"The fools!" said Goethe; "Von Schwanefeld was a different man from Claude Lorraine, and the latter could not boast of being the better of the two. If there were nothing more in one's life than is told by our biographers and lexicon writers, it would be a bad business, not worth the trouble it costs."

At the close of this, and in the beginning of the next year, Goethe turned again to his favourite studies, the natural sciences. At the suggestion of Boisserée, he occupied himself with deeper inquiries into the laws of the rainbow; and also, from sympathy with the dispute between Cuvier and St. Hilaire, with subjects referring to the metamorphoses of the plant and animal world. He, likewise, revised with me the historical part of the "Theory of Colours," taking also lively interest in a chapter on the blending of colours, which I, by his desire, was arranging to be inserted in the theoretical volume.

During this time, there was no lack of interesting conversation between us, or of valuable utterances on his side. But, as he was daily before my eyes, fresh and energetic as ever, I fancied this must always be the case, and was too careless of recording his words till it was too late, and, on the 22nd March, 1832, I, with thousands of noble Germans, had to weep for his irreparable loss.

(Sup.[1]) Thurs., Jan. 5.

SOME new pen-and-ink sketches and water-colour drawings had arrived from my friend Töpfer, in Geneva; the greater part of them were views in Switzerland and Italy, which he had collected during his pedestrian tour. Goethe was so much struck with the beauty of the sketches—particularly those in water-colour—that he said it appeared to him as if he were looking at the works of the renowned Lory. I remarked that these were by no means Töpfer's best, and that he could send something very different.

"I do not know what you would have," returned Goethe. "And what would it be even if something were better! As soon as an artist has attained a certain height of excellence, it is tolerably indifferent whether one of his works turns out a degree more perfect than another. The connoisseur still sees in all the hand of the master, and the whole extent of his talent and his means."

I had sent Goethe a portrait of Dumont, which had been engraved in England, and which appeared to interest him very much.

"I have repeatedly examined the portrait of this remarkable man," said Goethe, when I visited him this evening. "At first I found something repulsive in it, which, however, I would have attributed to the treatment of the artist, who had cut the lines a little too deep and hard. But the longer I looked at this highly remarkable head, the more did all hardness disappear, and from the dark ground there came forth a beautiful expression of repose, goodness, and mildness blended with acuteness,[2] so characteristic of the clever benevolent man, ever active for the general good, and so refreshing to the mind of the spectator."

We then spoke further of Dumont; particularly of the memoirs which he wrote with reference to Mirabeau, and in which he reveals the various expedients which Mirabeau had contrived to employ, and also mentions by name many persons of talent whom he had set in motion for his purposes, and with whose powers he had worked.

"I know no more instructive book," said Goethe, "than these memoirs; by means of which we get an insight into the most secret recesses of that

1 (Sup.*) Fri., Feb. 17.

2 "Mildness blended with refined acuteness," is intended as a mere approximation to the untranslatable "Geistreich-feine Milde." —Trans.

time, and by means of which the wonder Mirabeau becomes natural to us, while, at the same time, the hero loses nothing of his greatness. But now we have the latest critics of the French journals, who think a little differently on this point. These good folks think that the author of these memoirs wants to spoil their Mirabeau, because he unveils the secret of his superhuman activity, and allows other people a share in the great merit which, until now, the name of Mirabeau had monopolized.

"The French look upon Mirabeau as their Hercules—and they are perfectly right. But they forget that even the Colossus consists of individual parts, and that even the Hercules of antiquity is a collective being—a great supporter of his own deeds and the deeds of others.

"But, in fact, we are all collective beings, let us place ourselves as we may. For how little have we, and are we, that we can strictly call our own property? We must all receive and learn both from those who were before us, and from those who are with us. Even the greatest genius would not go far if he tried to owe everything to his own internal self. But many very good men do not comprehend that; and they grope in darkness for half a life, with their dreams of originality. I have known artists who boasted of having followed no master, and of having to thank their own genius for everything. Fools! as if that were possible at all; and as if the world would not force itself upon them at every step, and make something of them in spite of their own stupidity. Yes, I maintain that if such an artist were only to survey the walls of this room, and cast only a passing glance at the sketches of some great masters, with which they are hung, he would necessarily, if he had any genius at all, quit this place another and a higher man. And, indeed, what is there good in us, if it is not the power and the inclination to appropriate to ourselves the resources of the outward world, and to make them subservient to our higher ends. I may speak of myself, and may modestly say what I feel. It is true that, in my long life, I have done and achieved many things of which I might certainly boast. But to speak the honest truth, what had I that was properly my own, besides the ability and the inclination to see and to hear, to distinguish and to choose, and to enliven with some mind what I had seen and heard, and to reproduce with some degree of skill. I by no means owe my works to my own wisdom alone, but to a thousand things and persons around me, who provided me with material. There were fools and sages, minds enlightened and narrow, childhood, youth, and mature age—all told me what they felt, what they thought, how they lived and worked, and what experiences they had gained; and I had nothing further to do than to put out my hand and reap what others had sown for me.

"It is, in fact, utter folly to ask whether a person has anything from himself, or whether he has it from others; whether he operates by himself, or operates by means of others. The main point is to have a great will, and skill and perseverance to carry it out. All else is indifferent. Mirabeau was therefore perfectly right, when he made what use he could of the outer world and its forces. He possessed the gift of distinguishing

talent; and talent felt itself attracted by the demon of his powerful nature, so that it willingly yielded itself to him and his guidance. Thus he was surrounded by a mass of distinguished forces, which he inspired with his ardour, and set in activity for his own higher aims. This very peculiarity, that he understood how to act with others and by others,—this was his genius—this was his originality—this was his greatness."

(Sup.) Sun., Mar. 11.

This evening for an hour with Goethe, talking of various interesting subjects. I had bought an English Bible, in which I found, to my great regret, that the apocryphal books were not contained. They had been rejected, because they were not considered genuine and of divine origin. I greatly missed the noble Tobias, that model of a pious life, the Wisdom of Solomon, and Jesus Sirach,—all writings of such high mental and moral elevation, that few others equal them. I spoke to Goethe of my regret at the very narrow view by which some of the writings of the Old Testament are looked upon as immediately proceeding from God; while others, equally excellent, are not so. As if there could be anything noble and great which did not proceed from God, and which was not a fruit of his influence.

"I am thoroughly of your opinion," returned Goethe. "Still, there are two points of view from which biblical subjects may be contemplated. There is the point of view of a sort of primitive religion, of pure nature and reason, which is of divine origin. This will always be the same, and will last and prevail as long as divinely endowed beings exist. It is, however, only for the elect, and is far too high and noble to become universal. Then there is the point of view of the Church, which is of a more human nature. This is defective and subject to change; but it will last, in a state of perpetual change, as long as there are weak human beings. The light of unclouded divine revelation is far too pure and brilliant to be suitable and supportable to poor weak man. But the Church steps in as a useful mediator, to soften and to moderate, by which all are helped, and many are benefited. Through the belief that the Christian Church, as the successor of Christ, can remove the burden of human sin, it is a very great power. To maintain themselves in this power and in this importance, and thus to secure the ecclesiastical edifice, is the chief aim of the Christian priesthood.

"This priesthood, therefore, does not so much ask whether this or that book in the Bible greatly enlightens the mind, and contains doctrines of high morality and noble human nature. It rather looks upon the books of Moses, with reference to the fall of man and the origin of a necessity for a Redeemer; it searches the prophets for repeated allusion to Him, the Expected One, and regards, in the Gospels, His actual earthly appearance, and His death upon the cross, as the atonement for our human sins. You see, therefore, that for such purposes, and weighed in such a balance, neither the noble Tobias, nor the Wisdom of Solomon,

nor the sayings of Sirach, can have much weight. Still, with reference to things in the Bible, the question whether they are genuine or spurious is odd enough. What is genuine but that which is truly excellent, which stands in harmony with the purest nature and reason, and which even now ministers to our highest development! What is spurious but the absurd and the hollow, which brings no fruit—at least, no good fruit! If the authenticity of a biblical book is to be decided by the question,—whether something true throughout has been handed down to us, we might on some points doubt the authenticity of the Gospels, since those of Mark and Luke were not written from immediate presence and experience, but, according to oral tradition, long afterwards; and the last, by the disciple John, was not written till he was of a very advanced age. Nevertheless, I look upon all the four Gospels as thoroughly genuine; for there is in them the reflection of a greatness which emanated from the person of Jesus, and which was of as divine a kind as ever was seen upon earth. If I am asked whether it is in my nature to pay Him devout reverence, I say—certainly! I bow before Him as the divine manifestation of the highest principle of morality. If I am asked whether it is in my nature to revere the Sun, I again say—certainly! For he is likewise a manifestation of the highest Being, and indeed the most powerful which we children of earth are allowed to behold. I adore in him the light and the productive power of God; by which we all live, move, and have our being—we, and all the plants and animals with us. But if I am asked—whether I am inclined to bow before a thumb-bone of the apostle Peter or Paul, I say—'Spare me, and stand off with your absurdities!'

"'Quench not the spirit,' says the apostle. There are many absurdities in the propositions of the Church; nevertheless, rule it will, and so it must have a narrow-minded multitude, which bows its head and likes to be ruled. The high and richly-endowed clergy dread nothing more than the enlightenment of the lower orders. They withheld the Bible from them as long as it was possible. Besides, what can a poor member of the Christian Church think of the princely magnificence of a richly-endowed bishop, when he sees in the Gospels the poverty and indigence of Christ, who, with his disciples, travelled humbly on foot, whilst the princely bishop rattles along in his carriage drawn by six horses!"

"We scarcely know," continued Goethe, "what we owe to Luther, and the Reformation in general. We are freed from the fetters of spiritual narrow-mindedness; we have, in consequence of our increasing culture, become capable of turning back to the fountain head, and of comprehending Christianity in its purity. We have, again, the courage to stand with firm feet upon God's earth, and to feel ourselves in our divinely-endowed human nature. Let mental culture go on advancing, let the natural sciences go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human mind expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it glistens and shines forth in the gospel!

"But the better we Protestants advance in our noble development, so much the more rapidly will the Catholics follow us. As soon as they feel themselves caught up by the ever-extending enlightenment of the time, they must go on, do what they will, till at last the point is reached where all is but one.

"The mischievous sectarianism of the Protestants will also cease, and with it the hatred and hostile feeling between father and son, sister and brother; for as soon as the pure doctrine and love of Christ are comprehended in their true nature, and have become a vital principle, we shall feel ourselves as human beings, great and free, and not attach especial importance to a degree more or less in the outward forms of religion. Besides, we shall all gradually advance from a Christianity of words and faith, to a Christianity of feeling and action."

The conversation turned upon the great men who had lived before Christ, among the Chinese, the Indians, the Persians, and the Greeks; and it was remarked, that the divine power had been as operative in them as in some of the great Jews of the Old Testament. We then came to the question how far God influenced the great natures of the present world in which we live?

"To hear people speak," said Goethe, "one would almost believe that they were of opinion that God had withdrawn into silence since those old times, and that man was now placed quite upon his own feet, and had to see how he could get on without God, and his daily invisible breath. In religious and moral matters, a divine influence is indeed still allowed, but in matters of science and art it is believed that they are merely earthly, and nothing but the product of human powers.

"Let any one only try, with human will and human power, to produce something which may be compared with the creations that bear the names of Mozart, Raphael, or Shakspeare. I know very well that these three noble beings are not the only ones, and that in every province of art innumerable excellent geniuses have operated, who have produced things as perfectly good as those just mentioned. But if they were as great as those, they rose above ordinary human nature, and in the same proportion were as divinely endowed as they.

"And after all what does it all come to? God did not retire to rest after the will-known six days of creation, but, on the contrary, is constantly active as on the first. It would have been for Him a poor occupation to compose this heavy world out of simple elements, and to keep it rolling in the sunbeams from year to year, if He had not had the plan of founding a nursery for a world of spirits upon this material basis. So He is now constantly active in higher natures to attract the lower ones."

Goethe was silent. But I cherished his great and good words in my heart.

Early in March.[1]

Goethe mentioned at table that he had received a visit from Baron Carl Von Spiegel, and that he had been pleased with him beyond measure.

"He is a very fine young man," said Goethe; "in his mien and manners he has something by which the nobleman is seen at once. He could as little dissemble his descent as any one could deny a higher intellect; for birth and intellect both give to him who once possesses them a stamp which no incognito can conceal. Like beauty, these are powers which one cannot approach without feeling that they are of a higher nature."

Some days later.

We talked of the tragic idea of Destiny among the Greeks.

"It no longer suits our way of thinking," said Goethe; "it is obsolete, and is also in contradiction with our religious views. If a modern poet introduces such antique ideas into a drama, it always has an air of affectation. It is a costume which is long since out of fashion, and which, like the Roman toga, no longer suits us.

"It is better for us moderns to say with Napoleon, 'Politics are Destiny.' But let us beware of saying, with our latest literati, that politics are poetry, or a suitable subject for the poet. The English poet Thomson wrote a very good poem on the Seasons, but a very bad one on Liberty, and that not from want of poetry in the poet, but from want of poetry in the subject."

"If a poet would work politically, he must give himself up to a party; and so soon as he does that, he is lost as a poet; he must bid farewell to his free spirit, his unbiassed view, and draw over his ears the cap of bigotry and blind hatred.

"The poet, as a man and citizen, will love his native land; but the native land of his poetic powers and poetic action is the good, noble, and beautiful, which is confined to no particular province or country, and which he seizes upon and forms wherever he finds it. Therein is he like the eagle, who hovers with free gaze over whole countries, and to whom it is of no consequence whether the hare on which he pounces is running in Prussia or in Saxony.

"And, then, what is meant by love of one's country? what is meant by patriotic deeds? If the poet has employed a life in battling with pernicious prejudices, in setting aside narrow views, in enlightening the minds, purifying the tastes, ennobling the feelings and thoughts of his countrymen, what better could he have done? how could he have acted more patriotically?

"To make such ungrateful and unsuitable demands upon a poet is just as if one required the captain of a regiment to show himself a patriot, by

1 In the original book this conversation follows immediately the one of December 21, 1831, and with the remainder of the book is prefaced thus:—"The following I noted down shortly afterwards (that is, after they took place) from memory."—Trans.

taking part in political innovations, and thus neglect his proper calling. The captain's country is his regiment, and he will show himself an excellent patriot by troubling himself about political matters only so far as they concern him, and bestowing all his mind and all his care on the battalions under him, trying so to train and discipline them, that they may do their duty if ever their native land should be in peril.

"I hate all bungling like sin, but most of all bungling in state-affairs, which produces nothing but mischief to thousands and millions.

"You know that, on the whole, I care little what is written about me; but yet it comes to my ears, and I know well enough that, hard as I have toiled all my life, all my labours are as nothing in the eyes of certain people, just because I have disdained to mingle in political parties. To please such people I must have become a member of a Jacobin club, and preached bloodshed and murder. However, not a word more upon this wretched subject, lest I become unwise in railing against folly."

In the same manner he blamed the political course, so much praised by others, of Uhland.

"Mind," said he, "the politician will devour the poet. To be a member of the States, and to live amid daily jostlings and excitements, is not for the delicate nature of a poet. His song will cease, and that is in some sort to be lamented. Swabia has plenty of men, sufficiently well educated, well meaning, able, and eloquent, to be members of the States, but only one poet of Uhland's class."

The last stranger whom Goethe entertained as his guest was the eldest son of Frau von Arnim; the last words he wrote were some verses in the album of this young friend.

The morning after Goethe's death, a deep desire seized me to look once again upon his earthly garment. His faithful servant, Frederic, opened for me the chamber in which he was laid out. Stretched upon his back, he reposed as if asleep; profound peace and security reigned in the features of his sublimely noble countenance. The mighty brow seemed yet to harbour thoughts. I wished for a lock of his hair; but reverence prevented me from cutting it off. The body lay naked only wrapped in a white sheet; large pieces of ice had been placed near it, to keep it fresh as long as possible. Frederic drew aside the sheet, and I was astonished at the divine magnificence of the limbs. The breast was powerful, broad, and arched; the arms and thighs were full, and softly muscular; the feet were elegant, and of the most perfect shape; nowhere, on the whole body, was there a trace either of fat or of leanness and decay. A perfect man lay in great beauty before me; and the rapture which the sight caused made me forget for a moment that the immortal spirit had left such an abode. I laid my hand on his heart—there was a deep silence—and I turned away to give free vent to my suppressed tears.

CONVERSATIONS WITH GOETHE, is a book by Johann Peter Eckermann recording his conversations with Johann Wolfgang von Goethe during the last nine years of the latter's life, while Eckermann served as Goethe's personal secretary. It rapidly became very popular among international readers and subsequently played an important role in reviving interest in and appreciation of Goethe's work both in Germany and around the world.

Nietzsche called it "the best German book there is." It is frequently compared to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

出 版 人：刘明清
出版统筹：董 巍
责任编辑：韩慧强
封面设计：华彩瑞视

THIS collection of *Conversations with Goethe* took its rise chiefly from an impulse, natural to my mind, to appropriate to myself by writing any part of my experience which strikes me as valuable or remarkable.

Moreover, I felt constantly the need of instruction, not only when I first met with that extraordinary man, but also after I had lived with him for years; and I loved to seize on the import of his words, and to note it down, that I might possess them for the rest of my life.

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ISBN 978-7-5117-1885-3

9 787511 718853 >

定价：49.00元